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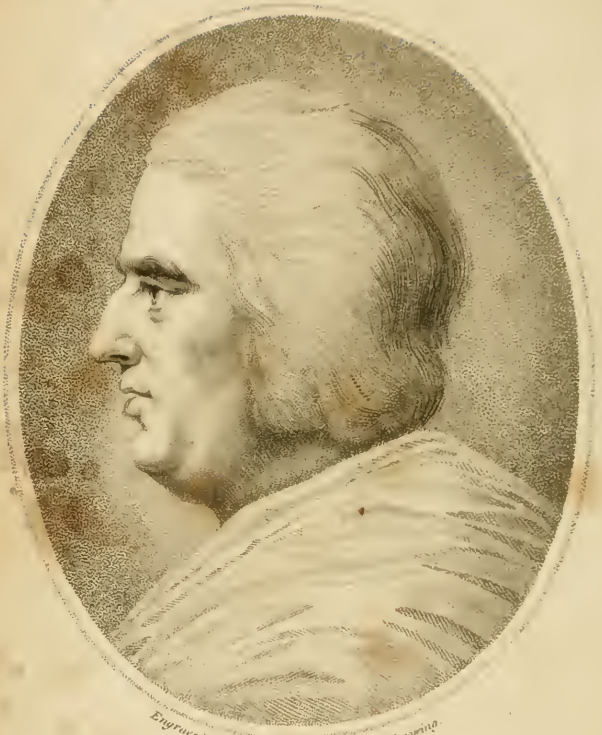

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Dr. JOHN MOORE.

Publishd by B. Crosby & Co. Stationers Court Jany 1 1803.

BEAUTIES

OF

DR. JOHN MOORE;

SELECTED

FROM THE MORAL, PHILOSOPHICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS

WORKS

OF

THAT ESTEEMED AUTHOR.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

A New Biographical and Critical Account

OF THE

DOCTOR AND HIS WRITINGS;

AND

NOTES,

Historical, Classical, and Explanatory.

By the Rev. F. PREVOST, and F. BLAGDON, Esq.

SECOND EDITION,

Carefully corrected and considerably augmented.

"Floriferis ut apes in saltibus mellia libant.
"Sic nos auctorum decerpimus aurea dicta."

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR B. CROSBY AND CO. STATIONERS
COURT, PATERNOSTER ROW.

By J. C. Barnard, George's Court, Clerkenwell.

1803.

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DEDICATION.

TO

JOHN JULIUS ANGERSTEIN, ESQ.

SIR,

THE greatest part of this work was written during a temporary repose from the duties of my profession, for which I was indebted to your liberal patronage, and is the result of my readings with a dear relation of your's, whose improvement I earnestly wished to promote, and who has had, as well as myself, many opportunities of knowing how justly, and faithfully, the following sketches of* DR. MOORE, *are depicted. Under these considerations I have thought and felt it a duty to prefix your name to them, though many will imagine, that in doing this, I only wished to indulge my own pride.*

I presume, Sir, to hope this offering will not be disagreeable to you; it having been rendered more perfect, and worthy of your notice, by the assistance of my friend and colleague, who holds a respectable situation in the republic of letters, and who has carefully watched over its grammatical propriety;

* *John Angerstein, Esq, who, during his travels, by his amiable, and engaging manners, endeared himself to all those who had the pleasure of his acquaintance, and particularly to the writer, who had the honour of a more intimate and longer intercourse with him.*

but that with your usual kind indulgence you will welcome it as a feeble though sincere token of those sentiments of gratitude, for your past protection, and high regard, for your benevolent, and patriotic virtues, which no circumstances, nor events, have ever been, nor ever will be, able to eradicate from my bosom.

I have the honour to be respectfully,
SIR,
Your most humble,
Most dutiful,
And obliged Servant,
FRANCIS PREVOST.

LONDON,
July 1st. 1803.

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE SECOND EDITION.

In preparing this publication for the press, it was at first intended principally for the embellishment of the Libraries of Gentlemen, and not only for such as might be in possession of the voluminous productions of the Author, but for those who might not be inclined to purchase the whole of the Doctor's works. For this purpose it was printed in two volumes, under the title of MOORIANA. *On proceeding, however, the Editors were of opinion, that if the Sketches of Dr. Moore were calculated for the entertainment of adults, they were still better adapted to the information and improvement of the rising generation: for they may be considered as a combination of instruction and amusement that the philosopher may peruse with gratification, and the superficial reader with delight. It was, therefore, resolved to publish the whole of the matter in the small octavo edition, in a much cheaper and more appropriate form, for the* USE OF SCHOOLS AND YOUNG PERSONS:---*With this view, the editors thought proper, as the work advanced, to be more copious in their Notes and Illustrations; and they flattered themselves that the* BEAUTIES OF DR. MOORE *would be found not only one of the most useful, but the cheapest School-Book which had been published for a number of years.—The event, indeed, has fully justified their expectations;* FOR THE VOLUME HAD

ONLY BEEN PUBLISHED A FEW WEEKS WHEN THE WHOLE EDITION WAS SOLD. *That this was really the case (and that the assertion is not one of those contemptible artifices that are frequently resorted to for the purpose of circulating a publication whose want of merit renders it unworthy of public patronage) may be ascertained by the most superficial comparison of the present volume with any copy of the first edition; when it will be perceived, that in the present edition, the pages are considerably larger; so that, although the additional notes are very considerable in number, yet the whole is comprised in a volume of rather less size than that of the first edition. Great care has also been taken to expunge those passages which were deemed objectionable in the former volume; and every attention will in future be paid to obviate a similar complaint.*

*** *The Volume just published by the editors of this work, under the title of* FLOWERS OF LITERATURE, *has no reference whatever to the series of* Ana *above alluded to, and an edition of which is nearly ready for publication. The* FLOWERS OF LITERATURE *consist of selections from* ALL *the best writers of* 1801-2, *and will be continued* ANNUALLY.

The Editors have only to add, that the new and extensive Series of ANA, *which they have now in the press, will be also adapted, like the present, to the accommodation of juvenile readers, under the title of* BEAUTIES; *and if by this plan they can give the feeblest aid to the inculcation of virtue, of science, and of unsophisticated religion, their object will be attained.*

PREFACE.

WE need not inform our classical readers, that the books in *ana* (a Latin termination adopted in the titles of some works), are collections of the most remarkable sayings or writings of persons of learning and wit; nearly similar to what is commonly called *table-talk*:—but, in order to assign to those literary productions, which are in many respects extremely useful, the degree of merit they deserve, and which has sometimes been refused to them; as well as to justify the present undertaking, we will desire our readers to observe, that books under the name of *Ana*, which are more numerous in French than in English literature, although, perhaps, new in respect to their form and titles, are nevertheless, as to their matter and composition, of a very old date. The Greeks, who were always considered as our masters in every polite art and science—the Greeks, so refined in and celebrated for their literature—far from disdaining, kindly welcomed, and highly esteemed those collections, when made with care, taste, and discernment. Are not Xenophon's books of the deeds and sayings of Socrates, as well as the dialogues of Plato, *Socratiana*?—Has not the most fastidious critic read with enthusiasm, the *Orphica*, the *Phytagorica*, the *Æsopica*?—why, then, should the modern *Ana*, be looked upon, by the learned of

our age, as the contemptible productions of needy book-makers, or as the commercial speculations of people in trade?

In imitation of the Greeks, our infallible models; and to favour a more extensive circulation of knowledge among all ranks of society, we intend to publish, if the present work should be honoured with the public patronage, an extensive series of *Ana*, selected from the productions of the most renowned and lately deceased authors of this country as well as those of the continent. The preparation of this series having for some time formed the amusement of our leisure hours, the whole is in such a state of forwardness that the volumes will be speedily and successively published, with the addition of copious notes, by way of illustration or contrast, to certain passages from every respective author.

We have first presented our select extracts from the writings of Dr. Moore, thinking him the author who, from the great variety of his works, was more likely to please the man of taste, and the man of the world (for he has sketched the principal traits in the characters of those eminent personages, who flourished in the last century, as also of those *tragi-comic* actors, who have figured during the French revolution),—and both to amuse and instruct the British youth, by the geographical and humourous accounts contained in his travels, of the most singular ceremonies, and most famous cities in Europe.

In our labours we have had principally in view, not only the universal education of the rising generation, but also the amusement of that class of readers, who by a limited fortune are prevented from purchasing bulky and extensive publications

like those of Dr. Moore*; flattering ourselves, that the man of rank, fortune, and taste, if *Mooriana* should fall into his hands, we feel, from its perusal, a strong desire to become more intimately acquainted with an author so conversant with men and manners, and so eminent for the benevolence of his heart, and the purity of his morals: and thus be irresistibly induced to purchase all his works, in order to place them in his library, on the same shelf with those of the most renowned authors of the last century: with *Smollet*, *Fielding*, *Johnson*, *Chesterfield*, &c. &c.

We cannot end this advertisement, without tendering our most sincere thanks to Dr. Moore's relatives for the liberal support they have given to our undertaking, by granting us leave to copy a masterly drawing of the Doctor, sketched at a time posterior to his picture by Lawrence, by the bold and faithful pencil of W. Lock, jun. Esq. a gentleman of independent fortune, well known for the amiableness of his manners, and the generosity of his heart; and renowned, among the dilettanti, for his early and almost instinctive talents, discernment, and taste, in the art of painting. Nor can we refrain from expressing our wish, which is that of the public, that Dr. Moore's respectable relatives may soon enrich our literature by the publication of some of his MSS. if he has left any, intended for the press.

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* Taken collectively, they contain about ten thousand pages, of a large octavo edition; the most instructive and entertaining part of which we have endeavoured to compress in 500.

This day was published,
By the Rev. F. PREVOST and F. BLAGDON, Esq.
Price 5s. Boards, in One large Volume Duodecimo,
TO BE CONTINUED ANNUALLY,
FLOWERS of LITERATURE, or CHARACTERESTIC SKETCHES of HUMAN NATURE and MODERN MANNERS, being SELECTIONS from the latest and MOST ESTEEMED Productions, Foreign and Domestic, published in 1801 & 2.—To which are added a general View of the LITERATURE of the last two Years, and Notes, Historical, Classical, Critical and Explanatory.

ACCOUNT

OF THE

Life and Writings

OF

DR. JOHN MOORE.

AMONGST the numerous horde of writers of the last degenerate century, who have attacked religion by their sarcasms; morality, by their profligacy; and civil society, by their levelling principles—we feel an inexpressible satisfaction in presenting to the notice of our readers, an author who was a friend to religion and morality, a supporter of rational liberty, and an inveterate enemy to the excesses of unrestrained licentiousness.

What a pleasing and useful occupation would it be for us to unravel, and delineate, the whole tenor of a life consecrated to the relief and instruction of human nature; to present Dr. Moore, as a tender husband, an affectionate father, and a benevolent physician, and to offer him to his countrymen as a pattern of the highest excellence. But not having had the happiness of an intimate acquaintance with him, our picture can be but an imperfect sketch of his character: we shall therefore content ourselves with mentioning the principal circumstances which relate to his life and writings; for we will leave to some of his respectable and affectionate relatives, or bosom-friends, the heartfelt pleasure of recording the anecdotic details of his life; and by this means completely gratifying the public curiosity, which the present notice will perhaps contribute to increase.

Dr. John Moore was the son of a clergyman, a native of Scotland *: having lost his father, when only five years old, he was left to the care of his mother †: a lady distinguished for the strength of her understanding, and eminent for her piety, and benevolence of heart;—sentiments which she early infused in the mind of her only child. After the necessary preparation of a grammar-school, young Mr. Moore being destined for the profession of medicine, removed with his mother to Glasgow, was matriculated at the University, and placed under the care of an eminent practitioner. He was at an early period, (in the seventeenth year of his age) thrown, as it were, upon the world: and having obtained a sufficient knowledge of the practice of physic, he left his native country, and passed over to the continent under the protection of the Duke of Argyle, Lieutenant-colonel of a regiment of foot, which embarked for Flanders to serve under his Royal Highness William Duke of Cumberland ‡. At Maestrich, Flushing, and Breda, the subject of these memoirs attended the military hospitals there in quality of mate, and soon enjoyed much practice §. On the conclusion of the peace he returned to England. Having arrived in London, with the advantage of two years constant practice, Dr. Moore then thought proper to enter more deeply into the theory of medicine, and to avail himself of all the knowledge that could be obtained by attending lectures in the British capital. At that period the French metropolis enjoyed and deserved the reputation of being the best

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* He was born in 1730, at Stirling, the ancient residence of the Scottish kings. His father, the Rev. Charles Moore, was one of the ministers of that town, and was greatly esteemed for the purity of his manners, as well as for the amiableness of his disposition.

† She was a native of Glasgow, and the daughter of John Anderson Esq.

‡ After having extinguished a domestic rebellion in Scotland by his gallant behaviour, and very meritorious conduct at the battle of Culloden, his Royal Highness had repaired to the continent in order to combat our foreign enemies, and, in 1747, commanded the allied army in Flanders.

§ His patients were very numerous in consequence of the unfortunate battle of Laffeldt; and he derived much instruction and information from the scenes of slaughter and calamity attendant on a sanguinary campaign.

school in Europe; Dr. Moore, therefore, set out for Paris, and at his arrival, having paid his respects to the British ambassador, he was recognised and protected by his Excellency *, who appointed him surgeon to his household. After two years residence in Paris, during which he carefully attended the British ambassador's family, and walked the hospitals of that capital, Dr. Moore having been invited by his former tutor †, who was not insensible to the assiduity and improvements of his pupil, to enter into partnership with him, he left Paris, and returned to Glasgow, where he practised as a physician, till he had attained his fortieth year. He then attended with the most anxious care through the whole progress of that lingering disease, a consumption, the bane of British youth, a young nobleman, James George, Duke of Hamilton, distinguished by brilliant personal advantages, and high endowments of mind; but he died in the fifteenth year of his age ‡. This circumstance led, and recommended him to a more intimate connection with that noble family,

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* Lord Albemarle, who had known him in Flanders, and who while he acted in the capacity of a General under the Duke of Cumberland, was also Colonel of the Coldstream, of which Mr. M. had been surgeon's mate.

† Dr. Gordon. This custom of partnership is very common in North Britain, and necessarily results from the extensiveness of a practice, which, among other branches of medical science, embraces that of midwifery.

‡ How much Dr. Moore was attached to this extraordinary young nobleman, may be collected from a note which is to be found in his *Medical Sketches*. After having recorded, as he had done on his tomb in the burying place of Hamilton, the surprising endowments of his patient; and after having stated the remarkable nature of a consumption which baffled all the efforts of medicine, he adds, with much genuine feeling: "These particulars, "no doubt, are foreign to the purpose of my work, and will "perhaps be criticised as improper. Let them." At the distance

by whom he was chosen to accompany his brother, Douglas, Duke of Hamilton, in his travels, who was of a very sickly constitution. But before we consider him as a *traveller*, our readers, perhaps, will be glad to know the merit of the subject of this memoir as a physician. He was not one of those important practitioners, who are positive in their prescriptions, who never doubt, who understand the nature of every disease, and who have high and enthusiastic notions of the powers of medicine, and of their infallible sagacity in the application of these powers. He cannot also be ranked among those cunning, unprincipled and interested practitioners, who impose upon the weakness and credulity of the persons who employ them: *—men of superficial knowledge, of a considerable degree of shrewdness, and such a portion of impudence, as sets them above embarrassment, even when their ignorance and fraud are made manifest:—men who study the foibles of mankind—fatten on the fears, hopes, and caprices of the rich valetudinarian; and squeeze the last lin-

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" of sixteen years, I have never yet, without some such impro-
" priety, been able to mention this amiable young man.

" By me, so heaven will have it, always mourn'd
" And always honour'd."———

* Such kind of quackery some people seem to invite, and they cannot be fully convinced of their physician's skill and attention without it. " In a certain city of the continent," says Dr. Moore, " I happened to call upon a lady, who on account of a pain and slight swelling in her ancle had consulted a well-known physician, who also is accused by his brethren of much charlatanical parade in his practice, and commands the admiration of his patients. He had just left her when I entered. She told me he had ordered a poultice of bread and milk to be applied to the part, and then giving her watch to her maid, she desired her to take particular care that the poultice should be boiled exactly *four minutes and a half*, for such were the express orders of Monsieur le Docteur.—On my expressing my surprize at the minuteness of such orders,

gering shilling out of the feeble hand of the poor.—Such were not the principles of Dr. Moore.—Is it, then, surprising, that with more diffident modesty on the efficacy of his profession, and more benevolent generosity than are usually to be met with, he did not amass a large fortune in an honourable calling, which has enriched so many of its votaries? But his literary pursuits, perhaps, rendered him averse from engaging in the hurry, bustle, intrigue, and subservience, which attend a London physician.—Nevertheless, if he has been outstript in the career of riches by men of less sagacity and experience, and of far inferior talents and abilities, it may be proper to surmise, that by his literary writings, he has enjoyed more rational pleasure, though less pecuniary advantage, than those sons of care and labour, the practitioners of the metropolis, obtain from an *hard spring* and a *sickly autumn*. Although he had passed much of his life in Scotland, or on the continent, yet, no sooner had he returned from his travels, and settled in London with his family *, than he was consulted and esteemed by his friends, and a numerous public, as a judicious and prudent physician; as one who considers himself an assistant to nature:—leaves her, when her power seems sufficient to perform her own cure, and assists her, when too feeble, by every means in his power. Indeed, in a medical work † which

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she exclaimed, "Mon Dieu! quelle-precision! Il calcule comme un ange!"

Is it by ridiculing such puerilities, that Dr. Moore is supposed to have given some offence to a few narrow-minded men? or is it by the disclosure of certain *arcana*, which they wish for the sake of their interest to conceal, and therefore consider it as high-treason to reveal?

* In the year 1778.

† *Medical Sketches*, published in 1785, and dedicated with much delicacy to the respectable W. Lock, Esq. They were

he published a few years after his return from the continent, he shewed himself deserving of an extensive practice; and proved, by this masterly performance, which was very favourably received, that he had kept always in view his entrance into the chamber of his patient, even while he was surveying the beauties of nature in the most delightful parts of Europe. But, during his travels, Dr. Moore did not confine his admiration to inanimate nature alone; he conversed much with men, and minutely observed their manners, passions, and religious and political prejudices. With a mind full of penetration and sagacity, he was happily placed in such a situation as to become one of the most instructive and entertaining writers of travels; for it must be acknowledged, that if the noble pupil *, being of a very delicate constitution, was happy in the choice of such a tutor, who had an extensive and experimental knowledge of medicine, and was also much acquainted with the continent; the medical professor was fortunate in accompanying a handsome youth, deeply versed in antiquity, with a taste for classical learning, and of the most amiable and engaging manners. Unlike those upstarts of fortune, whose pride is equal to their ignorance, who think themselves degraded by intimacy, and whose repulsive airs, perpetually

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written for a near relation of him who had the health of a considerable detachment entrusted to his care at a very early period of life. As to the matter, this work is to be regarded as a compilation, yet it frequently states and contrasts the different notions of various writers on the same subject, with much force. The Doctor's physic is also interspersed with pleasantries and anecdotes which cannot fail to render it palatable to the generality of readers; for whom it appears to have been written, as much study seems to have been used to divest it of all technical terms and to render it intelligible to every capacity.

* Douglas Hamilton, born July 25, 1756. He married Miss Barrell, now Lady Exeter, in 1788. Her grace obtained a divorce from him in 1794; and he himself died in 1800. He spent,

remind their travelling companions of the distance which chance has put between them: unlike such characters, the youth in question, though of the first rank, lived with his Doctor and friend, in a state of the most familar intimacy. Being greatly distinguished, and kindly countenanced by his pupil, Dr. Moore accompanied the duke in the highest circles, and mixed with the best society of all the capitals of Europe. Let it be nevertheless, recorded to his praise, that his mind, naturally active and inquisitive, did not disdain to observe the most obscure classes of society; and he often visited the middle ranks of life, amongst whom, in most countries is the surest abode of real education, true philosophy, and heart-felt enjoyment. His two works of travels*, contain, not like the production of many modern travellers, mere descriptions of places, or common and tedious historical dissertations on the various governments, but more rare and difficult observations on the arts, commerce, and antiquities of the various countries which he visited; and (which is a merit almost peculiar to himself) faithful pictures of most of the eminent personages of the last century, on the continent; they also contain discriminating sketches of the national character of most of the inhabitants of Europe; interspersed with amusing and lively narratives, written in a charming and easy stile, and with an happy vein of pleasantry and irony. The last journal of his

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accompanied by Dr. Moore, a period of no less than five years abroad, during which period they visited France, Italy, Switzerland, and Germany.

* The first is entitled, *A View of Society and Manners in France, Switzerland, and Germany*, in two vols. octavo. It was published in 1779, and has passed through nine editions. He afterwards published a continuation of the same work in two additional volumes, entitled, *A View of Society and Manners in Italy*.

travels * through France, at the critical and eventful period of the revolution, which, in ordinary writers, would have exhibited little more than the occurrences detailed in old newspapers, gives us the reflections of his own enlightened mind. It is a connected series of unexampled events, terminating in one dreadful catastrophe. This journal will be advantageously distinguished amongst contemporary memoirs, and employed by some future historians of France, as a fair and candid narrative of the public transactions of that country. The incidents of the wickedness, and follies of men, are coupled with acute observations, and alternately interspersed with the pathetic, and enlivened by the humourous.

Having read the great book of life with attention and profit, and his mind being stored with useful knowledge, and elegant

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* Entitled, *A Journal during a Residence in France, from the beginning of August to the middle of December, 1792; to which is added, an Account of the most remarkable events that happened at Paris, from that time to the death of the late king of France*; published in 1794, with this appropriate epigraph: *Opus opimum casibus, atrox, prœliis, discors seditionibus, ipsa etiam pace sævum.* —Tacit. The Doctor accompanied Lord Lauderdale, whose health did not permit him to press forward with rapidity. They reached Dover in the beginning of August 1792, and sailed on the 4th for Calais. After his arrival in Paris, the Doctor frequently visited the assembly. He was awoke about two o'clock of the morning of the 10th of August, by the ringing of the tocsin, and alarmed at ten by the firing of the cannon: events that led to the overthrow of the monarchy. It was his fate also to witness the murders, the crimes, and the barbarities of September 1792, when the atrocious machinations of ruffians, led by designing enthusiasts, deluged Paris with innocent blood. The times being very critical, and rendering a residence in that capital highly disagreeable, the Doctor and his friends thought proper to leave it. The most commendable *trait* of Dr. Moore's journal is that spirit of discrimination, which, while it arraigns and abominates the atrocities of wicked demagogues, and their execrable instruments, still compassionates the nation at large.

literature, it may naturally be expected that Dr. Moore attained a high degree of reputation as a novellist, after having been distinguished as a true, and sagacious painter of foreign manners. His novels * are very different from those wonderful romances of the present day, and particularly those which we have imported from Germany. They are not distinguished by singularity and inconsistency in their characters, by deep evolutions of events, by rapid conversions of fortune, or by scenes of complicated distress, and of unexpected deliverance. Dr. Moore, being endowed with more than an ordinary insight into human nature, and capable of describing its intricacies with discernment, has employed much of the machinery of ordinary incidents, and presented them with many pleasantries, and strokes of humour. His object in describing our domestic manners was always to correct and reform them. In his first romance, *Zeluco*, † he seems to have wished to inculcate this important moral,

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* He has published three novels—*Zeluco*, we believe in 1737; in 1790, *Edward, or various Views of Human Nature, taken from life and manners, chiefly in England*; and in 1800, *Mordaunt, being Sketches of Life, Characters, and Manners in various Countries; including the Memoirs of a French Lady of Quality, in two vols.* 8vo.

† This Romance abounds with many interesting events. Its chief tendency is directed towards the education of youth. It fully evinces the fatal effects resulting from uncontrolled passion on the part of a darling son, and unconditional compliance on that of a fond mother. It relates the life and adventures of the only son of a noble and wealthy family in Sicily. While drawing the character and sufferings of his hero, his external magnificence and internal misery, the author considers himself employed in tracing "the windings of vice, and delineating the disgusting features of villany." This story is calculated rather to affect the reader, than warn him by example. For it is to be hoped, that a character so atrocious as that of Zeluco never existed in life, and is only to be met with in the pages of a

the inevitable misery of vice, resulting from those inward pangs of sorrow, remorse, and terror, which a vicious conduct never fails to produce, and from which the most hardened villain, in the midst of the greatest worldly prosperity, is not exempt. In his second novel, Edward, † he has rendered truly interesting, on account of her good sense, and unbounded benevolence of heart, a lady who had neither beauty nor accomplishments to recommend her; and excited our most lively interest in favour of his hero, who, in many trying situations, displays invariably an amiable and manly mind.—Dr. Moore's romances do not resemble the modern ones, which have little merit, but that of exciting curiosity, and are thrown aside as soon as the reader's curiosity is gratified. The story, or fable, of his performances must be considered merely as a canvas on which this skilful observer of life and manners delineates, with an exquisite touch, and high colouring, such moral pictures as are likely to excite the attention of his age and country. The last romance he published is chiefly of this nature.* We must then consider him

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novel. Many other characters are introduced, and accurately described: as well as many maxims of morality, illustrated by observations sometimes new, and always ingenious, solid, and striking.

† Edward is a foundling, like Tom Jones, originally brought up in a workhouse, whom chance places under the protection of a lady. By a natural series of events, he is finally brought to the discovery of his respectable and wealthy connections, and marries a beautiful and accomplished heiress, of whom his widowed mother is the guardian, and who in his humbler fortune had given him the preference to suitors, highly recommended by rank, fortune, and merit.

* *Mordaunt. Sketches of life, characters and manners, in various countries; including the Memoirs of a French Lady of quality*—3 vols. 8vo. Published in the year 1800. The story of this novel is, unlike his former productions, given in a series of letters, from the hero of the work to his friend colonel Som-

rather as a moralist than as a novel-writer—as a sagacious moralist, Dr. Moore has humurously delineated, and ridiculed those weaknesses so common in the world; the affected apathy of the fashionable, the repulsive vanity of titled fools, and the cold insensibility of grandeur—as a benevolent moralist, he has eloquently and warmly pleaded the cause of suffering humanity; and declared himself a foe to the slavery that prevails in our colonies: but, far different from those blind enthusiasts, who in a neighbouring country, have called themselves the friends of the blacks, he has only implored for them protecting laws, and wisely advised not their sudden but their gradual emancipation —as an enlightened moralist, he always had in view in his various productions the inculcation of this moral;—that uprightness, integrity, and somewhat of an independent spirit, lead with more certainty, even to worldly prosperity, than hypocrisy, fraud and servility; that independently therefore, of what will *most assuredly* take place in a future state, no person of a cultivated understanding, and thorough good sense will choose the three latter lines of conduct for his guide. Unprincipled or fanatic men have attempted to palliate or justify all the crimes which the French revolution has produced, and which have deluged with blood not only France but most of the countries of Europe—but, although like a liberal-minded Englishman, Dr. Moore first rejoiced at the destruction of despotism in France, in the hope that a fair and rational system of freedom would ultimately be established in a country so rich in genius and so fertile in fancy, yet he soon bitterly inveighed against those scenes of injustice, horror and barbarity, that were acted in France, scenes which have disgraced the name of

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mers. In these are contained a variety of anecdotes and circumstances which occurred to him in different parts of Europe. All the characters of this novel are extremely well depicted; and this is by far the best of the author's romantic publications.

freedom and revolted the heart of humanity. He may have been accused of partiality towards the French, he may have been suspected of a bias for democracy; for in these times of political convulsion, prejudices operate with unusual acrimony: but the brain of idiotism alone, could surmise, and the tongue of malevolence propagate the report, that he who had so just a sense of the blessings of a free government, nourished the wish to see altered that well poised fabric of freedom, freedom, which was raised by the wisdom and cemented by the blood of virtuous Britons, and thus perhaps to occasion the fall of the altar and of the throne—with what acute feeling and affecting expressions has he not lamented the misfortunes of the family of Bourbon, and the cruel fate of the dignified MARIE ANTOINETTE: "Philosophy," such are his words, "may demonstrate "that in a far inferior walk of life, a woman who loses her hus- "band and her children, ought to command our sympathy in an "equal degree—when the voice of humanity has repeated and "this, what does answer the human heart, faithful to its first "impressions; it takes a stronger interest in the distresses of a "Queen.—"—It is from men born with similar sentiments, that "good monarchs may expect the most unshaken attachment "to their persons: because their loyalty is noble and ra- "tional—while those servile courtiers who adopt all their prejudices and abet all their caprices, at the least appearance of their tottering authority soon turn their bitterest enemies and become the most turbulent demagogues. Could the man who has traced the following energetic lines be suspected of a wish to see his native land under the guidance of ferocious republican counsels.—"The most shocking crimes," says the humane and virtuous subject of these memoirs, when recording the massacres committed around him in the month of September, 1792; "the "most shocking crimes are at this moment perpetrating at the "prison of the Abbaye—a thing unequalled in the records of "wickedness!—They call them *the People*—but they deserve

" no name by which any thing which has the least relation to " human nature can be signified—a set of monsters are massa- " creing all the prisoners.—They have been at this shocking " work during several hours!—It is now past twelve, and the " bloody carnage still goes on—what apology can be offered for " this violation of justice, humanity, and public faith? A pri- " son ought to be the most sacred of all asylums: Its violation " is impiety: How came the citizens of this populous metropolis " to remain passive spectators of so dreadful an outrage? I ab- " hor writing any more about them. Wretches!" With a soul endowed with such virtuous and delicate sensibility, Dr. Moore could not but fulfil with the most scrupulous exactness all the relative duties of life, an humane physician, a steady friend, an affectionate parent: the Doctor in the bosom of his family whose welfare he always had in view, and who have by their merit and affection rewarded his parental solicitude, enjoyed all the pleasures in which husband and father can participate; and he paid with resignation his debt to nature after a lingering illness, leaving the example of a life of integrity; and sons heirs of his virtues and talents, who will, like him, consecrate them to the welfare of their native country.

Dr. Moore died at Richmond, on the 21st. of January, 1802, in the 71st. year of his age.*

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* He married Miss Simpson, the daughter of a professor in divinity in the university of Glasgow. By this lady he has had a daughter and five sons. The daughter is unmarried.—The sons are an ornament to their country in their various professions—John has attained the rank of Major General. Few officers have seen more service. He is of a modest unassuming character, humane, of scrupulous integrity, and more solicitous to deserve praise than to receive it. He is esteemed by his brother officers, beloved by his soldiers; and has eminently displayed in Corsica, as well as in Egypt a cool intrepidity, and an ardent zeal for the service.—James is a surgeon of great skill and ability in London, and an author as well as his father, having

published two professional pamphlets.—Graham who entered early into the navy, is now post captain—he gave a proof of his bravery, when on board the Melampus of thirty-six guns, he engaged and took the Ambuscade of forty, in October 1798, it being one of the squadron destined to invade Ireland.—Francis is the gentleman, who was lately employed in a diplomatic situation, and who has returned from the continent.—Charles, a young man of the most promising talents, and the most agreeable manners, after having entered a few years since, the honourable Society of Lincoln's-Inn, as a student of law, has been lately called to the bar.

BEAUTIES

OF

DR. JOHN MOORE.

UTILITY OF BOOKS*.

IT can hardly be conceived how life, short as it is, can be passed without many intervals of tedium, by those who have not their bread to earn, if they could not call in the assistance of our worthy mute friends the Books. Horses, hounds, the theatres, cards and the bottle, are all of use occasionally, no doubt; but the weather may forbid the two first; a kind of nonsense may drive us from the third; the association of others is necessary for the fourth, and also for the fifth, unless to those who are already sunk into the lowest state of wretchedness and degrada-

* If the following curious observations are just, our readers we trust, will be disposed to acknowledge that we have well deserved of them by offering this publication abridged and comprised in a small compass.—"The smallness of the size of a "book," said the ingenious Robert Holkot, in his *Philobiblion*, "is always its own commendation; as, on the contrary, the large- "ness of a book is its own disadvantage, as well as terror of "learning. In short a big book is a scare-crow to the head and "pocket of the author, student, buyer, and seller as well as a "harbour of ignorance.—Small books seem to pay a deference "to the reader's quick and great understanding; large books "to mistrust his capacity, and to confine his time as well as his "intellect."

tion: but the entertainment which BOOKS afford, can be enjoyed in the worst weather, can be varied as we please, obtained in solicitude, and instead of blunting, it sharpens the understanding; but the most valuable effect of a taste for reading is, that it often preserves us from bad company. For those are not apt to go or remain with disagreeable people abroad, who are always certain of a pleasant party at home.

MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT.

MR. QUIRK, the attorney, happened to call on Sir R. while he was revolving in his mind, at what time of life his son George had a chance to make a decent appearance: and he mentioned the circumstance to him. Mr. Q. had on two or three occasions, been witness to young George's obstinacy in dispute, and perseverance in supporting a bad cause: on this foundation, he said, "There was reason to believe the young gentleman was possessed of very promising talents for the bar;" but Sir R. insisted that George was by much too indolent for that profession, and, he feared, had no capacity sufficient for conducting any branch of commerce; "We must, therefore, think," added he, "of some kind of employment, which will give him little trouble, and require but a moderate extent of capacity."

"You had best put him in parliament, then," added Mr. Quirk, "that gives little trouble, and has succeeded wonderfully with men of as moderate capacities as are to be met with."

Sir R. asked his son, how he should like to be a member of the House of Commons?

On Mr. George's hesitating, Mr. Quirk adjoined, "It is a very honourable situation for young men who have nothing to do; and it requires neither application nor study."

"What does it require, then?" said George.

"It requires money to purchase a seat," answered Mr. Quirk.

"Which I am willing to advance," said Sir R.

"I believe the House meets at the hour of dinner," said George, "and some of the members make desperate long speeches."

"The young gentleman's remark is equally acute and just," rejoined the attorney, looking at Sir R. "Nevertheless I can assure him that any member may withdraw when he is tired, whether at the beginning, middle, or end of a speech."

"Are you absolutely certain of that?" added Mr. George.

"Absolutely certain," replied Mr. Quirk, "otherwise who would be a member of parliament?"

"Not I, for one," answered Mr. George.

"You need be under no apprehension of that sort: for no strict attendance, as you dread, is required," said Mr. Quirk.

"I should be glad to know what is absolutely requisite in a member of parliament?" said George.

"Only that you should be able to say *Aye* or *No*," said Sir R. a little angrily. "Will that satisfy you?"

"Very well, Sir," replied George, bowing to his father, "I have now no objection to being in parliament."*

VARIOUS EUROPEAN CHARACTERS.

The Germans require very little variety; they can bear the languid uniformity of life with patience, even with satisfaction.

The French, though not celebrated for patience, are, of all mankind, the least liable to despondency. Public affairs never give a Frenchman uneasiness. If his mistress is kind, he celebrates her goodness and commends her taste; if she is cruel, he derides her folly in the arms of another. No people are so fond of amusements, and so easily amused.

The English view objects through a dark medium. They are much affected by the vexations of life, under which they are ready to despond. They feel their spirits flag with the repetitions of scenes which at first were thought agreeable. This stagnation of animal spirits, from whatever cause it arises, becomes

* The following ludicrous double entendre which has been circulated as a fact, will not here be inappropriate.—The late Lord Stanhope, whose dress always corresponded with the singularity of his manners, was once prevented from going into the House of Peers by a door-keeper who was unacquainted with his person: Lord Stanhope persisted in endeavouring to get into the House without thinking to explain who he was; and the door-keeper determined also on his part, made use of these words:—'Honest Man, you have no business here.—Honest Man, you have no business in this place."

itself a cause of desperate resolutions, and debasing habits.*

COMPANIONS OR FRIENDS.

They are those accommodating persons whom some people of rank love to have constantly with them, for the purpose of applauding whatever they do or say; whose business it is to prevent disagreeable truths from reaching the ears of their patrons, and contribute to render them as weak, ignorant, and capricious as they themselves are abject, selfish, and perfidious.

BEAUTY AND DEFORMITY.

It is observable that women who have no pretensions to beauty are either uncommonly accomplished and agreeable, or peevish and censorious. Those who have natural good sense and energy of character, perceiving that their only chance of pleasing is by the chearfulness of their temper and their talents, are at pains to exert the one and cultivate the other; and they become always more estimable, and often more esteemed, than the most beautiful women who rely on their beauty alone. But those women

* Charles the Fifth used to say that the Portuguese appeared to be madmen, and were so; the Spaniards appeared to be wise, and were not; the Italians appeared to be wise, and were so; the French appeared to be madmen, and were not.—That the Germans spoke like carmen, the English like simpletons, the Italians like lovers, the French like masters, and the Spaniards like Kings.

who, while they are devoid of beauty are also deficient in temper, and incapable of any exertion to please, are sure of being unhappy in themselves and peculiarly disagreeable to others. Beauty and deformity thus operate on the characters of women, as riches and poverty affect those of mankind; beauty and riches being apt to lull the mind into indolence; deformity and poverty to instigate it to exertion.

IGNORANCE.

It is much in favour of him who labours under a deficiency of knowledge to be sensible of his ignorance. As when, by the sensation of hunger a man in a weakly state becomes sensible that his stomach is empty, it forms a favourable presumption, but when a man's stomach is empty, if he has the sensation of its being full, he is certainly a good deal out of order.

GREAT FORTUNES.

When young men come into possession of them, before they have acquired any fixed and determined taste; when every object of pleasure is placed within reach of the unambitious, all other pursuits are too frequently despised.

A young man in this situation is prone to excess, he seldom waits the natural returns of appetite of any kind: his sensibility is blunted by too frequent enjoyments; what is desired to-day is loathed to-

morrow; every thing at a distance, which bears the name of pleasure, is an object of desire; when present, becomes an object of disgust: all amusements lose their relish. As age advances, caprice, peevishness and tedium augment, till the curtain is dropped, or rather, is pulled down by the impatient actor himself, before the natural end of the drama.

INSENSIBILITY.

The most selfish villager has no conception of that degree of selfishness and insensibility to the feelings of others which exists among the sons of luxury and sloth in capitals, where the heart is rendered callous by the daily exhibition of profusion contrasted with want, misery with mirth, and where people are so often the witnesses or accomplices of the ruin of friends or acquaintance.

HAPPY SARCASM.

A wretch who had a diabolical rancour against M. Despremenil, was in the beginning of the revolution, accusing him of being an apostate from the cause of the people; and concluded his violent harangue by a proposal, that as his person was not immediately in their power, they should turn his wife and children into the street, and burn his house. A person of presence of mind and humanity, who heard the shocking proposal, exclaimed, "That it would be no punishment to the real criminal, because

the house and furniture belonged to the landlord, his wife to the public, and that as for the children, they belonged to some of the best patriots in the company."

This sarcasm, though believed neither by the speaker nor his audience, put them in a humour inconsistent with the horrid proposal, and saved the family of M. Despremenil from destruction.*

CHARMS OF A DICTIONARY.

THE Duchess of Brunswick has contributed to make reading very fashionable among the ladies of her court. One of them, whose education had been neglected in her youth, and had arrived at a very ripe age, perceiving that those ladies who were best acquainted with books enjoyed most of her royal highness's attention, resolved to apply herself to

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* The above lucky stroke of humour saved a whole family from destruction; the following we have heard recorded contributed to the advancement of a deserving officer. A very tall gentleman was appointed to a small ship, where his cabin was every way inconvenient. After applying in vain to his friends to get him promoted, he at last wrote up to the *Admiralty Board*, humourously setting forth his grievance, who remitted an order for his immediate removal to a larger ship, reciting the words of the petition to this effect:—"Whereas A. B. of his Majesty's ship "—— has informed us that having the misfortune to be six feet "three inches high, and his cabin being neither in height nor "length, above four feet six inches, he can neither *lie, sit, stand*, "nor even kneel at his devotions: this is therefore to certify, "that we appoint him to the ——, a ship commodious for all "the above purposes."

study, as reading was so fashionable at court, in order that she might get to the top of the mode as speedily as possible. She imparted this resolution to the duchess, requesting her highness to lend her a book to begin. The duchess applauded her design, and promised to send her one of the most useful books in her library; it was a French and German dictionary. Some days after, her highness enquired how she relished the book. Infinitely, replied this studious lady; it is the most delightful book I ever saw. The sentences are all short, and easily understood, and the words charmingly arranged in ranks, like soldiers on the parade; whereas, in some other books which I have seen, they are mingled together in a confused manner, like a mere mob. I am no longer surprised, added she, at the satisfaction your royal highness takes in study.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

I HAVE perceived a certain hardihood and manliness of character in boys who have had a public education, superior to what appears in those of the same age, educated privately.

At a public school, though a general attention is paid to the whole, in many particulars, each boy is necessitated to decide and act for himself. His reputation among his companions depends solely on his own conduct. This gradually strengthens his mind, inspires firmness and decision, and prevents that wavering imbecility observable in those who have been long

accustomed to rely upon the assistance and opinion of others.

The young mind has at a public school, the best chance of receiving those sentiments which incline the heart to friendship and correct selfishness.

A boy perceives that courage, generosity, and gratitude command the esteem and applause of all his companions; he cherishes these qualities in his own breast, and endeavours to connect himself in friendship with those who possess them. He sees that meanness of spirit, ingratitude, and perfidy are the objects of detestation. He shuns the boys who display any of these odious qualities.

Boys of high rank and great fortune are apt to imbibe false ideas of their own importance, which in those impartial seminaries will be perfectly ascertained, and the real merit of the youths weighed in juster scales than are generally to be found in a parent's house.

The young peer will be taught by the masters, and still more effectually by his comrades, this most useful of all lessons, to expect distinction and esteem from personal qualities only; because no other can make him estimable, or even save him from contempt. He will see a dunce of high rank flogged with as little ceremony as the son of a tailor, and the richest coward kicked about by his companions equally with the poorest poltroon. He will find that diligence, genius, and spirit are the true sources of superiority and applause, both within and without the school.

Thus the active principle of emulation being allowed full play, in the public schools of England, operates in various ways, and always with a good effect.

MUSEUM.

MANY individuals in Germany have cabinets of natural curiosities, and strangers cannot pay their court better than by requesting to see them. This would be an easy piece of politeness, if the stranger were allowed to take a view and walk away when he thought proper; but the misfortune is, that the proprietor attends on these occasions, and gives the history of every piece of ore, petrifaction fossile, wood, and monster that is in the collection. As this lecture is given gratis, he assumes the right of making it as long as he pleases; so that requesting a sight of a private collection of natural curiosities is a more serious matter than persons are aware of.

MEN OF LETTERS.

YOU can scarcely believe the influence which this body of men have in the gay and dissipated city of Paris. Their opinions not only determine the merit of works of taste and science, but they have considerable weight on the manners and sentiments of people of rank and the public in general, and consequently are not without effect on the measures of government.

The manners of the fashionable world have also an obvious effect upon the air, the behaviour and the conversation of the men of letters, which in general is polite and easy; equally purified from the awkward timidity contracted in retirement; and the disgusting arrogance inspired by university ho-

nours or church dignities. At Paris the pedants of Moliere are to be seen on the stage only.

In this country men distinguished by their learning are chearful and easy in mixed company; unpresuming in argument, and in every respect as well bred as those who have no other pretensions.

NATIONAL PRIDE.

RETURNING from Paris to London, I met with a certain Englishman at Calais, who had been exhibiting at some towns in France and Flanders with a swarm of bees, which he pretended to have under his command. Among other manœuvres, he said he could make two swarms of these animals engage in battle with each other; an English swarm, for example, with a French one.

"Pray," said a Frenchman, "can you make which side you please victorious?"

"I could not," replied the other, gravely, "give the victory to the French, unless they were a little more than double the number of the English; because an English-bee is precisely equal to two French ones."

"Do *you* really believe, Sir," said the Frenchman to me, "that there is such a difference between French and English bees?" Perhaps, answered I, coldly, the bee-man may have gone too far; but I am inclined to believe that two English bees would be a pretty good match for three French.

"Ah! Monsieur," said the Frenchman, complaisantly, "cela *peut* être (that *may* be)."

SPANISH GRANDEES.

THEY seem to be a race apart in that kingdom; they engross the highest offices, and are employed in attendance on the king's person, though very seldom in the affairs of Government. It is said that their education and talents are generally of a nature to prevent this from being a loss to the public. Their persons, as well as their minds, are thought more diminutive than the usual human size in their country. Those who assert this, impute it to their intermarrying constantly with each other, and to some other physical causes. The higher Spanish nobility seldom eat at each other's houses, though they reside the whole year at Madrid; hardly any of them live at their seats in the provinces, or even go at all to the country, except those whose offices oblige them to accompany the royal family, when they visit the different country places, at stated periods of the year. Considering the natural beauty and fertility of many provinces of Spain, it seems surprising that they in general should prefer a town to a country life.

Few of the nobility of Spain display any taste for the pursuits of literature. What is also singular, is that notwithstanding princes of the House of Bourbon have so long sat on the throne of Spain, yet the nobility of this country are less acquainted with the French language than the nobles of any other European nation: they differ from the great of other nations, likewise, in being as superstitious as the vulgar.

The style of living of the grandees of Spain is not calculated to excite envy in the breasts of those

who have a taste for the real enjoyments of life; it is expensive without being elegant; and their expence consists chiefly in an useless number of carriages, mules, and domestics.

There is as little appearance of jealousy in Madrid as in any town of Europe. It were to be wished that the tranquillity which the nobles enjoy on that head was derived from the consciousness of the chastity of their wives: but the very reverse of this is true, if we can rely on the account of those who have long resided in that city.*

This alteration in the manners of the nobles seems to have had one good effect; namely, that there is hardly any such thing as assassination on account of jealousy.

NEGROES AN INFERIOR RACE.

"You do not pretend to assert, that negroes are originally on a footing with white people, you will allow, I hope, that they are an inferior race of men." Thus was speaking in company a West India planter.

"I will allow," replied a gentleman present, "that their hair is short, and ours long, that their nose is flat, and ours raised, that their skin is black and ours white; yet after all these concessions, I still have my doubts respecting our right to make them slaves."

* Such is not the picture drawn by a late German traveller Augustus Fischer. "The Spanish woman," says this amiable writer, "is faithful and constant. The energy of her character "preserves her from levity, and her pride from meanness."

TRANSUBSTANTIATION.

On somebody having observed that it was unfortunate that the great change operated on the wafer in transubstantiation was not visible; an ingenious person, formerly a Jesuit pronounced the miracle to be much greater on that account. "For, pray Sir," said he, addressing himself to the objector, "suppose I should immediately turn that fowl, pointing to a turkey which was at that moment stalking past, "suppose I should immediately turn that fowl into a woman, would you not think it very extraordinary?" "Certainly;" replied the other. "Well Sir, but after the fowl has to all intents and purposes become a woman, if it still retained the appearance of a turkey you must acknowledge that would be more extraordinary still. In the same manner that after the transubstantiation, the real body of Christ should, even in the eyes of the sharpest sighted, still retain its original form of a wafer, is a great deal more amazing and stupendous than the conversion of the wafer."*

* In his account of the Mexicans, the Abbe Raynal says—"They had a piece of superstition, of which *no traces* can be found in any *other country*. On certain days the priests made a statue of paste, which they sent to the oven to be *baked*: they then placed it on an *altar*, where it became *a divinity*. Innumerable crowds flocked to the Temple: the priest cut the statue in pieces, and distributed a portion of it to all the persons in the assembly, who ate it, and thought they were sanctified by swallowing *their God!*"

Did the Abbé forget the rites of *his own religion*, when he observes—"no traces of this superstition can be found in any other country?" Is not all this only a simple description of the non-

SWEEPING CHIMNIES.

An ingenious gentleman proposed as the best and most effectual method of sweeping chimnies, to place a large goose at the top, and then by a string tied round her feet to pull the animal gently down to the hearth. The sagacious projector asserted, that the goose being extremely averse to this method of entering a house would struggle against it with all her might; and during this resistance would move her wings with such force and rapidity as could not fail to sweep the chimney completely. "Good God," cried a lady present, "how cruel would that be to the poor goose!" "Why Madam," replied the gentleman, "if you think my method cruel to the goose, a couple of ducks will do."

THE BELIEVER AND THE ATHEIST.

B. That is as certain as that God hath made the world.

A. Pshaw! he did not make the world.

B. (With surprize) No! Who made it then?

A. Why nobody. It never was made.

B. How came it here?

A. Why it has been here from all eternity.

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sense of *transubstantiation* which is ridiculously attempted to be explained in the following fragment. The fact is, that Raynal was thus obliged to veil, by the recital of a supposed fact, the allusion he made to this Catholic folly. The recital of history frequently, when applied to our own times, forms the severest satire.

B. I should never have guessed it to be so old. But still you have not informed me how it exits.

A. By chance.

B. By chance!

A. Yes, unquestionably by mere chance. You have no notion of the power of chance.

B. The power of chance! Chance is blind.

A. Blindness does not diminish power. For, even according to your Bible, Samson was able to pull down a house, and smother three thousand Philistines, after he was stone blind.

B. Sneering is one thing and reasoning is another.

A. Then let us reason——I speak for the power of chance. Were a thousand dice put into a box, and thrown out often enough, there can be no doubt but six thousand would be thrown at last; nay if a hundred thousand were to be rattled and thrown without ceasing, six hundred thousand would appear in process of time at one throw. Why, therefore, may not this world, such as we find it, have been cast up by the mere rattling of atoms?

B. I should humbly conceive, that it rather was the production of an almighty intelligent Maker. I am fully convinced that order, uniformity, and exquisite adaptness, must be the work of intelligence and wisdom as well as power.

A. "Nec Deus intersit nisi dignus vindice nodus."

What do you think of that maxim of Horace?

B. I think it a very good one as he applied it. But I am convinced that Horace, though a heathen, would not have brought it into such an argument as the present.

A. Perhaps not, for as you say, he was an *ignorant* heathen, and believed in Gods.

B. Had he lived at present he would have confined his faith to one; for independent of the Christian religion, all the improvements that have been made in science since his time lead us to acknowledge a first intelligent Creator and Governor of the universe.

A. They lead me to no such things. I adhere to chance and acknowledge no other God. What do you say to that?

B. I say, that was I to utter such an impious expression, I should be afraid of going to Hell.

A. There again! Why there is no such place.

B. How can you be sure of that?

A. Because the thing is impossible.

B. Did you not assert a little while ago that the world was made by chance?

A. I assert so still!

B. Then how can you be sure that such a place as Hell is not made by chance also?

This unexpected question seemed to disconcert the philosopher.

B. (With a very serious air) Sir, I would not have you to trust entirely to such reasoning, which is wicked as well as inconsistent: and permit me to add a piece of advice, which it greatly imports you to follow: Renounce impiety, that in case there should, by chance or otherwise, be any such place as Hell prepared for blasphemers, you may not be sent to it.*

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* Our readers will, we trust, peruse the following truly poetical description of the death of the Atheist, from *the spirit of Anti-Jacobinism,* for 1802.

"Then as he lay on grief's deserted bed,
Divine Religion rear'd her radient head:

OFFICER AND SOLDIER.

STRICT discipline is essentially requisite for the well being of an army; without which it degenerates into a lawless mob, more formidable to their friends than enemies; the ravagers, not the defenders of their country.

But it is equally essential that discipline be exercised with temper and with justice; a capricious and cruel exertion of power in officers depresses the spirit of the private men, and extinguishes that daring ardour which glows in the breast of a real soldier.

Is it possible that a man of a generous mind can treat with wanton cruelty those who are not permitted to resist, or even to expostulate, however brave they may be. For common soldiers gallantly face the enemy, when some officers, who are in the habit of using them with insult and cruelty, shrink from the danger.

Shew me, (she cried) the wretch whose Atheist pride,
My sons insulted, and my pow'r defied!
Where is the genius whose transcendent fire,
Bad erring man to nobler hopes aspire?
Indulge each sensual, curb each virtuous will,
Nor fear in present pain a future ill:
Lo, there he lies, with guilt and terror worn,
Despis'd, deserted, hated, and forlorn.—
How changed from him, that kept the world in awe,
Whose voice was Gospel, and whose lip was law!
Mark, where convuls'd in grief and wild despair,
He lifts to Heaven his first and stifled prayer:
Mourns o'er the past, laments his present doom,
But shrinks and shudders at the years to come:
Adores in death that Godhead he denies—
Ye Atheists tremble, and ye fools be wise."

Officers are sufficiently acquainted with the condition of private soldiers, to know, that when they are treated with all the lenity consistent with proper discipline, still their condition is surrounded with such a variety of hardships, that every person of humanity must wish it were possible to alleviate it.

Weak as the impression may be which the soldier's hardships make on the cold heart of the gentleman politician, one would naturally expect they should meet with sympathy in the breast of their own officers; the men best acquainted with their situation, whom they are constantly serving and obeying, who are acting in the same cause, and exposed to the same dangers though not the same hardships with themselves. It is natural to imagine, that, independent of more generous motives, their own interest, and the idea of self-preservation would prompt officers to behave with mildness, at least with equity, to the soldiers under their command. How many officers have been rescued from death, from captivity, by the grateful attachment and intrepidity of the soldiers?

But waving every consideration derived from the idea of personal safety, there is a kind of selfishness which might induce officers to behave well to soldiers; that is the pleasure of alleviating in many respects the unavoidable hardships of our fellow-creatures, and the consciousness of being loved by those around us. Next to the approbation of his own conscience, nothing is so grateful to the heart of man as the love and esteem of mankind. He is an object of compassion, in whatever situation of life he may be placed, who is not sensible of this from his own experience; and surely no man can be tolerably

happy who thinks himself the object of their hatred.

Officers all know, that the love of soldiers, important as it is to those who command them, may be acquired on easier terms than that of any other set of men; because the habit of obedience, in which they are *bred*, inclines them to *respect* their officers; unbiassed equity in the midst of the strictest discipline, commands their *esteem;* and the smallest mark of kindness secures their gratitude and attachment.

PARTIES OF PLEASURE.

ARE those where many people are apt to continue forcing smiles, and yawning spontaneously for two or three hours after all relish is fled.

In this dismal condition many remain night after night, because the hour of sleep is not yet arrived; and what else can they do?

What a listless situation! Without any pleasure where you are, without any motive to be gone, you remain in a kind of passive, gaping oyster state, till the tide of the company moves you to your carriage. And when you recover your reflection in your bedchamber, you find you have passed the two last hours in a kind of humming buzzing stupor, without satisfaction or ideas of any kind.

FINE GENTLEMEN.

Till they have been wound up by their valets, many seem absolutely incapable of motion. They have no more use of their hands for any office about their own person, than if they were paralytic: at night they must wait for their servants, before they can undress themselves, and go to bed: in the morning, if the valet happen to be out of the way, the master must remain helpless and sprawling in bed, like a turtle on its back upon the kitchen table of an alderman.*

FREDERIC THE GREAT, KING OF PRUSSIA.

Potsdam, 1778.

You express such an earnest desire to be made acquainted with every thing which regards the King of Prussia, that I am in danger to fall in a tedious minuteness. Yet I will risk it, rather than give you reason to complain that I have not gratified your curiosity as fully as it is in my power.

Do not imagine, however, that I presume to draw a complete portrait of this monarch. I shall only attempt a faithful sketch of such features as I have been able to seize in a transient view of him.

The King of Prussia is below the middle size, well made and remarkably active. He has become hardy by exercise, and a laborious life. His look announces

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* To the honour of the British nation, however, this satire is certainly more applicable to *fine ladies* and their maids, than to fine gentlemen and their valets.

spirit and penetration. His features acquire a wonderful degree of animation while he converses. His tone of voice is the clearest and most agreeable in conversation I have ever heard. He speaks a great deal, yet those who hear him regret that he does not speak a great deal more. His observations are always lively, very often just, and few men possess the talent of repartee in greater perfection.

The King of Prussia's hours from four or five in the morning till ten at night, are all dedicated methodically to particular occupations either of business or amusement.

All business with the king is transacted by letters.* Every petition or proposal must be made in this form, which is adhered to so invariably, that if any of his generals wished to promote a cadet to the rank of an ensign, he would not venture to make the proposal in any other manner, even though he had daily opportunities of conversing with his majesty.

The meanest of his subjects may apply to him in writing, and are sure of an answer. His first business in the morning is the perusing of papers ad-

* Frederick III. who is by some called one of the greatest men that ever filled a throne, governed without ministers; *i. e.* those who, under him, bore that name, did no more than copy and dispatch his orders. His political character however, is open to many and strong objections—By his encouragement of the new philosophers, his contempt of revealed religion, and his affected disregard of the appendages of royalty, he greatly contributed to elicit those sparks of Jacobinism, the explosion of which have since so forcibly shaken both the altar and the throne. He was born at Berlin, in 1688, he began to reign in 1713, and died in 1786.

dressed to him. A single word wrote with his pencil in the margin, indicates the answer to be given, which is afterwards made out by his secretaries.

He sits down to dinner precisely at noon. Of late he allows more time to this repast than formerly. It is generally after three that he leaves the company. Eight or nine of his officers are commonly invited to dine with him. At table the king likes that every person should appear to be on a footing, and that the conversation should be carried on with perfect freedom. I have heard of his bearing some very severe retorts with good humour. He has too much wit himself, and is too fond of it in others to repel its attacks with any other weapons than those which it furnishes.*

He is active and assidious; and he makes it a point that all his ministers and servants shall be so too. But to those who know their business and per-

* Nobody said more lively things in conversation than Frederic the Great. His bon mots have been every where repeated. We shall mention a few of them:—When Frederic had a personal meeting with the Emperor Joseph, they always dined together; a certain number of officers being present. One day General Laudohn was going to place himself at the bottom of the table, when the King who was at the head called to him—"Vénez, "je vous en' pric, Monsieur Laudohn. Placez vous ili l'aime "infiniment, mieux vous avoir de mon Coté que Vis á Vis." This is at once an instance of his wit and greatness of mind, in rendering justice to a man, who had caused him much vexation. Frederic once asked an English Nobleman at what age a Peer could take a seat in Parliament. The Nobleman replied at twenty-one. "It is evident from that," said the King, "that "the English Patricians acquire the necessary talents for legisla-"tion, much sooner than those of antient Rome, who were not "admitted into the Senate, till the age of forty."

form it exactly, he is an easy and equitable master. His favourites of whatever kind never were able to acquire influence over him in any thing regarding business.

The more I see and hear of this extraordinary man, the more am I astonished. He reconciles qualities which I used to think incompatibable. I once was of opinion that the mind which stoops to very small objects is incapable of embracing great ones; I am now convinced, that he is an exception; for while few objects are too great for his genius, none seem too small for his attention.

I once thought that a man of much vivacity was not capable of entering into the details of business: I now see, that he, who is certainly a man of wit, can continue methodically the necessary routine of business, with the patience and perseverance of the greatest dunce that ever drudged in a compting house.

Many other princes have greater revenues, which, like water spilt on uncultivated land, and assisting the growth of useless weeds, are dissipated without taste or magnificence, on the trumpery of a court and their dependents. Perhaps it was never known what miracles œconomy and assiduity, through all the departments of government, could perform till this monarch made it apparent.

Other monarchs acquire importance from their station, this prince gives importance to his. The traveller, in other countries has a wish to see the king, because he admires the kingdom:—here the object of curiosity is reversed: and let us suppose the palaces, and the town, and the country, and the army of Prus-

sia ever so fine, yet our chief interest in them will arise from their belonging to Frederic the Third.

I will end my sketch of him, by an expression of Count Nesselrode, equally lively and just:---C'est dans l'adversité qu'il brille, lorsqu'il est bien comprimé il a un ressort irresistible.

GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE.

Our Gothic ancestors, like the Greeks and Romans, built for posterity. Their ideas in architecture, though different from those of the Grecian artists, were vast, sublime, and generous, far superior to the selfish snugness of modern taste, which is generally confined to one or two generations; the plans of our ancestors with a more extensive benevolence embrace distant ages. Many Gothic buildings, still habitable, evince this, and ought to inspire sentiments of gratitude to those who have not grudged such labour and expence for the accommodation of their remote posterity.

No species of architecture is better calculated for the dwelling of *heavenly pensive contemplation* than the Gothic; it has a powerful tendency to fill the mind with sublime, solemn, and religious sentiments; the antiquity of the Gothic churches contribute to increase that veneration which their form and size inspire. We naturally feel a respect for a fabric into which we know that our forefathers have entered with reverence, and which has stood the assault of many centuries, and of a thousand storms.

GRAVITY.

So many ridiculous things occur every day in the world, that men who are endowed with that degree of sensibility which usually accompanies genius, find it very difficult to maintain a continued gravity. This difficulty is abundantly felt in the grave and learned professions of law, physic and divinity; and the individuals who have been most successful in surmounting it, and who never deviate from the solemnity of established forms, have not been always the most distinguished for real knowledge or genius; though generally they are most admired by the multitude, who are very apt to mistake that gravity for wisdom, which proceeds from a literal weight of brain, and muddiness of understanding. Mistakes of the same kind are frequently made in forming a judgment of books, as well as men. Those which profess a formal design to instruct and reform, and carry on the work methodically, till the reader is lulled into repose, have passed for deep and useful performances: while others, replete with original observations and real instruction, have been treated as frivolous, because they are written in a familiar style, and the precepts conveyed in a sprightly and indirect manner.

CLERGY.

The number and magnitude of Gothic churches in the different countries of Europe, form a presumption that the clergy were not devoid of public

spirit in those days. For if the powerful ecclesiastics had then been entirely actuated by motives of self interest, they would have turned the excessive influence which they had acquired over the minds of their fellow-citizens to purposes more immediately advantageous to themselves; instead of encouraging them to raise magnificent churches, for the use of the public, they might have preached it up as still more meritorious to build fine houses and palaces for the immediate servants and ambassadors of God. But we find very few ecclesiastical palaces, in comparison with the number of churches, which still remain for the public convenience. This sufficiently shews the injustice of those indiscriminating satirists, who assert that the clergy in all ages and countries have displayed a spirit equally proud and interested.

BRITISH EDUCATION.

I AM of opinion that no country but Great Britain is proper for the education of a British subject who proposes to pass his life in his own country.

He will there acquire those sentiments, that particular turn and taste of mind, which will make him prefer the government, and relish the manners, the diversions, and general way of living which prevail in England.

He will there acquire that character which distinguishes Englishmen from the natives of all the other countries of Europe, and which once attained, however it may be afterwards embellished or deformed, can never be entirely effaced.

It is thought that by an early foreign education, all ridiculous English prejudices will be avoided. This may be true; but other prejudices, perhaps as ridiculous, and much more detrimental, will be formed;—prejudices which may render the young people unhappy in their own country, and disagreeable to their countrymen all the rest of their lives.

Popularity in England is of real importance; and the higher a man's rank is, the more he feels the loss of it. It may be lost by the affectation of French manners. The prejudice against them is not confined to the lower ranks, but diffused over the whole nation. Therefore, the earliest period of every Englishman's education ought to be in England.

MARIE ANTOINETTE, QUEEN OF FRANCE *.

She loved to descend from the throne, that she might enjoy the comforts of society. Her natural impressions as a woman had more influence on her conduct than the artificial deportment dictated to her as a queen. However necessary the pomp of etiquette and the frigidity of reserve may be to high-born dulness and insipid vanity, they were tasteless and fatiguing to a beautiful and lively woman, inspired with the desire, and conscious of the power of pleasing. Her heart delighted in the confidence of

* It is scarcely necessary to observe that this article was written during the imprisonment of that unfortunate princess in the Temple

friendship, and preferred that style of society where there was at least an appearance of equality. She distinguished people not so much by the various gradations and shades of heraldry, but as they seemed more or less accomplished or amiable; and by this means mortally offended many illustrious persons of both sexes who had no pretensions of that nature.

Fonder of entertainments than her husband, she had often private suppers, where the usual topics of Parisian conversation, with all the vivacity and freedom of the Parisian societies took place.

This did not exist long without malignant interpretation. The prudes and duennas of the court, left out of the queen's parties, were offended. Had she been better able to support the langnor of pomp and the slavery of etiquette, the eye of suspicion would have been lulled, or kept at a distance, the tongue of slander ever awed, and the gloom of formality removing all idea of pleasure, would have given the court the appearance of mere righteousness by being less gay.

In a beautiful, sprightly, and unguarded *woman* calumny found an easy prey, and afterwards united with sedition, made a joint attack on the queen. She who seemed destined to give lasting peace and prosperity to France, was by malignity represented as the cause of public misery, and the determined enemy of the country.

She fell at last the unfortunate and deeply lamented victim of seditious assassins; but a generous firmness never forsook her in her last moments, as well as in the most trying occasion; of that firmness she gave a strong proof, when advised to withdraw some time from Versailles, she answered, " I am de-

termined never to forsake my husband: if the Parisians are bent upon murdering me, I will die at the feet of the king*!"

The annals of the unfortunate do not record any situation more dreadful than that of the unhappy Queen of France..

The daughter of an empress, the sister of emperors, the wife of a king lately considered as the most powerful in Europe, seems now more pre-eminent in wretchedness than ever she was in rank and splendor.

She was not only a queen, but a beautiful woman; not only accustomed to the interested and ostentatious submission that attends power, but to that more pleasing attention and obedience which are paid to beauty. Fortune accompanied her friendship, and happiness her smiles. She found her wishes anticipated, and saw her very looks obeyed. How painful must now be the dreadful reverse! Shut

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* Marie Antoinette exhibited an undisturbed circumspection and presence of mind in her answers to the most captious and insidious interrogatories, particularly when on the judge expressing surprise at her not knowing a person to whom she had rendered great services, she calmly replied: "It is possible for those who "confer favours to forget them, while those on whom they are "conferred find it impossible." Indeed the whole of her conduct, from the moment of her confinement, tends to render those tales which slander circulated to her prejudice with such avidity absolutely incredible: and the attachment, the fidelity and dignity which, in the most trying scenes, she manifested to her husband, her children, her friends, and her enemies, throw back a lustre on the imperial line from which she sprung brighter than that which she derived from it.

up in a prison, surrounded with barbarians, wretches who rejoice in her calamity, and insult her sorrow!

What has this most unfortunate of women already suffered? What is yet reserved for her to endure? She has been shocked by the cruel murder of her most faithful servants and friends. She now suffers all the agonies of suspense—her heart throbbing from recent wounds, and her mind terrified, not for her own fate only, but for those of her sister, her husband, and her children. No; the annals of the unfortunate do not record, nor has the imagination of the tragic poet invented any thing more dreadfully affecting than the misfortunes and sufferings of Marie Antoinette, Queen of France; and for ages to come, her name will never be pronounced without execrations against the unrelenting wretches who have treated her, and suffered her to be treated so inhumanly.

LANDSCAPE PAINTING.

The grand scale on which the beauties of nature appear in Switzerland and the Alps, has been considered by some as too vast for the pencil; but among the sweet hills and vallies of Italy her features are brought nearer the eye, are fully seen and understood, and appear in all the bloom of rural loveliness. Tivoli, Albano, and Frescati, therefore, are the favourite abodes of the landscape painters who travel to this country for improvement; in the opinion of some, these delightful villages furnish studies better suited to the powers of their art, than even Switzerland itself. Nothing can surpass the

admirable assemblage of hills, meadows, lakes, cascades, gardens, ruins, groves, and terraces, which charm the eye as you wander among the shades of Frescati and Albano, which appear in new beauty as they are viewed from different points, and captivate the beholder with endless variety.

THE NATURAL SON.

A PERSON who was struck with the symmetry, vigour, and address of a boy, who, with his schoolfellow, was playing at cricket, asked a young lord, his comrade, who he was.

The young lord, bursting into laughter, said, "You have asked a question, Sir, very difficult to be answered; nobody knows who the devil he is."

The boy heard the laugh, and suspecting something insulting, walked up coolly to the young lord: "May I request of your lordship to repeat what you have just said."

"All I have said," replied he in a scoffing manner, "is, that nobody knows what you are; you have the misfortune, Sir, not to be known."

"And all I say in return is, that every body knows what *you* are: you have the *misfortune*, my lord, *to be* known."

STREET ORATORS.

AT Naples, they repeat, in a solemn raised voice, and with great gesticulation, stanzas from various

Italian poets, adding occasional commentaries in prose.

At Venice, those mountebanks gain their livelihood by amusing the populace at St. Mark's Place with wonderful and romantic stories in prose.

At Rome, those street orators sometimes entertain their audience with interesting passages of real history; one gave, for instance, a full and true account how the bloody heathen emperor Nero set fire to the city of Rome, and sat at a window of his golden palace, playing on a harp, while the town was in flames. After which the historian proceeded to relate, how this unnatural emperor murdered his own mother; and then concluded by giving his audience the satisfaction of hearing a particular detail of all the ignominious circumstances attending the murderer's own death.

This business of street oratory, while it amuses the populace, and keeps them from less innocent and more expensive pastimes, gives them at the same time some general ideas of history.

STATUES.

Rome.

Do not suspect me of affectation, when I tell you, that I have very great pleasure in contemplating the antique statues and busts.—It is a natural curiosity to see celebrated men, those whose talents and great qualities can alone render the present age an interesting object to posterity, and prevent its being lost like the dark ages which succeeded the destruction of the Roman empire, in the oblivious vortex of

time, leaving scarcely a wreck behind. The busts and statues of a *Pitt* and of a *Frederic*, those memorable men, will be viewed by succeeding generations with the same regard and attention which we now bestow on those of Cicero and Cæsar. We expect to find something peculiarly noble and expressive in features which were animated, and which we imagine must have been in some degree modelled by the sentiments of those to whom they belonged. It is not rank, it is character alone which interests posterity; we therefore give little attention to the busts or coins of the vulgar emperors. In the countenance of Claudius we expect nothing more noble than the phlegmatic tranquillity of an acquiescing cuckold; in Caligula or Nero, the unrelenting frown of a negro driver, or the insolent air of an unprincipled ruffian in power. But in the face of Julius we expect to find the traces of deep reflection, magnanimity, and the anxiety natural to the man who had overturned the liberties of his native country; and in the face of Marcus Brutus we look for independence, conscious integrity, and a mind capable of the highest effort of virtue.

It is natural to regret, that, of the number of antique statues which have come to us tolerably entire, so great a proportion are representations of gods and goddesses. However, the statues of those deities are not uninteresting. Though they are imaginary beings, yet each of them has a distinct character of his own classical authority, which has been long impressed on our memories; and we assume the right of deciding on the artist's skill. From the ancient artists having exercised their genius in forming the images of an order of beings superior to mankind,

a great advantage is supposed to have followed—it prompted them to attempt the uniting, in one form, the various beauties which nature had dispersed in many. Repeated efforts of this kind are imagined to have inspired some of the ancient sculptors with sublimer ideas of beauty than nature herself ever exhibited, as appears in some of their works which have reached our time.

We must have a very high idea of the number of statues of one kind or other which were in old Rome, when we consider how many are still to be seen; how many have at different periods been carried away by the curious to every country in Europe; how many were mutilated by the Gothic brutality of barbarians, and the ill-directed zeal of the early christians. Had they not been thus barbarously hewed to pieces, and buried (I had almost said) alive, we might have had several equal to the great masterpieces in the Vatican.

NATURAL TASTE.

I HAPPENED lately to be at the Palazzo Pitti with a person who is perfectly well acquainted with all the pictures of any merit in Florence. While he explained the peculiar excellencies of Pietro's manner, a gentleman in company (who, although he does not pretend to the smallest skill in pictures, would rather remain ignorant for ever, than listen to the lectures of a connoisseur) walked on by himself into the other apartments, while I endeavoured to profit by my instructor's knowledge. When the other gentleman returned, he said, "I know no more of

painting than my pointer; but there is a picture in one of the other rooms which I would rather have than all those you seem to admire so much; it is the portrait of a healthy handsome countrywoman, with her child in her arms. I cannot help thinking the colour very natural. The young woman's countenance is agreeable, and expressive of fondness and the joy of a mother o'er a first born. The child is a robust chubby-cheeked fellow, such as the son of a peasant should be."

We followed him into the room, and the picture which pleased him so much was the famous Madonna della Seggiola of Raphael. Our instructor immediately called out, "*Viva!*" and pronounced him a man of genuine taste; because without previous knowledge or instruction, he had fixed his admiration on the finest picture in Florence. But this gentleman, as soon as he understood what the picture was, disclaimed all title to praise; "Because," said he, "although when I considered that picture simply as the representation of a blooming country wench hugging her child, I admired the art of the painter, and thought it one of the truest copies of nature I ever saw; yet I confess my admiration is much abated, now that you inform me his intention was to represent the Virgin Mary."—"Why so?" replied the Cicerone; "the Virgin Mary was not of higher rank: she was but a poor woman, living in a little village in Gallilee."—"No rank in life," said the other, "could give additional dignity to the person who had been told by an angel from Heaven, that she had found favour with God; that her son should be called the Son of the Highest, and who herself was conscious of all the miraculous circumstances

attending his conception and birth. In the countenance of such a woman, besides comeliness, and the usual affection of a mother, I looked for the most lively expressions of admiration, gratitude, virgin modesty, and divine love. And when I am told, the picture is by the greatest painter that ever lived, I am disappointed in perceiving no traces of that kind in it."—What justice there is in this gentleman's remarks, I leave it to better judges than I pretend to be, to determine.

THE SOUTH AND NORTH BRITON.

" Do you really, in your conscience," said an Englishman to a Scotchman, " imagine that the Forth is a finer river than the Thames?"—" The Thames!" exclaimed the North Briton; " why, my dear Sir, the Thames at London is a mere gutter in comparison of the Frith of Forth at Edinburgh."—" I suppose, then," said the Englishman, " that you do not approve of the view of Windsor castle?"—" I ask your pardon," replied the other, " I approve it very much—it is an exceeding pretty kind of a prospect: the country appears from it as agreeable to the sight as any plain flat country, crowded with trees and intersected by inclosures, can well do; but I own I am of opinion, that mere fertile fields, woods, rivers and meadows can never of themselves perfectly satisfy the eye."—" You imagine, no doubt," said the Englishman, " that a few heath-covered mountains and rocks embellish a country very much?"—" I am precisely of that opinion," said the Scot; " and you will as soon convince me that a

woman may be completely beautiful with fine eyes, good teeth, and a fair complexion, though she should not have a nose on her face, as that a landscape or country can be completely beautiful without a mountain."—"What do you think," said the Englishman, "of the palace of St. James's?"—"It is," exclaimed the Scot, "a scandal to the nation; it is both a shame and a sin, that so great a monarch as the King of Scotland, England, and Ireland, with his royal family, should live in a shabby old cloister, hardly good enough for monks. The palace of Holyrood-house, indeed, is a residence fit for a king."—"And the gardens—pray what sort of gardens have you belonging to that palace?" said the Englishman; "I have been told you do not excel in those."—"But we excel in gardeners," replied the other, "which are as much preferable as the creator is preferable to the created."—"I am surprised, however," rejoined the South Briton, "that in a no country like yours, where there are so many creators, so very few fruit gardens are created."—"Why, Sir, it is not to be expected," said the Scotchman, "that any one country will excel in every thing. Some enjoy a climate more favourable for peaches, and vines, and nectarines; but by G——, Sir, country on earth produces better men and women than Scotland."—"I dare say, none does," replied the other: "so as France excels in wine, England in wool and oxen, Arabia in horses, and other countries in other animals, you imagine Scotland excels all others in the human species."—"What I said, Sir, was, that the human species in no country excelled those in Scotland."—"You will then permit me to observe," said the Englishman, "that men

being its staple commodity, it must be owned that Scotland carries on a brisk trade of *exportation;* you will find Scotchmen in all countries of the world."—"So much the better for all the countries of the world," said the Scotchman; "for every body knows that the Scotch cultivate and improve the arts and sciences wherever they go.—But there are various reasons," continued he, "for so many of my countrymen sojourning in London: that city is now in some measure the capital of Scotland as well as of England. Upon the whole, the advantages which England derives from the union are manifest."—"I shall be obliged to you," said the Englishman, "if you will enumerate a few of them."—"Has she not," resumed the Scot, "has she not greatly increased in wealth since that time? Has she not acquired a million and half of subjects? Has she not acquired security? There is no door open now, Sir, by which the French can enter into your country: they dare as soon be d—— as attempt to invade Scotland. Without a perfect union with Scotland, England could not enjoy the principal benefit she derives from her insular situation."—"Not till Scotland should be subdued," said the Englishman.—"Subdued!" repeated the astonished Scot; "let me tell you, Sir, that it is a very strange hypothesis; if you are conversant in history you will find, that after the decline of the Roman empire, the course of conquest was from the *north to the south.*"—"You mean," said the South Briton, "that Scotland would have conquered England."—"Sir," replied the other, "I think the English as brave a nation as ever existed, and therefore I will not say that the Scotch are braver; but I am sure, that rather than submit, they

would try to subdue the English, and you will admit that the trial would be no advantage to either country."—" Although I am fully convinced," said the Englishman. " how the experiment would end, I should be sorry to see it made."—" Yet, Sir, there are people of your country, as I am told, who endeavour to exasperate the minds of the inhabitants of one part of Great Britain against the natives of the other, and to create dissensions between two countries whose mutual safety depends on their good agreement; two countries whom nature herself, by separating them from the rest of the world, and encircling them with her azure bond of union, seems to have intended for one."—" I do assure you, my good Sir," said the English gentleman, " I am not of the number of those who wish to raise such dissension. I love the Scotch; I always thought them a sensible and gallant people."—" You are a man of honour and discernment," said the Caledonian, seizing him eagerly by the hand; " and I protest, without prejudice or partiality, that I never knew a man of that character who was not of your way of thinking."

FLORENCE

Is unquestionably a very beautiful city. Independent of the churches and palaces, some of which are very magnificent, the architecture of the houses in general is in a good taste, the streets are remarkably clean, and paved with large broad stones, chiselled so as to prevent the horses from sliding. This city is divided into two unequal parts by the river Arno, over which there are no less

than four bridges in sight of each other. That called the Ponte Della Trinita is uncommonly elegant: it is built entirely of white marble, and ornamented with four beautiful statues, representing the four seasons. The quays, the buildings on each side, and the bridges, render that part of Florence through which the river runs, by far the finest.

The number of inhabitants in Florence is calculated by some at eighty thousand. The streets, squares, and fronts of the palaces are adorned with a great number of statues; some of whom by the best modern masters, Michael Angelo, Bandinelli, Donatello, Giovani di Bologna, Benvenulo, Cellini, and others. A taste for the arts must be kept alive, independent almost of any other encouragement, in a city where so many specimens are continually before the eyes of the inhabitants.

Florence has been equally distinguished by a spirit for commerce and for the fine arts—two things which are not always united. Some of the Florentine merchants formerly were men of vast wealth, and lived in a most magnificent manner. One of them, about the middle of the fifteenth century, built that noble fabric, which, from the name of its founder, is still called the Palazzo Pitti. The man was ruined by the prodigious expence of this building, which was immediately purchased by the Medici family, and has continued ever since to be the residence of the sovereigns. The gardens belonging to this palace are on the declivity of an eminence. On the summit there is a kind of fort, called Belvedere. From this you have a complete view of Florence, and the beauteous vale of Arno, in the middle of which it stands. The prospect is

bounded on every side by an amphitheatre of fertile hills, adorned with country houses and gardens.

Society seems to be on an easy and agreeable footing in Florence. Besides the conversaziones which they have here as in other towns of Italy, a number of the nobility meet every day at a house called the Casino. This society is pretty much on the same footing with the clubs in London. They meet at no particular hour. They play at billiards, cards, and other games, or continue conversing the whole evening. They are served with tea, coffee, lemonade, ices, or what other refreshment they choose. Women as well as men are members of this club.

The opera at Florence is a place where the people of quality pay and receive visits, and converse as freely as at the Casino above mentioned.

On the evenings on which there is no opera, it is usual for the genteel company to drive to a public walk immediately without the city, where they remain till it begins to grow duskish.

The Jews are not held in that degree of odium, or subjected to the same humiliating distinctions here in Florence, as in some other cities in Europe. Some of the richest merchants are of that religion.

Few cities in Europe of the same size as Florence afford so fine a field of amusement to those who are fond of churches, palaces, public buildings, &c. But the lovers of architecture will be shocked to find several of the finest churches without fronts, which, according to some, is owing to a real deficiency of money; while others assert, they are left in this condition as a pretext for levying contributions to finish them. The chapel of St. Lorenzo is, perhaps, the finest and most expensive habitation that ever was

reared for the dead. It is encrusted with precious stones, and adorned with the workmanship of the best modern sculptors.—Some complain that it has a gloomy appearance. There seems to be no impropriety in that, considering what the building was intended for.

The statues which ornament the streets and squares of Florence amount to about one hundred and fifty; many of them of exquisite workmanship, and admired by those of the best taste.

Churches, and palaces, and statues are no doubt ornamental to a city; and the princes are praiseworthy who have taken pains to rear and collect them; but the greatest of all ornaments are cheerful happy living countenances. The taste is not general; but there are some people, who, to a perfect knowledge and unaffected love of the fine arts, join a passion for a collection of this kind, who cannot without uneasiness see one face in a different style, and whose lives and fortunes are employed in smoothing the corrosions of penury and misfortune, and restoring the *original air* of satisfaction and cheerfulness to the human countenance. Happy the people whose sovereign is inspired with this species of *vertu!*

UTILITY OF TRAVELLING ABROAD.

Paris.

There are so many resources at Paris, that it always requires a great effort to write letters of any considerable length from such a place. But now that I have resolution to take up my pen, I shall endeavour to clear the debt for which you dun me so unmercifully. I own I am surprised that you should

require my opinion on the uses of foreign travel, after perusing (as you must have done) the dialogues lately published by an eminent divine, equally distinguished for his learning and taste.

After a young man has employed his time to advantage at a public school, and has continued his application to various branches of science till the age of twenty, you ask what are the advantages he is likely to reap from a tour abroad.

He will see mankind more at large, and in numberless situations and points of view in which they cannot appear in England, or any one country. By comparing the various customs and usages, and hearing the received opinions of different countries, his mind will be enlarged. He will be enabled to correct the theoretical notions he may have formed of human nature, by the practical knowledge of men. By contemplating their various religions, laws, and governments, in *action*, as it were, and observing the effects they produce on the minds and characters of the people, he will be able to form a juster estimate of their value than otherwise he could have done. He will see the natives of other countries, not as he sees them in England, mere idle spectators, but busily employed in their various characters, as actors on their own proper stage. He will gradually improve in the knowledge of *character*, not of Englishmen only, but of men in general;* he

* Whoever admits that this line,—

"The proper study of mankind, is man,"

Contains just and solid sense, must acknowledge the utility of travelling; for it may be safely affirmed that a man learns to

will cease to be deceived either by the varnish with which men are apt to heighten their own actions, or the dark colours in which they too often paint those of others. He will learn to distinguish the real from the ostensible motive of men's words and behaviour. Finally, by being received with hospitality, conversing familiarly, and living in the reciprocal exchange of good offices with those whom he considers as enemies, or in some unfavourable point of view, the sphere of his benevolence and good will to his brethren will gradually enlarge. His friendships extending beyond the limits of his own country, will embrace characters congenial with his own in other nations. Seas, mountains, rivers are geographical boundaries, but they never limited the good will or esteem of one liberal mind. As for his manner, though it will probably not be so janty as if he had been bred in France from his earliest youth, yet that also will in some degree be improved.*

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know the world better by a few years travelling than he can by a number of years spent at home. At home his faculties often sleep; abroad they are always awake. The great variety of characters that pass through his hands keeps his parts continually in exercise. He is perpetually studyiug, even without thinking he is studying. He lives much in a little time. He acquires experience early and with ease. Every pore lets in new light on his mind. He finds a tone, a change of countenance, a sudden word to be surer indications of a man's inside than long set speeches or laboured dissertations. Thus those who are peculiarly gifted by nature will gain much by travels.

* Politeness is not one of the cardinal virtues; but it is the very first of those of the second order. It is the younger sister of humanity; and contributes infinitely to the happiness of Society. In a certain degree it resembles mercy. "It is twice blessed: it blesseth him that gives, and him that takes." Every one feels a pleasure in giving pleasure to others; and what pleases all the world more than politeness.

A young man of fortune, by spending a few years abroad, will gratify a natural and laudable curiosity, and pass a certain portion of his life in an agreeable manner. He will form an acquaintance with that boasted nation whose superior taste and politeness are universally acknowledged; whose fashions and language are adopted by all Europe; and who in science, in power, and commerce are the rivals of Great Britain. He will have opportunities of observing the political constitution of the German empire—that complex body, formed by a confederacy of princes, ecclesiastics, and free cities, comprehending countries of vast extent, inhabited by a hardy race of men, distinguished for solid sense and integrity, who, without having equalled their sprightlier neighbours in works of taste or imagination, have shewn what prodigious efforts of application the human mind is capable of in the severest and least amusing studies, and whose armies exhibit the most perfect models of military discipline.

Viewing the remains of Roman taste, he will feel a thousand emotions of the most interesting nature; while those whose minds are not like his, stored with classical knowledge, gaze with tasteless wonder, or phlegmatic indifference; and exclusive of those monuments of antiquity, he will naturally desire to be acquainted with the present inhabitants of a country which at different periods has produced men, who, by one means or another, have distinguished themselves so eminently from their cotemporaries of other nations. At one period, having subdued the world by wisdom and firmness of their councils, and the disciplined vigour of their armies,

Rome became at once the seat of empire, learning, and the arts.

Lastly, by visiting other countries, a subject of Great Britain will acquire a greater esteem than ever for the constitution of his own. Freed from vulgar prejudices, he will perceive that the blessings and advantages which his countrymen enjoy, do not flow from their superiority in wisdom, courage, or virtue over the other nations of the world, but in some degree from the peculiarity of their situation in an island; and above all, from those just and equitable laws which secure property, that mild free government which abhors tyranny, protects the meanest subject, and leaves the mind of man to its own exertions, unrestrained by those arbitrary, capricious, and impolitic shackles which confine and weaken its noblest endeavours in almost every other country in Europe. This animates industry, creates fertility, and scatters plenty over the boisterous island of Great Britain, with a profusion unknown in the neighbouring nations, who behold with astonishment so many British subjects roaming discontented through the lands of despotism in search of that happiness which they have a much better prospect of enjoying in their own country.

Cœlum non animum mutant qui transmare currunt.
Strenua nor exercet inertia, navibus atque
Quadrigis petimus bene vivere. Quod petis, hic est.*

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* If they, who through the vent'rous ocean range,
Not their own passions, but the climate, change,
Anxious through seas and lands, to search for rest,
Is but laborious idleness at best.

JUBILEE

Is a ceremony evidently in imitation of the Roman secular games which were exhibited every hundredth year in honour of the gods.* They lasted three days and three nights; they were attended with great pomp, and drew vast numbers of people to Rome from all parts of Italy and the most distant provinces.

Boniface the Eighth recollecting this, determined in the year 1300 to introduce something analogous, which might immortalise his own name, promote the interest of the Roman Catholic religion in general, and that of the city of Rome in particular. He invented a few extraordinary ceremonies, and declared the year 1300 the first jubilee year, during which he assured mankind that Heaven would be in a particular manner propitious in granting indulgencies and remission of sins to all who should come to Rome, and attend the functions there to be performed at this fortunate period, which was not to occur again for a hundred years. This drew a great concourse of wealthy sinners to Rome; and the extraordinary circulation of money it occasioned was strongly felt all over the pope's dominions.

Clement the Sixth, regretting that these advantages should occur so seldom, abridged the period, and declared there would be a jubilee every fifty years; the second was accordingly celebrated in the year 1350.

* The Carmen Seculare of Horace was composed on occasion of those celebrated by Augustus in the year of Rome, 736.

Sixtus the Fifth imagining that the space was still too long, once more retrenched the half; and ever since there has been a jubilee every twenty-fifth year. It is not likely that any future pope will think of shortening this period; for instead of the wealthy pilgrims who flocked anciently to Rome from every quarter of Christendom, most of those who come now are supported by alms during their journey, or are barely able to defray their own expences by the strictest œconomy; and his holiness at present is supposed to derive no other advantage from the uncommon fatigue he is obliged to go through on the jubilee year except the satisfaction he feels in reflecting on the benefit his labours confer on the souls of the beggars, and other travellers, who resort from all corners of Italy to Rome on this blessed occasion.

The states which border on the pope's dominions suffer many temporal inconveniencies from the zeal of the peasants and manufacturers, the greater part of whom still make a point of visiting St. Peter's on the jubilee year. The loss sustained by the countries which such emigrants abandon, is not balanced by any advantage transferred to that to which they resort, the good arising in the whole being entirely of a spiritual nature. The greater number of pilgrims come from the kingdom of Naples, whose inhabitants are said to be of a very devout and very amorous disposition. The first prompts them to go to Rome in search of that absolution which the second renders necessary; and on the year of jubilee, when indulgences are to be had at an easier rate than at any other time, those who can afford it, generally carry away such a stock as not only is suffi-

cient to clear old scores, but will also serve as an indemnifying fund for future transgressions.

IGNORANCE OF PHYSICIANS.

Alas! how is it possible that physicians should avoid mistakes? If the ablest mechanic were to attempt to remedy the irregular movements of a watch, while he remained ignorant of the structure and manner of acting of some of the principal springs, would he not be in danger of doing harm instead of good? Physicians are in the situation of such a mechanic; for although it is evident that the nerves are the organs of motion and sensation, yet their structure is not known. Some anatomists assert they are impervious chords; others, that they are slender tubes, containing a fluid. But what the nature of this fluid is, whether it serves only to nourish the nerves themselves, or is the medium by which they convey feeling and the power of motion to other parts, is not ascertained even by those who argue for its existence; far less is it explained in what manner ideas, formed within the brain, can, by the means of solid chords, or by a fluid contained in tubes, communicate motion at pleasure to the legs and arms. We are ignorant why the will, which has no influence over the motion of an animal's heart, should find the feet obedient to her dictates; and we can no more explain how a man can move one leg over the other by volition or the mere act of willing, than how he could by the same means move Ossa on the Olympus. The one happens every moment; the

other would be considered as a miracle; but they are equally unaccountable. While parts so infinitely essential to human life are not understood, instead of being surprised that so many diseases baffle the skill of the physician, we have more reason to be astonished that any can be alleviated or cured by his art.

ENGLAND.

Let me address to the empty declaimers of oppositionthe following eloquent eulogy on England, pronounced by Mirabeau in the French national assembly.

"England is ruined, you say; ah! great God! what dreadful news! Where or by what means is England destroyed? By what earthquake or convulsions of nature has that famous island been swallowed up? That abounding theatre of great action, that classic ground of liberty. No---England still flourishes for the eternal instruction of the world; England developes every species of industry, and traces every source of human prosperity."

IGNORANCE.

Those whose importance and wealth arise from oppressive privilege, or enjoyment of sinecure offices, wish every abuse to remain sacred and untouched, and fear nothing so much as the diffusion of know-

ledge. They consider the exercise of reason as a curse to the lower classes of society; and execrate philosophy and philosophers as the disturbers of the peace of mankind. They quote in support of these assertions the crimes of the French Revolution. By the same train of reasoning, they might endeavour to prove that lamps and candles, and all the inventions by which men have contrived to obtain light and dissipate darkness are pernicious to society, because housebreakers and murderers make use of dark lanterns. Because the patriotism of many Frenchmen at the beginning of the revolution, to reform abuses, and obtain a free constitution, has failed of success, is mankind never to make a similar attempt again, but rather to combine in establishing despotic governments of Herculean force to crush the Hydra democracy wherever she tries to rear her savage head? As the spirit of freedom in France has been perverted to the most wicked purposes, is the spirit of passive obedience and slavish submission to be alone cherished in every country, and honoured by every government, for the tranquillity of the human race? Completely to secure the peace of all the governing powers, would it be expedient to grant it the authority in times of alarm, to oblige all suspected persons to wear fetters, since nobody can deny the wisdom and justice of putting madmen and murderers in chains?

GENEVA, AS IT WAS.

The situation of Geneva is in many respects as happy as the heart of man could desire, or his

imagination conceive. The Rhone, rushing out of the noblest lake of Europe, flows through the middle of the city, which is encircled by fertile fields, cultivated by the industry, and adorned by the riches and taste of the inhabitants.

With these advantages, the citizens of Geneva enjoy freedom untainted by licentiousness, and security unbought by the horrors of war.

The great number of men of letters who either are members of the place, or have chosen it for their residence, the decent manners, the easy circumstances, and humane dispositions of the Genevois in general, render this city and its environs a very desirable retreat for people of a philosophic turn of mind, who are contented with moderate and calm enjoyments, have no local attachments, or domestic reasons for preferring another country, and who wish in a certain degree to retire from the bustle of the world to a narrower and calmer scene, and there for the rest of their days

Ducere sollicitæ jucunda oblivia vitæ.

In sweet oblivion, blissful balm,
The busy cares of life becalm.

Here the amusements of life are few in number, and of a moderate kind; the hours glide along very smoothly, and though they are not always quickened by pleasure, they are unretarded by languor, and unruffled by remorse.

As education here is equally cheap and liberal, the citizens of Geneva of both sexes are remarkably well instructed. I do not imagine that any country

in the world can produce an equal number of persons (taken without election from all degrees and professions) with minds so much cultivated as the inhabitants of Geneva possess.

The democratical nature of their government inspires every citizen with the idea of his own importance: he perceives that no man in the republic can insult or even neglect him with impunity.

There is not, I may venture to say, a city in Europe where the minds of the people are less under the influence of superstition or fanatical enthusiasm than at Geneva.

Its clergy in general are men of sense, learning, and moderation, impressing upon the minds of their hearers the tenets of christianity with all the graces of pulpit eloquence, and illustrating the efficacy of the doctrine by their conduct in life. The people of every station in this place attend sermons and the public worship with remarkable punctuality. The Sunday is honored with the most respectful devotion during the hours of divine service; but as soon as it is over all the usual amusements commence.

The public walks are crowded by all degrees of people in their best dresses. The different societies, and what they call circles, assemble in the houses and gardens of individuals: they play at cards and at bowls, and have parties upon the lake with music.

The higher classes of the citizens have country houses adjacent to the town, where they pass one half of the year. These houses are all of them neat, and some of them splendid. One piece of magnificence they possess in greater perfection than the most superb villa of the greatest lord in any other

part of the world can boast, I mean the prospect, which almost all of them command—the gardens and vineyards of the republic—the Pays de Vaud—Geneva with its lake—innumerable country seats—castles and little towns around the lake—the vallies of Savoy—and the lofty mountains of the Alps, all within one sweep of the eye.

The state keep in pay a garrison of six hundred mercenaries, who mount guard and do duty every day. But they do not trust the safety of the republic to these alone; all citizens of Geneva are soldiers. As they receive no pay, and as the officers are their fellow-citizens, it cannot be imagined that these troops will perform the manual exercise and military evolutions with the exactness of soldiers who have no other occupation, and who are under all the rigour of military discipline.

Nevertheless they make a respectable figure in the eyes even of disinterested spectators, who are, however, but few in number, the greater part consisting of their own parents, wives, and children. So I dare swear there are no troops in the world who, at a review, are beheld with more approbation than those of Geneva.

Like a free state it is exposed to party rage, and the public harmony is frequently interrupted by political squabbles.

There are some politicians of Geneva who deride, themselves, the little military establishment of the republic, and declaim against the needless expence of keeping the fortifications in repair.

Were I a member of the republic, I should have no patience with these discouraging mal-contents,

who endeavour to embitter a source of real enjoyment.

It must be acknowledged, however, that the most solid security Geneva has for its independency is the mutual jealousy of its neighbours.*

POLITICAL BLINDNESS.

THE records of the world do not afford a more striking example of the short-sightedness of those celebrated for the most penetrating judgment than the following speech of Mirabeau in the national assembly, contrasted with all the scenes of the French revolution.

" How honourable will it be for France that this great revolution should be accomplished without offence and without crimes! Some of the most considerable states have not been able to obtain liberty but

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* With the most extreme sorrow the Editor must inform the reader, who might be a stranger to the political events of the last five years, that this security no longer exists. The independence of his native city is no more. " Geneva presents," says a late French traveller, " to the observer an interesting spec-" tacle; notwithstanding her re-union to France, she has been " able to preserve a peculiar character; or if I may so express " myself, a peculiar physiognomy which renders her still worthy " of the attention of a philosopher. She resembles that fabulous " stream, whose waters preserved their purity even in the " midst of the sea." What a confession from the mouth of a Frenchman? How glorious for Geneva? But if her union to France cannot be entirely effected, why attempt it? How guilty is the government, which has wantonly deprived that small republic of her most invaluable advantage; her freedom and independence.—F. P.

at the expence of the most precious blood. England underwent a whole age of civil wars and convulsions before she had her laws confirmed. America herself did not enjoy that inestimable blessing, liberty, until after many desperate and bloody battles. And we have the happiness to see a revolution of the same nature brought about by the union of enlightened minds with patriotic intentions. Our battles are mere discussions; our enemies have pardonable prejudices; our victories, so far from being cruel, will be blessed by the conquered themselves."

Mirabeau himself did not live long enough to be a witness or a victim of the cruellest of these scenes of anarchy or bloodshed, so contrary to his expectations, which soon followed.—A noblesse degraded and driven into exile—a clergy massacred—the most distinguished deputies brought to the scaffold—a tribunal of assassins, the instruments of a thousand murders—and instead of liberty and eqality, a despotism which rendered the whole inhabitants of France *equally* slaves—the hopes of many millions of men miserably blasted.

The friends of rational freedom who had beheld its beginning in France, saw then its degeneracy with disappointment, grief, and horror.

GENEROSITY.

It is an error to imagine that men in the lowest rank of life are unsusceptible of heroic and generous sentiments. All who are susceptible of enthusiasm are capable of being actuated by them. It is the minions of fortune, those who have been

pampered from their infancy, by the hands of luxury, and early accustomed to every kind of profusion, whose minds sink into torpor for want of exertion; it is such as those that are more likely to be unsusceptible of generous sentiments.

FIRMNESS.

An English sailor was tried for a robbery he had committed on the highway While his doom was pronouncing, he raised a piece of rolled tobacco to his mouth, held it between his teeth till he heard the sentence of death pronounced upon him. He then bit off a piece of tobacco, and began to chew it with great unconcern; Sirrah, said the judge, piqued at the man's indifference, do you know that you are to be hanged in a short time?---So I hear, said the sailor, squirting a little tobacco juice from his mouth. ---Do you know, rejoined the judge, where you will go when you die?—I cannot tell indeed, an't please your honour, said the sailor.---Why, then, cried the judge, with a tremendous voice, I will tell you: you will go to hell, you villain, and there be burnt to all eternity.—If I should, replied the sailor, with perfect tranquillity, I hope, my Lord, I shall be able to bear it.

ILL-FATED MURDERER.

A native of Berlin, had accompanied some of his companions to the house of a fellow who assumed the character of a fortune-teller; and having

disobliged him, by expressing a contempt of his art, the fellow, out of revenge, prophesied, that this man should die on a scaffold. This seemed to make little impression at the time, but afterwards recurred often to this unhappy creature's memory, and became every day more troublesome to his imagination.---At length the idea haunted his mind so incessantly, that he was rendered perfectly miserable, and could no longer endure life.

He would have put himself to death with his own hands had he not been deterred by the notion, that God Almighty never forgave suicide; He resolved therefore to commit murder; that he might be deprived of life by the hands of justice; and mingling a sentiment of benevolence with the cruelty of his intention, he reflected, that if he murdered a grown person, he might possibly send a soul to hell. To avoid this he determined to murder a child, who could not have committed any sin, but dying in innocence would go immediately to heaven. He actually murdered an infant of his master's. Such was the strange account this infatuated creature gave on his trial; and thus the random prophecy proved the cause of its own completion.

LOUIS THE SIXTEENTH.

From all I have heard of that Monarch, he is a man of integrity, devoid of ambition, but with an uncommon share of indolence; whose disposition is better than his understanding; and his understanding superior to his conduct: whose inclinations are naturally benevolent; whose opinions are generally

just, but whose actions are sometimes improper, because they are influenced by those who possess less rectitude than himself.

The whole reign of Louis, has been a reign of moderation. He has always manifested a desire to meet the wishes of his subjects. I am persuaded that none of his ancestors had so just a claim to the epithets which the public and historians have affixed to their names, as the unfortunate Louis XVI. has to that of *Louis le trop bon*.

Terror has acted a principal part since the beginning of the French Revolution. Terror prevented sympathy from appearing in the faces of many who felt it in their hearts for the unfortunate monarch, during his process, and terror at last pronounced the sentence of his death.

Thus did the French nation, who had endured the cruelties of Louis the Eleventh, the treachery of Charles the Ninth, and the tyranny of Louis the Fourteenth, condemn and execute for the pretended crimes of cruelty, treachery, tyranny, the mildest, most just, and least tyrannical prince that ever sat on their throne.

The whole of his behaviour in the last and dismal scene of his life shews a manly and christian resignation, to a fate which he thought inevitable, and proved that his hopes were removed from earth to heaven*.

* Louis XVI. displayed in his last will a degree of Christian resignation which equals, and a delicacy and tenderness of sentiment which surpasses any thing recorded of the most celebrated martyrs of the Roman church.

JOHN BULL.

When my honest friend is in a choleric humour, he will not spare his best friends and nearest neighbours.—If his own sister Peg should shew a disposition to forget old squabbles, to live in friendship with her brother, and should declare that all who renounced his friendship were her enemies, and resolve to conquer by his side, or if that should fail, to die hard along with him—No, d——n ye, says John, none of your coaxing; you be d——d! you are farther north than I—Keep your distance. ---And so he falls a pelting Peg with her own snow balls; and then turning from her he attacks Lewis Baboon, Lord Strut, Lord Peter, and dashes their soups maigré, alios, and maccaroni, full in their teeth.

ARTIST'S MODESTY.

A painter and great connoisseur whom the King of Prussia, Frederic the Great, had disgusted by rejecting some pictures of his recommending, said, speaking of the King, the man imagines, because he can play on the German flute and has been praised by a parcel of Poets and Philosophers, and has gained ten or a dozen of battles, that therefore he understands painting; but fighting battles is one thing, and a true knowledge of painting is another, and that he will find to his cost.

DESPOTISM AND ANARCHY.

Of all the evils which have attended the French revolution, the most important to mankind in general, is perhaps that it weakens the indignation which every liberal mind naturally feels for despotism, and inclines them to submit to the awful tranquillity of methodised oppression, rather than risk such scenes of anarchy and carnage as have been exhibited lately in France.

Yet it ought to be remembered that despotism, though less savage, is more hopeless than anarchy, which contains within itself the seeds of its own destruction; whereas, the pillars of despotism, being artfully arranged for the support of each other, as well as of that of the general fabric, may stand for ages.

Besides, every nation is not possessed of the impetuosity of the French, which at the first sensation of freedom has hurried them headlong into excesses without any rational object. Like the lunatic who makes use of his liberty in attacking every body around and fighting furiously, till his strength being exhausted, he is again brought back to his fetters.

MISTAKEN VANITY.

Those who have had the curiosity to visit the houses of Princes and villas of nobility, may have remarked with what ostentation and pride the housekeeper and servants conduct strangers through mag-

nificent apartments: they enjoy the admiration of the visitors, and swell with self-importance in proportion to the richness of furniture. They are not, however, more grossly mistaken than those proprietors, who, deriving all their importance from the same quarter, think it amounts to a great deal.

MODEST LETTER.

THE following translation of some fragments of a letter from Rouyer, a member of the Convention, to the unfortunate Louis XVI. found in an iron chest, concealed in a cavity of the wall of the palace; affords one of the strongest proofs of self-sufficiency and presumption that has been recorded in history or fable since the days of Phaeton.

March 1792.

" SIRE,

" DEEPLY concerned for the misfortunes of my country, I have also reflected on her innumerable resources; I have sounded her wounds, and calculated her force.

" I have a secret which will within two months heal her wounds, dissipate her alarms, annihilate her dangers, and restore to France the tranquillity which has fled from her, and the dignity, which becomes her; and to the crown the public love which renders it secure, and the splendor which adorns it.

" Sire, if you place the whole power of the state in my hands, I engage to re-establish peace within, importance from without, general felicity and the royal authority.

" I will reveal to you what your Ministers conceal, and I will instruct you in what they are ignorant.

" I am so well acquainted, Sire, with our force, that on contemplating the enemies which threaten us, I can scarcely suppress a sentiment of pity.

" I have thrown my eyes on all the courts of Europe, and I am certain of being able to force them into Peace.

" I shall enjoy in silence the fruit of my counsel, ---Satisfied with the general prosperity, I shall direct the gratitude to your Majesty." The above letter is truly a curiosity of its kind; and could not have been written but by a Frenchman in a delirium of vanity.

DEER HUNTING IN SPAIN,

Is conducted in the following manner:---a great number of peasants are ordered to form a circle, embracing a considerable extent of ground in which herds of deer abound, by the people advancing, the circle gradually becomes more narrow, and the deer are driven into a defile, where his Majesty and attendants are waiting in ambush; and as the terrified animals run past, he has the honour of killing or wounding them till he is tired.

" Is this hunting?" said an English Gentleman to another who gave him the account.---He answered parodying the lines of Pope---

" ———It is, alas! too clear,
" 'Tis but the *slaughter* of some hundred deer."

PORTRAIT.

" Could you not give a little expression to that countenance?" said a gentleman to an eminent English painter, who shewed him a portrait that he had just finished; " I have made that attempt already," replied the painter; " but, what the pic- " ture gained in expression, it lost in likeness; and " by the time there was a little common sense in the " countenance, nobody knew for whom it was inten- " ded. I was obliged, therefore to make an entire " new picture, with the face perfectly like, and " perfectly meaningless, as you see it."

PHYSIOGNOMY DECEITFUL.

An English gentleman happened once to sit by a foreigner of his acquaintance at the opera, when a certain nobleman, who at that time was a good deal talked of, entered. He whispered him: " That is Lord——," " Not surely the famous Lord——," said he. " Yes ," said the Englishman, " The very same." " It will be acknowledged," continued the foreigner, " that the respectable figure he makes in the senate, must be entirely owing to instruction; for his countenance completely vacant, indicates a deficiency of natural abilities."

LOUIS THE WELL BELOVED.

The death of him who at the beginning of his reign had received that appellation, was heard at

Paris with satisfaction rather than sorrow. The ceremony, usual in times of public danger to make a procession of the shrine of St. Genevieve, was performed during the last illness of Louis XV. He expired notwithstanding. When his death was announced in a certain company, one observed that the procession of the shrine seemed to have lost its efficacy. "What happier effect could it have produced?" said another; "Is he not dead?"

MARAT,

Is said to love carnage like a vulture, and to delight in human sacrifices like Moloch, God of the Ammonites.

No Republican of Greece or Rome, ever shewed more contempt for the ornament of dress. He stands much in need of it. For as nature has not been partial to him in point of look he would be excusable in endeavouring to conceal her unkindness by any auxiliary of that sort.

Marat is a little man of a cadaverous complexion, and a countenance exceedingly expressive of his disposition; to a painter of massacres, Marat's head would become inestimable. Such heads are rare in England, yet they are sometimes to be met with at the Old Bailey. The only artifice he uses in favour of his looks, is that of wearing a round hat, so far pulled down before as to hide a great part of his countenance.

This man is a great favourite of the People. It is astonishing how he retains their affections, for the only means he uses is exciting one half to cut the

throats of the other; yet the more people are murdered, the remainder seem to like him the better.

The man's audacity is equal to any thing. When he is in the tribune, he holds his head as high as he can; and endeavours to assume an air of dignity---He cannot succeed in that; but amidst all the exclamations and signs of disgust, the look of approbation which he wears is wonderful---far from ever having the appearance of fear or deference, he seems always to contemplate the assembly from the tribune, either with the eye of menace or contempt.

He speaks in a hollow croaking voice, with affected solemnity, which in such a diminutive figure would often produce laughter, were it not suppressed by horror at the character and sentiments of the man.

When he attempts pleasantry, it increases the horror which his appearance creates, it gives something of the sensation, which I imagine I should have if a murderer, after cutting a man's throat by a dexterous stroke of a knife, should smile in my face, and tip me the wink.

Marat is shunned and apparently detested by every body. When he enters the hall of the assembly, he is avoided on all sides; and when he seats himself, those near him generally rise and change places. But nothing can disconcert him. I have never heard of any other of his good qualities; but he certainly possesses a great deal of courage both personal and political: no danger can terrify him; his heart as well as his forehead seems to be of brass.

FANCHON.

When my friend F. and I had drove a few miles from Paris, I perceived a genteel looking young fellow dressed in an old uniform. He sat under a tree, on the grass, at a little distance from the road, and amused himself by playing on the violin. As we came nearer, we perceived he had a wooden leg, part of which lay in fragments by his side.

What do you there, soldier? said the Marquis.---I am on my way home to my own village, my officer, said the soldier; I wait for my equipage and all my suite, and I am greatly mistaken, if I do not see them this moment coming down the hill.

We saw a kind of cart, drawn by one horse, in which was a woman, and a peasant who drove the horse.---While they drew near, the soldier told us he had been wounded in Corsica---that his leg had been cut off---that he had been contracted to a young woman in the neighbourhood---that at his return, when he appeared with his wooden leg, all the girl's relations had opposed the match---that tho young woman herself however remained constant in her affections; and had agreed to leave her relations and accompany him to Paris---that on the way his wooden leg had snapped; which had obliged his mistress to leave him and go to the next village, in quest of a cart to carry him thither. "C'est un malheur, mon officier," concluded the soldier, "qui sera bien tot reparé---et voici mon amie!---"

The girl sprang before the cart, seized the outstretched hand of her lover, and told him with a smile full of affection,---that she had seen an admi-

rable carpenter who had promised to make a leg that would not break, that it would be ready by the morrow, and they might resume their journey as soon after as they pleased.

The soldier received his mistress's compliment as it deserved.

She seemed to be about twenty years of age, a beautiful fine shaped girl---a brunette whose countenance indicated sentiment and vivacity.

You must be much fatigued, my dear; said the Marqus.---On ne se fatigú pas, Monsieur, quand on travaille pour ce qu'on aime, replied the girl. The soldier kissed her hand with a gallant and tender air.---When a woman has fixed her heart upon a man you see, said the Marquis, turning to me, it is not a leg more or less that will make her change her sentiments.---Nor was it his legs, said Fanchon, which made any impression on my heart.---This girl, said the Marquis, addressing himself to me, is quite charming---her lover has the appearance of a brave fellow; they have but three legs betwixt them, and we have four.---If you have no objection, they shall have the carriage, and we will follow on foot to the next village, and see what can be done for these lovers.---I never agreed to a proposal with more pleasure in my life.

The soldier began to make difficulties about entering into the vis-a-vis.---Come, come, friend said the Marquis, I am a Colonel, and it is your duty to obey; get in without much ado, and your mistress shall follow.

Entrons, mon bon ami, said the girl, since these gentlemen insist upon doing us so much honour.

A girl like you would do honour to the finest coach in France. Away moved the chaise, and the Marquis and I followed.

Voyez vous, combien nous sommes heureux nous autres Francois à bon marché, said the Marquis to me.---But, answered I, how long will this last with these poor people?---ah, pour le coup, said he, voila une reflexion bien Anglaise---that, indeed, is what I cannot tell; neither do I know how long you or I may live; but I fancy it would be great folly to be sorrowful through life, because we do not know how soon misfortunes may come, and because we are quite certain that death is to come at last.

When we arrived at the inn, we found the soldier and Fanchon.---Pray, said I to the soldier, how do you propose to maintain your wife and yourself.---I can play tolerably well on the fiddle,---I shall never want employment---and I, said Fanchon, can weave hair nets and silk purses, and mend stockings, besides my uncle has two hundred livres of mine in his hands ---and I, said the soldier, have fifteen livres in my pocket; you see that we are not objects of compassion.---May we not be happy, my good friend, (turning to her lover with a look of exquisite sensibility,) if it be not our own fault?---If you are not, ma douce amie, said the soldier, with great warmth, je serai bien à plaindre.---I never felt a more charming sensation.---The tears trembled in the Marquis's eye.---Ma foi, said he to me, c'est une comedie larmoyante.---Then turning to me, Fanchon, come hither, my dear, said he, till such time as you can get payment of the two hundred livres, accept of this from me, putting a purse of louis into her hand ---Let me see you sometimes; but always bring your

husband with you.---I shall never be afraid to trust her with you, said the soldier---But I would not wish to esteem her less, or love her more than I do at this moment, said the marquis. Heaven bless you both, my good friends; may he never know what happiness is who attempts to interrupt your felicity!

THE HYSTERICAL FOOTMAN.

I HAD once a footman, who with the legs and shoulders of an Irish chairman, had the cheeks of a German trumpeter. Before his being engaged in service, the man had always been under the necessity of working a great deal, and eating very moderately, of course he could have digested more victuals than he eat; but afterwards having little to do, and being allowed to eat as much as he pleased, he generally ate more than he could digest. This at last deprived him of what he had never felt the want of before, and his chief anxiety was derived from a new source: instead of labouring for victuals to his appetite, he applied to the apothecary for an appetite to his victuals. He had little or nothing to do but meditate on his nerves, and his bile and his flatulence, which he had learned were the origin of all his misery. I was a little surprised one morning to see this fellow enter the room without being called. He told me in a doleful voice, "that he "was afraid he was infected with the hysterics, for "he had a palpitation and a beating in his veins "which he dreaded, would reach his arteries if it "was not stopped in time; for he felt a dejection

" of spirits and was ready to cry."---I ordered him to go and cry below stairs, and next day paid him his wages and dismissed him.

When he had spent his money he came and told me that he was in great distress, and begged that I would recommend him to some other service.---I said, " that no service would suit him so well as his Majesty's; and that if he pleased, I would recommend him to my friend Colonel W——, of the foot guards." He accordingly enlisted as a grenadier. I met him some months after in the Park, and asked, " How his hysterics went on?" He swore that the drill serjeant had driven them entirely away before he had completely learned his exercise!---" and your palpitations," continued I,---" being now a soldier, " I hope you are free from them?"---" that I am;" " said he, " there is no such disease in our brigade; " as the French will find, come when they will--- " your honour has made a complete cure of me."

I have since been assured that he is as alert a soldier as any in the corps. Thus an useful subject was made of a man, who, had he been allowed to remain in service, was in danger of becoming from mere indolence, an effeminate, bloated, and miserable wretch for life.*

* The cure performed by Henry the VIII. on the fat abbot of Reading, though more severe, has much resemblance to that of the hysterical footman.—We will transcribe the anecdote as related by Fuller, in his Church History:——Henry the eighth having been hunting in Windsor Forest, went down about dinner time to the Abbey of Reading, where distinguishing himself as one of the king's guard, he was invited to the Abbot's table. Here, his tooth being whetted by the keen air of the forest, he fed so lustily on a sirloin of beef, that his vigorous appetite was

PRUDENT AND COMPASSIONATE.

THERE are men in the world (and very useful and most respectable men no doubt they are), who are directed in all their actions by propriety, and by the general received notions of duty. Hearing it asserted every week from the pulpit, that there is exceeding good interest to be paid one time or other, for the money that is given to the poor, they risk a little every year upon that venture. Their passions and their affairs are always in excellent order, they walk through life, undisturbed by the misfortunes of others. And when they come to the end of their

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noticed by the master of the ceremonies. "Well fare thy "heart," quoth the Abbot, "I would give a hundred pounds if "I could feed so heartily on beef as thou dost.—Alas! my "weak and squeazie stomach will hardly digest the wing of a "rabbit or chicken." The monarch having satisfied his palate, thanked the abbot for his good cheer, and departed undiscovered.—Some weeks afterwards, the Abbot was arrested, conveyed to London, sent to the Tower, and allowed no food for several days, but bread and water. This treatment, together with his fears for the consequence of the king's displeasure, soon removed the effects of repletion; and at last, when a sirloin was one day placed before him, he eat as freely as a famished ploughman. When he had finished his meal; the king, who had been a hidden spectator, burst from his concealment.—"My Lord," said the laughing monarch, "presently deposit your hundred pieces of "gold, or else no going hence all the days of your life. I have "been the physician to cure your *squeazie stomach*; and now, "as I deserve, demand my fee for so doing." The Abbot knowing that argument was of no avail with the stern Harry, paid the money, and returned home; rejoicing that he had escaped so easily.

journey, they are decently interred in a church-yard.

There is another sort of men who never calculate, but are generally guided by the heart. Their heads have scarcely a vote in the choice of their acquaintances; and without the consent of their heart, most certainly none in their friendships. They perform acts of benevolence without recollecting that this is a duty, merely for the pleasure they afford, and perhaps forget them as they do their own pleasures, when past. Little occasional charities are as natural to such characters as breathing.

That the first of these two classes of men is the most useful in society; that they are the most virtuous of the two, I shall not dispute; yet for the soul of me I cannot help preferring the other; for almost all my friends are of the second class.

ANECDOTE OF VOLTAIRE.

VOLTAIRE was visited by two Russian noblemen; he talked to them a great deal of their Empress, and the flourishing state of their country.—"Formerly," said he, "your countrymen were guided by ignorant priests,—the arts were unknown and your lands lay waste; but now the arts flourish, and the lands are cultivated."—One of the young men replied, that there was still a great proportion of barren land in Russia.—"At least," said Voltaire, "you must admit, that of late your country has "been very *fertile in laurels.*"

His dislike to the clergy is well known.---The conversation happening to turn upon that body,

one person present observed; " if you subtract pride from priests nothing will remain."---Vous comptez " donc, Monsieur, la gourmandise pour rien," said Voltaire.

Speaking of Marmontel's art of Poetry, which he praised much, Voltaire said, " that Marmontel, like Moses, could guide others to the holy land, though he was not allowed to enter it himself;"* alluding to the inferiority of his compositions.

A certain person who stammered very much, found means to get himself introduced to Voltaire. —He had no other recommendation than the praises he liberally bestowed on himself.—When he left the room, Voltaire said, he supposed him to be an *avanturier, un imposteur*.—Madame Denis said, " Impostors never stammer:"—to which Voltaire replied —" Moise ne begayoit il pas?"

Voltaire was walking one day in his garden with a gentleman, from Geneva. A toad crawled across the road before them. The gentleman, to please Voltaire, who hated Freron, the journalist; said, pointing at the toad,---" There is a Freron."--- " What can that poor animal have done to you," replied the wit, " to deserve such a name?"

He compared the British nation to a hogshead of their own strong beer; the top of which is froth, the bottom dregs, the middle excellent.

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* The same allusion was long since made by Cowley—

Bacon, like Moses, led us forth at last,
The barren wilderness he past,
Did on the very border stand
Of the best promised land,
And from the mountain top of his exalted wit,
Saw it himself, and shewed us it.

Metaphysical writers, says Voltaire, are like minuet dancers; who being dressed to the greatest advantage, make a couple of bows, move through the room in the finest attitude, display all their graces, are in continual motion without advancing a step, and finish at the identical point from which they set out.*

One evening at Ferney, the conversation happening to turn on the genius of Shakespeare, Voltaire expatiated on the impropriety and absurdity of introducing low characters and vulgar dialogue into Tragedy. A gentleman of the company, who is a great admirer of Shakespeare, observed by way of palliation, that though those characters were low, yet they were natural, *(dans la nature)* was his expression.---" Avec permission, Monsieur," replied Voltaire, " mon cul est bien dans la nature, & cependant je porte des culottes."

DISCONTENT.

I WAS telling an inhabitant of Chamouny, I thought his country people very happy in being quite free from such an odious disease (the goitres) which afflicted their poor neighbours the Valaisans.—" En revanche," said the peasant, " nous sommes accablés des impôts; & dans le pays de Valais on ne paye rien."

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* Perhaps he borrowed this thought from the following lines in Pope's Dunciad:

Or set on metaphysic ground to prance,
Shew all his paces, not a step advance.

The d—l is in the fellow exclaimed I—Were it in your choice, would you accept of goitres, to get free of taxes?

"Tres, Volontiers, Monsieur,---l'un vaut bien l'áutre."

"Quid causæ est, merito, quin illis Jupiter ambas, fratas, buccas inflet."*

It is not in courts and capitals alone that men are discontented with their fortunes.

GOLDEN BULL.

A SIGHT of the famous Golden Bull, kept in the town-house of Frankfort, on the Maine, costs a golden ducat; a sufficient price for a glance of an old manuscript, which not one person in a hundred can read; and still fewer can understand.

A countryman of our's, who expected more amusement for his money, complained loudly of this as an imposition; and on hearing a German talk of the high price which every thing bore in England, he retorted on him in these words:---Il n'y a rien en Angleterre si chere que votre taureau d'or â Frankfort."

NECESSITIES

AT Chamouny (looking at the priest's house, beyond comparison the best in the whole valley), I

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* ——— and shall not Jove
With cheeks inflam'd, and angry brow, forswear
His weak indulgence to their future prayer!

asked a man, who stood near me, if the priest was rich?

" Oui, Monsieur, horriblement"---replied he, ---" et aussi il mange presque tout notre blé."

I then asked, if the people of Chamouny wished to get rid of him?

" Oui, bien de celui-ci---mais il faut avoir un autre."

I do not see the necessity of that said I.---Consider if you had no priest you would have more to eat.

The lad stared---then answered with great *naiveté*, ---" ah! Monsieur, dans ce pays-ci les pretres sont aussi necessaire que le manger."

CONNOISSEUR.

A French officer of dragoons, being at Rome, went to view the famous statue of Moses, by Michael Angelo. The artist has conveyed into this masterpiece, in the opinion of some all the dignity which a human form and human features are capable of receiving; he has endeavoured to give this statue a countenance worthy of the great legislator of the Jews, the favourite of heaven, who had conversed face to face with the deity. The officer happened to be acquainted with the history of Moses, but he laid no great stress on any of these circumstances. He admired him much more on account of one adventure in which he imagined Moses had acquitted himself like a man of spirit, and as he himself would have done. Voilà qui est terrible! Voila qui est sublime! cries he at the sight of the statue.—And

after a little pause he added, on voit là un drole qui a donné des coups de bâton, & qui a tué son homme.

CONDITION OF A SOLDIER.

A Dialogue.

" POOR fellows!" said I one day, to an officer with whom I conversed, " how unhappy is their " condition."

" No"—said the officer, " you are mistaken; it " is not unhappy."

" No:" exclaimed I.

" Not at all;" answered he, " by no manner of " means."

" Why, how many blows of a cane may an officer " order the corporal to give a soldier for a fault in " the exercise?"

" Six," said he, he must not exceed six for one " blunder."

" But a man may make several blunders in one " field-day," said I.

" If he were to make twenty," replied the officer, " he would receive but six blows for each."

" How often are the soldiers upon duty," added I.

" They are very seldom off duty," answered the officer, " they mount guard only twice or thrice a week in the time of peace."

" How do they employ the rest of their time?"

" O, they are never at a loss for the employment " of their time; they have their firelock to furbish, " their accoutrements to clean; and they must ap- " pear at the roll-calling night and morning. These

" different employments fill up most of their time,
" and prevent them from spending their pay in glut-
" tony and debauchery.

" They must repine sadly at so much constraint."

" Quite the contrary," replied he, " they must never
" repine: they would be punished if they attempted
" to repine—besides, they know that their condition
" is never to be altered, which saves them from re-
" pining."

" Why this is as great a slavery as that of the ne-
" groes in our colonies, in my opinion," exclaimed I.

" So it is in mine," said the officer.

" I thought you had denied that the soldiers were
" in slavery," resumed I.

" Never," answered he; " I never could deny
" what is manifest. I denied that they were un-
" happy, indeed, which is a very different thing."

Notwithstanding the distinction of the German officer between slavery and unhappiness, an Englishman will always consider them as synonimous.

ENGLISH NATURALLY MELANCHOLIC.

DURING a late war between France and Great Britain, an English vessel of superior force took a French frigate after an obstinate engagement. The frigate was brought into a commercial town upon the English coast, and the officers were treated with great hospitality by some of the principal inhabitants: one very rich merchant in particular invited them frequently to his house, where he entertained them in a very magnificent manner.—The first day on which they dined with him, his lady behaved with

such peculiar attention to the prisoners, that she seemed to neglect the other guests at her table. After the company had withdrawn, she said to her husband, that it gave her pleasure to perceive that the French Gentlemen who had just left them, instead of giving way to vain repining, or allowing their spirits to be depressed by their misfortunes, had shewn the utmost cheerfulness and gaiety during the whole repast; all except one, who seemed much dejected, and almost entirely overcome with the idea of being a prisoner. This she accounted for by supposing that his loss was greater, and she apprehended from the obstinate silence he had retained, and from the discontent and melancholy so strongly marked in his countenance, that the poor gentleman would not long survive his misfortune.

"I cannot imagine who you mean," said the husband.

The lady described the man so exactly, that it was impossible to mistake him.

"That unfortunate gentleman," said the husband, "is none of the prisoners; he is the Captain of the English vessel who took them."

GENIUS.

CRUEL! to employ the heavenly light of genius, not to chear humanity with a ray pure and benignant as the star of the morning, but in spreading a blaze dangerous as the fires of the devious comet! It seems natural to imagine that the noble impulse of glory can never fail to be directed towards some congenial object, some elevated aim!—And what a

transcendant privilege of genius to be hailed by distant ages, as one of the benefactors of mankind!—To have lived for those who are to live when we exist no longer!—To awaken in the breasts of remote posterity the sublime energies of truth and virtue—to call forth the charms of the sympathetic feelings—to excite the ardour of heroism—the glow of public affection.—But with the power of planting the genius of happiness in the human breast, to have mixed perhaps the agonies of remorse!—to have contributed to moral degradation—to be remembered by succeeding ages, but not esteemed,—cited but not honoured!—Who can wish to wear for ever a sullied wreath, and obtain a niche in the temple of fame, at which only the impure offer incense?

A TASTE FOR LETTERS

I THINK essentially necessary to the happiness of people of high rank and great fortune. If they are ambitious, the cultivation of letters, by adorning their minds, and enlarging their faculties, will facilitate their plans, and render them more fit for the high situations to which they aspire. If they are devoid of ambition, they have occasions for some of the pursuits of science as resources against the languor of retired or inactive life. A taste for letters, I am almost convinced, is the only thing which can render a man of fortune tolerably independent and easy through life. Whichsoever of the roads of science he loves to follow, his curiosity will continue to be kept awake. An inexhaustible variety of interesting objects will open to his view—his mind will

be replenished with ideas—and even when the pursuits of ambition become insipid, he will still have antidotes against *ennui.**

ROYAL LIBERALITY.

I CANNOT help regarding œconomy as one of the most useful qualities in a Prince. Liberality, even when pushed to an imprudent length, may in a private person, proceed from a kind of greatness of mind, because his fortune is in every sense his own, and he can injure nobody but himself by lavishing it away.—He knows that when it is gone, nobody will reimburse him for his extravagance. He seems to have taken the resolution to submit to the inconvenience of future poverty, rather than renounce the

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* Unfortunately however the taste for *letters* amongst many of our persons of fortune is of a peculiar kind. It is true, that the routine of an University education is in some degree necessary; but the system of *teaching* at such seminaries, is generally regulated according to the rank and fortune of the learner, and has been satyrised sufficiently by several able pens. To possess any degree of classical knowledge is thought extremely vulgar in the *haut ton*; and though a collection of books is conceived to be a necessary appendage to the establishment of a man of fashion, yet his attention is principally directed to their external appearance.—The following anecdote on this subject has been recorded as a fact.—A young man of fashion lately strolled into a bookseller's shop in Bond-street, and after skimming over the different works upon the counter, informed the shopkeeper that he wished to have a few hundred volumes, to form a small library.—The first question naturally was, had he made out a list of those works he preferred?—"Why as to that, replied the customer, I have no choice—only let them be splendidly bound, and *well gilt and lettered?*"

present happiness of acting with a magnificent liberality, and bestowing on others more than he can afford.

This is not the case with a Prince.—What he squanders is not his own but the public money. He knows that his pomp and splendour will be kept up, and that his subjects, not he, are to feel the inconveniences of his prodigality. The virtue of generosity consists in a man depriving himself of something for the sake of another.—But what is called generosity in Kings very often consists in bestowing that money on the idle part of their subjects, which they have squeezed from the industrious. *

THE SOLDIER'S PAY.

"YOUR friend is a soldier, I think you say," asked Mrs. Barnet.

"Of the 20th, please your Ladyship," answered he, "there is not a finer regiment in the service, it was once General Wolfe's."

"Here is a crown for him," said Mrs. B———. "It will help him on to his regiment."

"That it will indeed," rejoined the pensioner, "especially as, poor fellow, he seems to stand much in need of a pair of new shoes, those he has being worn quite through, and he can ill afford to get ano-

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* What a pity it is, that Dr. Moore, who delighted so much in satyrizing crowned heads, had not contrasted his general observations, with a few particular ones of a different cast. How many instances of the real liberality of our own gracious Sovereign, might he have learned, without even the trouble of quitting the vicinity of his country residence.

ther pair, for he tells me he is already under stoppage."

"What are stoppages?" said Mrs. B——.

"That part of a soldier's pay," answered he, "which is stopped to purchase necessaries."

"If any of a soldier's pay is stopped," said Mrs. B——, "on what does he live?"

"On the remainder," answered the pensioner.

"Why the whole is but six-pence a-day," resumed Mrs. B——, "and to me it seems a miracle how they contrive to live on it?"

"British soldiers are famous for performing miracles," replied the veteran, "and they actually perform a greater than you imagine, for they do contrive to live for less than six-pence a-day."

"Less!" cried Mrs. Barnet.

"Ay! less, Madam, God love your soul!" added the soldier: "a private has not six-pence a-day to subsist on; are there not stoppages for shoes and stockings, and shirts. For those government allows cannot serve all the year round; and in some regiments there are stoppages for superfluous articles of dress:—Some commanding officers pay for these out of their own pockets, but others do not, and it is very hard on the men to be obliged to pay for some kickshaws that are of no use, but to make them look smarter on the parade, and also to have the flour puffed on their heads that would help to make a pudding for their bellies; in my notion, this is not only cursedly hard-hearted, but also damned foolish, asking your Ladyship's pardon; for what signifies making fops of British soldiers; we shall never beat the French at foppery."

"I fancy not," said Mrs. B——.

" You may swear it, Madam," added the soldier, " your Frenchmen are all masters of the art; whereas the finest courtiers in England, as I have been told, are mere journeymen; and when they try to imitate the French, they are like a parcel of awkward recruits, compared to a company of old soldiers."

" I have heard so also;" said Mrs. B——.

" Then why should we pretend to contend with them at their own weapons?" added the soldier; " English soldiers should stick to the old gun and bayonet; and considering how well they can use them in defence of their country, I do really think the country might allow them a little more pay;—but at present, I do assure your Ladyship, they seldom have more than four-pence halfpenny, and never above five-pence a-day, to subsist on."

" It is too little indeed, friend," said Mrs. B——.

" But for all that," resumed the soldier, " if your ladyship had only seen how cheerfully they ascended the precipices, and with what spirit they fought on the heights of Abraham, you would have thought that every man had dined at a shilling ordinary."

" If it depended on me, they should never have dined at a worse," said Mrs. B.——

" Only get an addition of three-pence or even two-pence a-day, to their pay, and that will satisfy them, Madam," added the soldier.

" I heartily wish, my honest fellow, that it were practicable to augment the pay of both officers and soldiers to-morrow."

" Practicable! I have been told, please your ladyship," rejoined the soldier, " though I can hardy

believe it, that certain men, who were never either in the army or navy, but only serve the minister at home, are able to lay by, within a trifle, as much money at the end of the year, as even a full Colonel, or a Captain of a man of war, who serves his king and country abroad.

THE LAOCOON.

In one of my visits to the Vatican at Rome. I was accompanied by two persons who had never been there before: One of them is accused of being perfectly callous to every thing which does not immediately touch his own person; the other is a worthy good man: the first, after staring some time with marks of terror at the group, at length recovered himself, exclaiming with a laugh,—"Egad, I "was afraid these d—d serpents would have left the "fellows they are devouring, and made a snap at "me! but I am happy to recollect they are of mar-"ble."—"I thank you, Sir, most heartily," said "the other, for putting me in mind of that circum-"stance; till you mentioned it, I was in agony for "those two youths."

PARLIAMENTARY DEBATES.

A French Marquis paying a visit to an English Gentleman, found an English news-paper on his table; it contained a long and particular account of a debate which had happened in both Houses of Parliament; he read it with great attention; and then

throwing down the paper, he said to his friend, " Mais mon ami, pendant que vos messieurs s'ámus- " ent á jaser comme cela dans votre chambre des " pairs & votre parlement; parbleu un etranger " auroit beau jeu avec leurs femmes."

THE COURTIER.

A CERTAIN person, (was he a Frenchman or an Englishman, we cannot inform our readers,) but he certainly was a courtier, and professed the highest possible regard for all living monarchs, and considered them as no better than any piece of clay when dead. He had a full length picture of his own sovereign, in the principal room of his house; on his majesty's death, to save himself the expence of a fresh body, and new suit of ermine, he employed a painter to brush out the face and perriwig, and clap the new king's head on his grandfather's shoulders; which, he declared, were in the most perfect preservation, and fully able to wear out three or four such heads as painters usually give in these degenerate days.

THE NEAPOLITAN MOUNTEBANK.

A POOR fellow with a mask on his face, and a guitar in his hand, assembled his Italian audience by the songs he sung to the music of his instrument, and by a thousand merry stories he told them with infinite drollery; at length, when the company was most numerous, and at the highest pitch of good-humour, he suddenly pulled off his mask, laid down his gui-

tar, opened a little box which stood before him, and addressed the audience in the following words:— " Ladies and Gentlemen, there is a time for all " things; we have had enough of jesting; innocent " mirth is excellent for the health of the body, but " other things are requisite for the health of the " soul. I will, now, with your permission, my ho- " nourable masters and mistresses, entertain you " with something serious; something for which all " of you will have reason to bless me as long as you " live." Here he shook out of a bag a great number of leaden crucifixes.—" I am just come from " the holy house of Loretto, my fellow-christians," continued he, " on purpose to furnish you with those " jewels, more precious than all the gold of Peru, " and all the pearls of the ocean. I have come, on " your account, all the way from the habitation of " the Blessed Virgin, to this thrice-renowned city " of Naples, the riches and liberality of whose " inhabitants are celebrated all over the globe. My " generous Neapolitans, I do not wish to take the " advantage of your pious and liberal dispositions. " I will not ask for those invaluable crucifixes, (all " of which, let me inform you, have touched the " image of the Blessed Virgin;) I will not, I say, " ask an ounce of gold, no, not even a crown of " silver; my regard for you is such that I shall let " you have them for a penny a-piece."

THE SCOTCH PRESBYTERIAN AND CLEMENT THE XIVTH.

A SCOTCH Presbyterian, having heated his brain, by reading the books of Martyrs, the cruelties of the Spanish Inquisition, and the histories of all the persecutions that ever were raised by the Roman Catholics against the Protestants, was seized with a dread that the same horrors were just about to be renewed. This terrible idea disturbed his imagination day and night; he thought of nothing but racks and scaffolds. So strong a hold had his favourite studies taken of his imagination, that he would relish no part of the bible, except the Revelation of St. John, a great part of which, he thought, referred to the whore of Babylon, or, in other words, the Pope of Rome. This part of the scripture he perused continually with unabating ardour and delight. In the mean time, this poor man's terrors, with regard to the revival of Popery and persecution, daily augmented; nature would, in all probability, have sunk under the weight of accumulated anxiety, had not a thought occurred which relieved his mind in an instant. The happy idea was no other, than that he should immediately go to Rome, and convert the Pope from the Roman Catholic to the Presbyterian religion.—Accordingly without communicating his design to any mortal, he set out for London, took his passage to Leghorn, and in a short time after arrived in perfect health of body, and in exalted spirits, at Rome.

He directly applied to an ecclesiastic of his own country, and informed him, that he earnestly wished to have a conference with the Pope, on business of

infinite importance, and which admitted of no delay The good-natured ecclesiastic endeavoured to sooth and amuse him, putting off the conference till a distant day.—He happened, however, to go to St. Peter's church, at the very time when his holiness was performing some religious ceremony. At this sight, our impatient missionary felt all his passion inflamed, and he exclaimed; " O, thou beast of " nature, with seven heads and ten horns! thou " mother of harlots, arrayed in purple and scarlet, " and decked with gold and precious stones and " pearls! Throw away the golden cup of abomina- " tions, and the filthiness of thy fornication."

One may easily imagine the astonishment and, hubbub that such an apostrophe, from such a person, in such a place would occasion; he was immediately carried to prison by the Swiss halberdiers.

At his examination, the first question which was asked of him, was, " What had brought him to " Rome?" He answered, " to anoint the eyes of " the scarlet whore with eyesalve, that she might " see her wickedness."—They asked who he meant " by the scarlet whore?" He answered, " who else " could he mean, but her who sitteth upon seven " mountains, who hath seduced the kings of the " earth to commit fornication, and who had gotten " drunk with the blood of the saints, and the blood " of the martyrs." Many other questions were asked, and such provoking answers returned, that some were for condemning him to the gallies, that he might be taught more sense and better manners. But when they communicated their sentiments to Clement the fourteenth; he said, with great good-

humour, "That he had never heard of any body "whose understanding or politeness had been much "improved at that school; that although the poor "man's first address had been a little rough and "abrupt, yet he could not help considering him-"self as obliged to him for his good intentions, and "for his undertaking such a long journey with a "view to do good." He afterwards gave orders to treat the man with gentleness while he remained in confinement, and to put him on board the first ship bound from Civita Vecchia for England, defraying the expence of his passage.

IMPROVISATORI.

They entertain companies with extemporaneous verses on any given subject. It is said that the Italian language is peculiarly calculated for poetry, and that verses may be made with more facility in this than in any other language; but to compose verses with all the qualities essential to good poetry, leisure and reflection are requisite. Those extempore compositions of the improvisatori, are in general but mean productions, consisting of a few fulsome compliments to the company, and some common-place observations, put into rhime on the subject proposed. There is, however, a lady of an amiable character, Signora Corilla, whose extempore productions, which she repeats in the most graceful manner, are admired by all people of real taste.

ON TRAVELLERS.

Rome.

We meet here with some travellers, who, without being connoisseurs, are of opinion that old ruined houses derive little value from having been anciently famous, and who prefer a good modern inn to all the antiquities sacred or profane, that they may meet with in their grand tour. Without presuming to blame any set of men, for their particular taste, I may venture to say, that a traveller, who loves always to see a well-peopled and well-cultivated country, who insists on good eating every day, and a neat comfortable bed every night, would judge very wisely in never travelling out of England.—He ought not certainly to travel between Rome and Naples; for on this road, the traveller's chief entertainment must arise from the ideas formed in the mind, at sight of places celebrated by favourite authors. Strangers, therefore, whose senses are far more powerful than their fancy, when they are so ill-advised as to come so far from home, generally make this journey in very ill-humour, fretting at Italian beds, fuming against Italian cooks, and execrating every poor Italian flea that they put up with on the road. But, he who can meet with indifferent fare cheerfully, whose serenity of temper remains unshaken by the assaults of a flea, and who can draw amusement from the stories of memory and imagination, will find the powers of both wonderfully excited during this journey. Sacred history unites with profane, truth conspires with fable, to afford him entertainment, and render every object interesting.

THE FRENCH HAIR DRESSER.

When I was last at G——, I had a French hair-dresser—let me entreat you not to show this to your friend—who is so fond of people of quality, that he thinks there is no *life* out of their company: he would accuse me of being too fond of low company.

I introduce the present hair-dresser to your acquaintance, because, if I am not mistaken, he spoke the sentiments of his whole nation, high and low. You shall judge.—This young fellow attended me every morning while I remained at G——; he had been a year or two at London; and while he dressed my hair, his tongue generally moved as quick as his fingers. He was full of his remarks upon London, and the fine people whose hair he pretended to have dressed.—"Do you not think," said I, "that people may live very happy in that country?" Mais—"pour cela oui, Monsieur." (But, yes truly, Sir.) "Do you think, then, they are happy?" "Pour "cela, non, Monsieur," (no, indeed, Sir.) "Can you guess at the reason why they are not so, they have so much reason to be so?" "Oui, Monsieur, elle est toute simple." (Yes, Sir, it is quite plain.) "Pray what is the reason they are not happy?" "C'est qu'ils ne sont pas déstinés à l'être." (Because they are not destined to be so.)

"Did you ever see," said I, "an Englishman who might pass for a Frenchman?" "Jamais de ma "vie, Monsieur," (never in my life,) replied he, with an accent of astonishment.

"Suppose him," said I, "a man of quality?" "N'importe." (It matters not.)

"But," continued I, "suppose he had lived several years at Paris, that he was naturally very handsome, and well-made, that he had been educated by the best French dancing-master, his clothes made by the best French taylors, and his hair dressed by the most eminent friseur in Paris?" C'est "beaucoup, Monsieur, mais ce n'est pas assez." (It is much, Sir, but it is not enough.)

"What," exclaimed I, "Would you still know him to be an Englishman?" "assurément, Mon-"sieur." (Most assuredly, Sir.)

"What, before he spoke?" "Au premier coup "d'œil." (At the first glance, Sir.)

"The devil you would; but how?" C'est que "messieurs les Anglois ont un air---une maniere de "se presenter---un---que sai---je moi---Vous m'en-"tendez bien, Monsieur, un certain air si gau."--- (Because English Gentlemen have an air of countenance---a manner of presenting themselves---a---what do I know---you understand me---a countenance so awk--------.)

"What air, Fellow?" "enfin un air, qui est charmant, si vous voulez, monsieur, said he rapidly, "mais que le diable m'emporte, si c'est l'air Fran-"cois." (In short, an air which is charming, if you will, Sir, but the devil take me, if it is a French air.

NAPLES

Was founded by the Greeks. The charming situation they have chosen, is one proof among thousands, of the fine taste of that ingenious people.

The bay is about thirty miles in circumference, and twelve in diameter; it has been named crater, from its supposed resemblance to a bowl. This bowl is ornamented with the most beautiful foilage, with vines, with olive, mulberry and orange trees; with hills, dales, towns, villas, and villages.

At the bottom of the bay of Naples, the town is built in the form of a vast amphitheatre, sloping from the hills towards the sea.

Independent of its happy situation, Naples is a very beautiful city. The style of architecture, is inferior to what prevails at Rome; but, though Naples cannot vie with that city in the number of palaces, or in the grandeur and magnificence of the churches, the private houses in general, are better built, and are more uniformly convenient; the streets are broader, and better paved. This is the native country of the Zephyrs; here the excessive heat of the sun is often tempered with sea-breezes, and with gales wafting the perfumes of the campagna felice.

The fortress of St. Elmo, is built on a mountain of the same name. The garrison stationed here, has the entire command of the town, and could lay it in ashes at pleasure.

Though Naples is admirably situated for commerce, and no kingdom produce the necessaries and luxuries of life in greater profusion, yet trade is but in a languishing condition; the best silks come from Lyons, and the best woollen goods from England.

The chief articles manufactured in Naples are, silk-stockings, soap, snuff-boxes of tortoise-shell,

and of the lava of Mount Vesuvius, tables and ornamental furniture, of marble.

They are taught to embroider at Naples, better than even at France; and the Neapolitan macaroni, is preferred to that made in any other part of Italy. The Neapolitans excel also in liquors and confections; particularly in one kind of confection, which is sold at a very high price, called *diabolinis*. This drug, as one may guess, from its name, is of a very hot and stimulating nature.

The inhabitants of this town are computed at three hundred and fifty thousand. The citizens of Naples, have few avocations of business to excite their activity; no public walks or gardens to which they can resort; and are therefore frequently seen sauntering and conversing in the streets, where a great portion of the poorest sort, for want of habitations, are obliged to spend the night as well as the day. In the midst of all this idleness, few riots or outrages happen, because the Neapolitan is universally sober, and never inflamed with strong and spirituous liquors, as they are in the northern countries. Iced water and lemonade are among the luxuries of the lowest vulgar; they are carried about in little barrels, and sold in halfpennys worth.

There is not perhaps a city in the world, with the same number of inhabitants, in which so few contribute to the wealth of the community, by useful or by productive labour, as at Naples; but, the number of priests, monks, fiddlers, and lazzaronis, surpass all reasonable proportion; the last alone, are computed at thirty or forty thousand. If these poor fellows are idle, it is not their own fault; they

are continually running about the streets, as we are told of the artificers of China; offering their service, and begging for employment; and are considered, by many, as of more real utility, than any of the classes above-mentioned.

The Neapolitan nobility are excessively fond of splendour and show. This appears in the brilliancy of their equipages, the number of their attendants, the richness of their dress, and the grandeur of their titles.

The Corso on the sea-shore, is the great scene of Neapolitan splendour and parade. The finest carriages are painted, gilt, varnished, and lined in a richer and more beautiful manner than in England. They are often drawn by six, and sometimes by eight horses. The ladies or gentlemen within the coaches, glitter in all the brilliancy of lace, embroidery, and jewels. The Neapolitan carriages, for gala-days, are made on purpose, with very large windows, that the spectators may enjoy a full view of the parties within. The carriages follow each other in two lines, moving in opposite directions. The company smile, and bow, and wave the hand as they pass and repass their acquaintance. Can this amusement be very great?

The Neapolitan clergy live very much in society, attend the theatres, and seem to join most cordially in diversions and amusements. The richest and most commodious convents in Europe, both for male and female votaries, are in the city of Naples; the most fertile and beautiful hills of the environs, are covered with them; a small part of their revenue is spent in feeding the poor, the monks dis-

tributing bread and soups to a certain number every day, before the doors of the convent. Some of the friars study physic and surgery, and practise these arts with great applause. Each convent has an apothecary's shop belonging to it, where medicines are delivered gratis to the poor, and sold to those who can afford to pay. The Neapolitan monks are the most superstitious of mankind; a turn of mind which they communicate with equal zeal and success to a people remarkably ignorant and remarkably amorous. The seeds of superstition, thus zealously sown, on such a warm and fertile, though uncultivated soil, sometimes produce the most extraordinary crops of sensuality and devotion, that ever were seen in any country.

COCAGNA.

Is a Neapolitan entertainment, relished by people of the first rank, in the polished country of Italy. It is given to the people four succeeding Sundays during the carnival. Opposite to the place, a kind of wooden amphitheatre is erected. This being covered with branches of trees, bushes, and various plants, real and artificial, has the appearance of a green hill. On this hill are little buildings, ornamented with pillars of loaves and bread, with joints of meat, and dried fish, varnished and curiously arranged by way of capitals. Among the trees and bushes, are some oxen, a considerable number of calves, sheep, hogs, and bulls, all alive, and tied to posts. There are, besides, a great number of living turkies, geese, hens,

pigeons, and other fowls, nailed by the wing to the scaffolding, The guards are drawn up in three ranks, to keep off the populace. The Royal Family, with all the nobility of the court, crowd the windows and balconies of the palace, to enjoy this magnificent sight. When his Majesty waves his handkerchief, the guards open to the right and to the left; the rabble pour in from all quarters, and the entertainment commences. One may easily conceive, what a delightful sight it must be, to see several thousand hungry, half-naked lazzaroni, rush in like a torrent, destroy the whole fabric of loaves, fishes, and joints of meat; pluck the fowls, at the expence of their wings, from the post to which they were nailed; and, in the fury of their struggling and fighting for their prey, often tearing the miserable animals to pieces, and sometimes stabbing each other.

THE LAZZARONI,

Or Black-guards, from a considerable part of the inhabitants of Naples; and have, on some well-known occasions, had the government for a short time in their own hands. They are computed at above thirty thousand; the greater part of them have no dwelling-houses, but sleep every night under porticos, piazzas, or any kind of shelter they can find. Those of them who have wives or children, live in the suburbs of Naples, near Pausilippo, in huts or in caverns, or in chambers dug out of that mountain.—Some gain a livelihood by fishing, others

by carrying burthens to and from shipping; many walk about the streets, ready to run on errands, or to perform any labour in their power for a very small recompence. As they do not meet with constant employment, their wages are not sufficient for their maintenance; the soups and bread, distributed at the door of the convents, supply the deficiency.

The lazzaroni are generally represented as a lazy, licentious, and turbulent set of people; but it is not their general character. Their idleness is evidently the effect of necessity, not of choice. It must proceed from the fault of government, when such a number of stout, active citizens remain unemployed. So far are they from being licentious and turbulent, that they bear the insolence of the nobility as passively as peasants fixed to the soil. A coxcomb of a Volanti, tricked out in his fantastical dress, or any of the livered slaves of the great, make no ceremony of treating these poor fellows with all the insolence and insensibility natural to their masters; and for no visible reason, but because he is dressed in lace, and the other in rags. Nothing animates this people to insurrection, but some very pressing and very universal cause, such as a scarcity of bread. Every other grievance they bear as if it were their charter.

THE PROFESSION OF PHYSIC,

Is that, of all others, in which the generality of mankind have the fewest lights; by which they can discern the abilities of its professors; because the

studies which lead to it are more out of the road of usual education, and the practice more enveloped in technical terms, and hieroglyphical signs. But the safest criterion by which men, who have not been bred to that profession, can form a judgment of those who have, is, the degree of sagacity and penetration they discover on subjects equally open to mankind in general, and which ought to be understood by all who live in society.

REASONABLE AVERSION.

"Friend Carnaby! your mother is impatient for your appearance at the bar as a counsellor---"

"To tell you a secret," said Carnaby, "I would just as soon appear at the bar as a prisoner."

"What reason can you have for so strong an aversion?"

"What reason! what reason!" repeated Carnaby, "a very good, a very solid reason."

"Clearly, as it has so much weight with you, but after all on what is it founded?"

"On what is it founded?" exclaimed Carnaby; "why, on those cursed eternal periwigs, which counsellors are obliged to wear in all weathers, when they appear at the bar; no consideration on earth, could prevail on me to make myself look so like a gig; and, if I were willing, I don't believe my head could support one of those hideous perriwigs for an hour together."

"You think then, that to be a lawyer, it is necessary to have a very strong head."

" Whatever is necessary, my aversion to those d——d periwigs is insurmountable."

" That is unlucky," said Edward, " considering what Lady M——— has in view for you. For if you boggle so much at the tie-wig of a simple counsellor, how could you support that enormous weight of periwig which the head of every Chancellor of Great Britain is doomed to bear ?"

" They shall doom my head to the block sooner," replied Carnaby.

" Only imagine, to be awfully seated on a woolpack during a whole session of Parliament !

" Dreadful !" cried Carnaby.

" Sessions, after sessions !"

" Shocking ! shocking !" exclaimed Carnaby,— " not to mention the chance of a trial by impeachment at Westminster-hall," said Edward.

" Name it not," cried Carnaby."

" There obliged to remain," continued Edward, " from winter to mid-summer, in sight of *all manners of persons*, hearing examinations and cross-examinations, speeches and replies, sufficient to confound the clearest head in Christendom, even although it were not buried in a voluminous mass of horse-hair."

" Fogh ! fogh !" cried Carnaby.

" He is always choaked with the bare idea."

" Eh Gad ! and so I am," resumed Carnaby ; and rather than be suffocated in that lingering manner, I would choose to be buried at once in my cool grave."

" But I think," resumed Edward, " you ought to make an *effort* to please your mother, by appearing for once at least, in the wig of a counsellor."

"Curse efforts," cried Carnaby; "I always detested them, and never could make one in my life."

"Forgive me," said Edward; "I think I could put you in mind of a very vigorous effort, which I was witness to your making of your own accord."

"I do not know what you mean," said Carnaby.

"Do you not remember," resumed Edward, my calling one morning at your chambers, when I found you struggling with all your might, to squeeze yourself into a new pair of buckskin breeches? I am sure I shall never forget the strenuous efforts you made on that occasion.——In that occasion, you shewed yourself capable of the most laudable exertions. The most pains-taking man on earth, could not have pushed more earnestly to gain a livelihood for himself and family, than you did to carry your point on that occasion."

"Yes," replied Carnaby, "but that was a different affair."

"It must be confessed, that studying law is one thing, and pulling on a pair of breeches is another: for many people drop the one, who wish to wear the other all their lives."

"What I meant to say," replied Carnaby, that "studying the law, is a bore, and disturbs one's head; whereas,"—

"Tight breeches," said Edward, "pinch elsewhere."

"I remember, however, said Carnaby, "that on the occasion you allude to, I was very much puzzled whether to proceed or draw back."

"Like Macbeth, you recollected," said Edward, "that

——should you wade no more,
Returning was as tedious as go o'er."

TIARA.

Rome.

In my last, I informed you of my having been seduced almost into idolatry, by the influence of example, and the pomp which surrounded the idol. I must now confess, that I have actually bowed the knee to Baal, from mere wantonness. I trust, nevertheless, that it will not be looked upon a mortal sin in a Protestant, to have kissed the Pope's toe.

The life of the generality of sovereign princes, is far from being amusing or agreeable.* Slave to the tiresome routine of etiquette; martyr to the oppressive fatigue of pomp; obliged to wear a smiling countenance, even when the heart is oppressed with

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* The following anecdote will fully confirm this observation. —In the criticon of Gracian there is an an anecdote characteristic of the misery of sovereignty, which we shall give for its singularity.—A great Polish monarch having quitted his companions when he was hunting, his courtiers found him, a few days after in a market-place, disguised as a porter, and lending out the use of his shoulders for a few pence. At this they were as much surprised, as they were doubtful whether the *porter* could be his *majesty*. At length they ventured to express their complaints that so great a personage should debase himself by so vile an employ. His majesty heard, and answered them.—"Upon "my honour, gentlemen, the load which I quitted is by far heavier than the one you see me carry here: the weightiest is but "a straw, when compared to that world under which I laboured. "I have slept more in four nights than I have during all my "reign. I begin to live, and to be king of myself. Elect "whom you chuse. For me who am so well it were madness to "return to *court*."—Another Polish king who succeeded this philosophic monarch and porter, when they placed the sceptre in his hand, exclaimed.—"I had rather manage an *oar*."—*Kings* seem from this anecdote to be more *philosophic* in Poland than elsewhere.

sadness; besieged by craving faces; surrounded by adepts in the arts of simulation, all professing the highest possible regard; how shall the puzzled monarch distinguish zeal from assumed attachment? Thus he is precluded from those delightful sensations which spring from disinterested friendship, sweet equality, and the gay careless enjoyments of social life. Then we must acknowledge that all that is brilliant in the condition of a sovereign, is not sufficient to compensate for such restraints, such dangers, and such deprivations.

If such is the real picture of the regal condition, who would not imagine that of all others, it would be the most shunned? who would not imagine that every human being would shrink from it, as from certain misery; and that at least, every wise man would say with the Poet,

> I envy none their pageantry and show,
> I envy none the gildings of their woe!

But there are passions, whose indulgence is so exceedingly flattering to the natural vanity of men, that they will gratify them, though persuaded that the gratification will be attended by disappointment and misery. The love of power and sovereignty is of this class. Nothing can afford a stronger proof of this remark, than the eagerness with which the ecclesiastical crown is sought after, perhaps with more than any other crown in the world, although the candidates are generally in the decline of life, and all of a profession which avows the most perfect contempt of wordly grandeur. Yet, of all diadems, the Tiara has the fewest charms. Over and above those sources of weariness and vexation, which the Pope has in common with other sovereigns, he

has some which are peculiar to himself. The tiresome religious functions which he must perform, the ungenial solitude of his meals, the exclusion of the company of women, the restriction from the tenderest and most delightful connexions of life, the pain of seeing his influence, both spiritual and temporal, declining every day; and the mortification of knowing that all his ancient lofty pretensions are laughed at. I know of nothing which can be put in the other scale, to balance all those peculiar disadvantages which his holiness labours under, unless it is the singular felicity which he lawfully may, and no doubt does enjoy, in the contemplation of his own infallibility.

UNHAPPY UNION.

The fate of Fanny F—, made a strong impression upon my mind. I have known few women of more amiable dispositions, more accomplished, or more capable of rendering a man of sense and sentiment happy, and of being rendered happy by him.

Her great weakness, lay in her having too little reliance in her own judgment, and being too pliant to the importunity of others. She was persuaded by her relations to marry Mr. B—— a young man, who, by the death of an elder brother, had acquired an immense fortune. Her relations assured her "that he was the best young man in the world;" and when she confessed to them, that in spite of his good qualities, it was impossible for her to meet with a man for whom she could feel more indifference: she was told, that it was an objection of no impor-

tance, because she might come to like him more, but would never like him less, which was an advantage many married women did not enjoy.

Mr. B—— was a great observer of decorum and uniformity, and particularly fond of whatever was new. As he had taken a wife, which was quite a new thing to him, he resolved to have other parts of his establishment as new as her, to please himself.

He therefore took a new house, ordered new furniture, new carriages, new liveries, caused his old pictures, particularly a holy family, by Raphael, to be new varnished, and he exchanged an antique statue which his father had brought from Rome, for one a great deal newer.

He rejected the proposal of having some old family jewels to be new set for his wife, and ordered others for her, all spick and span new--in short, every thing he presented her with was new, except his ideas: of these he had but a scanty proportion; and what few he had, were worn threadbare by use.

The frequent repetition of observations not worth making, was rather tiresome to the most patient of his acquaintance, but to his wife became oppressive.

As young Mr. B—— lived as well, according to the phrase, as most men, he had abundance of visitors. His house was peculiarly convenient to some of his wife's relations who were fond of entertainments, and to whom it was more agreeable to enjoy them in their friends houses, than in their own. Poor Fanny, was thought by some, to have been made a sacrifice to this taste of her nearest relations; for whatever happiness they might have in her house, she had none. She was miserable, however, in a different style to other unfortunate people; not

from want, but from super-abundance:—She had a profusion of every thing, and seemed to have a relish for nothing. There were few things of which she had a greater share, and for which she had a smaller relish, than her husband's company.

When first I knew Fanny F——, she lived with her mother in a frugal manner, and she was one of the most cheerful girls I was ever acquainted with.

When I visited her after her marriage, I found her in a house like a palace, surrounded with gaudy superfluity, but she herself with a face of languor and dejection. At sight of me, her features were enlivened; I recognized the countenance of my old companion; but, her husband coming in, it resumed its former dejection. Nothing to be sure, could be more teazingly ceremonious than the behaviour, or more oppressively insipid than the conversation of this worthy man. His wife blushed, as often as he spoke. She made one attempt to get rid of him, by putting him in mind of an engagement. "There would be more impropriety," said he, "in leaving you and this lady, my dear, than in breaking the engagement."—I intreated he might use no ceremony. He said, "he understood politeness better."

When I saw the case desperate, I rose to withdraw. He led me through several rooms to exhibit his new-coloured pictures, and the splendour of the furniture. —"You see, Madam," said he, addressing me, "that your friend is in possession of every thing that can render a woman happy."—The tears started into my poor friend's eyes, and I hurried away that she might not see I had perceived it.

If I had not been so determined before, this example would have made me resolve never to be the

wife of a man I did not both love and esteem in a supreme degree, whatever his wealth and his good nature might be.

Unquestionably, instances may be produced of women who have been rendered unhappy by husbands whom they both loved and esteemed at the time of their marriage—but even those women, though on the whole, unfortunate, had enjoyment for a certain period at least, whereas poor Mrs. B—— has never had a day free from *tedium* since that of her marriage. Her hours, which formerly danced away as lightly as those of Guido's Aurora, now move at a snail's pace along a heavy cheerless road. Good sense, generosity, and spirit, with humanity, are indispensable requisites in an husband.

EMPEROR OF MOROCCO.

A French nobleman, asked in conversation, an English officer, who had passed some days at Versailles, during the reign of Louis XV. if he had not been surprised at seeing such marks of loyalty?

"No," replied the officer, "I should have been surprised if I had not seen them."

"To be sure," replied the Frenchman, "the king is the most amiable man in the world."

"That is indisputable," said the officer; "but has he not also governments, and regiments, and bishopricks to bestow? I should imagine that this consideration, might produce many marks of zealous attachment to his person, although he were not quite the most amiable man in the world."

" There is no people on earth, Sir," rejoined the Frenchman, " who have such a veneration for their kings, and so much disinterested loyalty as the French."

" Forgive me," said the officer, " I know a people who can dispute those qualifications with them."

" What people ?"

" The subjects of the emperor of Morocco," replied the officer. " He hardly ever speaks to his subjects *qu'a coups de sabres*, and yet they venerate him in the most astonishing manner. He does them the honour, of cutting off, on some occasions, their heads, with his own hands, and is much praised by the courtiers around, for his dexterity; in short, they display every mark of attachment to his person; and may be said with truth, to love their sovereign to distraction.—This is, gentlemen, what I call disinterested loyalty."

FRIENDSHIP.

Is a plant of slow growth in every climate. Happy the man who can rear a few!

VEXATION.

One great source of it proceeds from our indulging too sanguine hopes of enjoyment from the blessings we expect, and too much indifference for those we possess. Young says—

" " The present moment, like a wife we shun,
And ne'er enjoy, because it is our own "

MALICE.

When introduced by genius and wit, is often tolerated on account of the respect due to the introducers; but when the wretch comes alone, or is accompanied by dullness, which often happens, she will be expelled with infamy, from all good company.

PLEASURE.

Pleasure and business contrast and give a relish to each other, like day and night; the constant vicissitudes of which, are far more delightful than any uninterrupted half year of either.

To pass life in the most agreeable manner, one ought to be so much a man of pleasure as to postpone any necessary business; not so much a man of business as to despise elegant amusement. A proper mixture of both, forms a more infallible specific against *tedium* and fatigue, than a constant regimen of the most pleasant of the two.

SENSIBILITY.

While their cares are contracted, and all their feelings absorbed, within the compass of their own skin, some people who affect sensibility, seem often convinced, that they are of the most humane disposition, and the most extensive benevolence, upon no better foundation, than because they have felt themselves affected by the artful distresses of a romance,

and because they could shed a few barren tears at a tragedy.

If they have occasionally given a guinea, they think of having carried benevolence to the utmost length. They have no notion beyond this; nor would they interrupt the tranquillity of their own indolence, to perform the most essential service to any of the human race.

ADVICE TO A YOUNG TRAVELLER.

Vienna, 1778.

I HEAR, my young friend, that in a short time you are to set out on the usual tour through Europe: you solicit my advice. Accept the few following hints:

I hope you will always remember, that virtue and good sense, are not confined to any particular place, and that one end of travelling, is to free the mind of vulgar prejudices.

A considerable number of our countrymen, from prejudice, timidity, indolence, or from an absolute detestation of ceremony and restraint, seem rather to avoid the society of the inhabitants of the different countries through which they pass, and accept, with reluctance, every offer of hospitality. By this conduct, the true purport of travelling is lost or perverted. To go to France and Italy, and there converse with none but with English people, and merely that you may have it to say that you have been in those countries is certainly absurd. You will not imitate them: let you form connections and live on a social footing with the inhabitants of the different

countries you are going to visit; let you at least seem pleased while you remain among them; this is the most effectual method of making them pleased with you, and of your accomplishing every object you have in visiting their country.

There are instances of Englishmen, who, while on their travels, shock foreigners by an ostentatious preference of England, to all the rest of the world, the manners, customs, and opinions of every other nation.—Italy is too hot, the inns miserable, and the whole country swarms with monks and other vermin.—In France, the people are slaves and coxcombs, the music execrable; they boil their meat to rags, and there is no porter, and very little strong ale.—In Germany, some of their princes have little more to spend than an English gentleman: they use stoves instead of grates; they eat sour crout, and speak high Dutch. Thus they build their panegyric of Old England, on the ruin and wretchedness of other countries. I hope you will entirely avoid such abusive language, which shews that the English nation takes no trouble to conciliate the affections of foreigners.

Nothing also can be more absurd in an Englishman, than to adopt, with enthusiasm, the fashions, fopperies, taste, and manners of those countries, and transplant them to England, where they never will thrive, and where they always appear awkward and unnatural. For after all his efforts of imitation, a travelled Englishman, is as different from a Frenchman or Italian, as an English mastiff is from a monkey or a fox: and if ever that sedate or plain-meaning dog should pretend to the gay friskness of the one, or to the subtility of the other, we should cer-

tainly value him much less than we do. But you are not yet departed, and I advise you to avoid, at your return, the ridiculous affectation of expressing, like many others, your contempt for every thing that is English.

Let me return to counsels which may be useful to you in the present moment. The taste for letters, my young friend, which you have acquired at the university, will not be diminished on classic ground, or your mind be diverted, by a frivolous enthusiasm for music, or any other passion, from the manly strides and pursuits which become an English gentleman.

The study of human nature, in all its forms and modifications, is highly interesting to the mind, and worthy of all your attention. But, remember, that this is not to be perfectly attained in courts and palaces. The investigator of nature must visit her in humbler life, and put himself on a level with the men whom he wishes to know. To become perfectly acquainted with the characters of men, as they appear in different situations and countries, you will mix occasionally with all degrees of people, and, when not otherwise engaged, will not scruple to take a seat at the *table d'hôte*. Those who possess real greatness of mind, never hesitate to despise the forms which may stand in the way of their acquiring the useful knowledge of men.

As you regard, my young friend, the preservation of your character, and the tranquillity of your mind, let no example, however high, lead you into the practice of deep play.

Accept the preceding sermon, with my best wishes.

SUICIDE.

It appears to me, that no reasoning can have the smallest force in preventing it, but what is founded upon the soul's immortality, and a future state. What effects can the common arguments have on a man who does not believe that necessary and important doctrine?—He may be told that he did not give himself life, therefore he has no right to take it away:— that he is a centinel on a post, and ought to remain till he is relieved;—What is all this to the man who thinks he is never to be questioned for his violence and desertion?

If you attempt to pique this man's pride, by asserting, that it is a greater proof of courage to bear the ills of life, than to flee from them; he will answer you from the Roman history, and ask, whether Cato, Cassius, and Marcus Brutus, were cowards?

Those philosophers, therefore, who have endeavoured to shake this great and important conviction from the minds of men, have thereby opened a door to suicide as well as to other crimes.

It must be acknowledged, indeed, that in many cases, this question is decided by mens' feelings, and independent of reasonings of any kind.

Nature has not trusted a matter of so great importance, entirely to the fallible reason of men; but has planted in the human breast, such a love of life and horror of death, as seldom can be overcome, even by the greatest misfortunes.

But there is a disease which sometimes affects the body, and afterwards communicates its baneful influence to the mind, over which it hangs such a cloud

of horrors as renders life absolutely insupportable. In this dreadful state, every pleasing idea is banished, and all the sources of comfort in life, are poisoned.—Neither fortune, honours, friends, nor family, can afford the smallest satisfaction.—Hope, the last pillar of the wretched, falls to the ground. —Despair lays hold of the abandoned sufferer—then all reasoning becomes vain—even arguments of religion have no weight, and the poor creature embraces death, as his only friend, which, as he thinks, may terminate, but cannot augment his misery.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS,

Which sink into the heart, and form the character, never change. The objects of our attention, vary in the different periods of life. This is sometimes mistaken for a change of character, which in reality, remains essentially the same. He who is reserved, deceitful, cruel, or avaricious when a boy, will not, in any future period of life, become open, faithful, compassionate and generous.

EQUALITY.

A Tyrant of antiquity, ordered men to be laid upon a bed of iron; stretching those who were shorter to the full length of the bed, and amputating the legs of those who were too tall; so that all were brought to equality, and thrust into the bed. This tyrant was fond of equality, and such is the

equality which the tyrants who have tortured the French with their mad decrees would subject them to.

There can be no other kind of equality for men in society, but that of rights; there can no more be an equality of fortune, than there is of stature, of strength, of understanding, or activity, or industry.

It is not surprising that this idea of equality, is very favourably received by the lower order of society. I make no manner of doubt, that there are men of acknowledged dullness, and women decidedly ugly, who would rejoice in a decree for an equality of genius and beauty, and who, to that variety in which nature delights, would prefer an insipid monotony of talents and looks all over the world. But until nature shall issue such a decree, the decrees of all the national conventions on earth, to establish *egalité*, will be vain.

FRENCH NATION.

The French nation, have indeed, shewn themselves so disorderly and ferocious when they had any degree of liberty, and so polite and submissive under tyranny, that we are almost tempted to believe that there is somewhat in the very essence of the French which renders a despotic government necessary for them, whether the form be monarchical or republican. There are animals, of so wild a nature, as not to be kept from mischief by any other means than chains, muzzles, and iron cages. However tame and caressing they may appear when

under controul, they will tear the very hand they used to lick the instant they are unmuzzled and free.

ENGLISH GENERALLY ENVIED.

The universal satisfaction which appears all over Europe at the idea of England's being stript of her colonies, certainly does not originate from political sentiments; but in a great degree from that reserve which kept Englishmen from cultivating the friendship of foreigners; that pride which hinders them from stooping to humour prejudices; that indifference which makes them disregard the approbation of others, and betray the contempt they are too ready to entertain for customs and sentiments different from their own. These are things not easily forgiven, and for which no superiority of genius, magnanimity or integrity can compensate. These are causes which have made foreigners take part against us in the dispute with America.

VINTAGE.

It was the gay season of the vintage. The country was crowded with peasantry of both sexes, and every age, all employed in gathering and carrying home the grapes. In all countries, this is the season of joy and festivity, and approaches nearest the exaggerated descriptions, which the ancient poets have given of rural happiness. Perhaps there is in reality not so much exaggeration in their description, as alteration in our manners—

For if the peasants were allowed to enjoy the fruits of their own labour, would not their lives be more delightful than those of any other people. In spite of poverty and oppression, a happy enthusiasm, a charming madness, and perfect oblivion of care, are diffused all over France, during the vintage.—Every village is enlivened with music, dancing, and glee; and were it not for their tattered clothes and emaciated countenances, one who viewed them in the vintage-season, would imagine the French peasants in a situation as enviable as that formerly enjoyed by the shepherds of Arcadia.

JOSEPHIANA.

The Emperor Joseph, being asked, during the American war, which side he favoured, replied very ingenuously, *Je suis par metier Royaliste.*

One person at a conversazione, at the Countess Walstein's, where he was present, remarked, that his majesty had banished all the inconveniencies of etiquette from his court. To which he replied, "It would be hard, indeed, if because I have the ill-fortune to be an Emperor, I should be deprived of the pleasures of social life, which are so much to my taste, convinced that the man who is secluded from the blessings of society, and raises himself above friendship, is also raised above happiness."

Some days after he had thus expressed himself, at an exhibition of fire-works, in the Prater:* The

* The Prater is a large park, near Vienna, planted with wood, and surrounded by the Danube.

Emperor, saw in a narrow passage, a tall Englishman, who had been at the Countess Walstein's, and who being of a large make, could not move, though those of a smaller size extricated themselves; and thus remained in a very awkward situation. He called out:—Ah, Monsieur! Je vous ai bien annoncé combien il est incommode d'etre trop *grand*.—A present vous devez bien être de mon avis;—mais comme je ne puis rien faire pour vous soulager, je vous recommande à Sâint George.

At a grand masquerade, the Emperor, who takes no part himself but as a spectator, was conversing with an English gentleman, in the middle of the hall, without observing that the third ballet was going to be danced, when the master of the ceremonies whispered him in the ear.—The Emperor seizing the Englishman by the arm said—Allons, Monsieur, on nous chasse—il faut se retirer; and immediately walked into another room, to give place to others who had not seen the dance.

NECKER,

A CITIZEN of Geneva, was bred a banker, and in that business at Paris, he accumulated a very large fortune, sustaining the character of a man of integrity. His fortune enabled him, and his inclination prompted him, to live in a style at once splendid and hospitable; and his house was frequented by men of rank and by men of letters. According to the custom of his country, his education had been of a literary nature. He cultivated ever after his taste for letters in the intervals of business. He was

thought to have just, extensive, and philosophical ideas on the subjects of commerce and finance, to be an able calculator, and indefatigable in business. His greatest enemies, have not been able to injure his reputation for probity.

At the time of the revolution, when the finances of France were in great disorder, it is not suprising that a man of such character, and so connected, should be thought of as a proper person to regulate them.

The public had the highest expectation from the measure; for M. Neckar's talents had been praised with an exaggeration which the enthusiasm of the moment alone could have rendered credible. What else, but the most superlative abilities, could have made a foreigner, a banker, and a heretic, be thought of as a minister of finance, such an high and confidential office. He unquestionably had sincerely at heart the prosperity of the French nation, as his greatest ambition was to be the instrument of it. Although born a republican, he was of opinion, that a republican form of government, neither suited the extent of the French empire, nor the character of the French people. He was the friend of liberty, but thought he could be sure of a permanent and happy residence in France under a limited monarchical form of government. Yet, he has been thought, by his conduct, to have greatly contributed to the destruction of monarchy in France.

MASQUERADES.

I AM not surprised that the Germans, especially those of high rank, are fond of masquerades, being so much harrassed with ceremony and form, and cramped by the distance which birth throws between people who may have a mutual regard for each other. I imagine they are glad to seize every opportunity of assuming the mask and domino, that they may taste the pleasures of familiar conversation, and social mirth.

MEMORABLE PLACES.

PLACES where any extraordinary event has happened, even though they should have nothing else to distinguish them, interest me more than the most flourishing country, or finest town which has never been the scene of any thing memorable. Fancy, awakened by the view of the former, instantly gives shape and features to men we have never seen.—We hear them speak, and see them act; the passions are excited, the mind amused; the houses, the rivers, the fields around, supplying the absence of the poet and the historian: and restoring with new energy, the whole scene to the mind.

ROYAL CUSTOM.

I DO not know upon what principle the royal families of various countries in Europe, have adopted the custom of eating in public. If these exhibitions

are designed for the entertainment of the subjects, a thousand could be thought of more amusing to them; for however interesting the part of an actor at a feast may be, that of a spectator is surely one of the most insipid.

STANDING ARMIES.

The greatest part of them on the continent of Europe, secure the despotism of the prince, whose maintenance is a more severe burthen upon the countries which support them.

The individuals who compose those armies, are miserable, by the tyranny exercised on them, and are themselves the cause of misery to their fellow-citizens, by the tyranny they exercise.

But it will be said, they defend the nation from foreign enemies.—Alas! could a foreign conqueror occasion more wretchedness than such defenders?—When he who calls himself protector has stripped me of my property and deprived me of my freedom, I cannot return him very cordial thanks, when he tells me that he will defend me from every other robber.

MONKISH GALLANTRY.

Visiting a convent of monks, on the top of mount Calenberg, near Vienna, a lady of a gay disposition, laid hold of a little scourge which hung at one of the fathers' belts, and desired he would make her a present of it, for she wished to use it when she returned home, having, as she said, been a great

sinner.—The father, with great gallantry, begged she would spare her own fair skin, assuring her, that he would give himself a hearty flogging on her account, that very evening—and to prove how much he was in earnest, fell directly on his knees before a little altar, and began to whip his own shoulders with great earnestness, declaring, that when the ladies should retire, he would lay it with the same violence on his naked body; for he was determined she should be as free from sin, as she was on the day of her birth.

This melted the heart of the lady.—She begged the father might take no more of her faults upon his shoulders.—She now assured him, that her slips had been very venial, and that she was convinced, what he had already done, would clear her as completely as if he should whip himself to the bone. What a ludicrous scene!

DEVOTION.

A FRENCHMAN, in a creditable way of life, had a small figure of our Saviour on the cross, of very curious workmanship; he offered it for sale to an English gentleman.—After expatiating on the excellency of the workmanship, he told him that he had long kept this crucifix with the most pious care, that he had always addressed it in his private devotion; and that in return, he had expected some degree of protection and favour; instead of which he had of late been remarkably unfortunate: that all the tickets he had in the lottery had proved blanks; and having a great share in the cargo of a ship,

coming from the West Indies, he had recommended it in the most fervent manner in his prayers to the crucifix; and, that he might give no offence by any appearance of want of faith, he had not insured the goods—notwithstanding all which, the vessel had been shipwrecked, and the cargo totally lost, though the sailors, in whose preservation he had no concern, had been all saved.—Enfin, Monsieur, cried he, with an accent of indignation, mingled with regret; and raising his shoulders above his ears, *enfin, Monsieur, il m'a manqué, & je vends mon Christ.*

HEREDITARY MONARCHY,

The proofs which experience has afforded, that it is more conducive than a republic, to the happiness of those millions who inhabit an extensive kingdom, are the only right which kings have to their crown; a good king, would not wish for a stronger; a wise one, could hardly believe they ever had any other.

MINISTER OF STATE.

It is fortunate for philosophers, that they can do pretty well without being ministers of state; but it is very unfortunate for a minister of state not to be somewhat of a philosopher. It is probable that he will have frequent occasions for the exercise of philosophy during his administration, and he will stand in need of a great deal of it when turned suddenly out of his high office. The wonderful alteration

which ministers experience on their removal in that universal obsequiousness, they are accustomed to, while in office, however natural it may seem to the rest of the world, generally is so shocking to them, that instead of philosophers, it is apt to make them misanthropes.

MAJESTY OF THE PEOPLE.

The word *people*, have by the French, been long applied to the lowest order only; it was considered by many members of the first national assembly, as lowering the deputies, to denominate them *Representans du Peuple Français.* Mirabeau, in one of his discourses, made the following energetic observation:—

"I give no weight to the signification of words, according to the absurd language of prejudice. I here speak the language of liberty, and am supported by the example of the English and of the Americans, who have always respected the name of the *People*, and have always adopted it in their declarations, in their laws, and in their politics. When Chatham compressed the charter of nations in a single expression, and pronounced the *Majesty of the People;* when the Americans opposed the *natural Rights of the People*, to all the trash published against them; they shewed that they understood the true signification and full energy of an expression, to which freedom gives so great a value."

An English gentleman, celebrated for wit, walking the streets of London, with a democratic acquaintance of his, who frequently used that expression, they met a couple of chimney-sweeps; the

gentleman took off his hat, and made them a very formal bow as they passed. His acquaintance asked what he meant---I was only shewing the respect, replied the other, which is due from every loyal subject to two princes of the blood.

POST-MASTER.

A French post-master who had something more precise and formal in his manner than is usual with Frenchmen, because he had formerly been a schoolmaster, gave me, on my way to Paris, a proof of his power of reasoning: on his putting only two horses to a chaise instead of three, he advertised us that he expected to be paid for three. I hinted that it did not seem quite reasonable.—" I will have the honour, gentlemen," resumed he, " with a solemn air, of making this as clear as day-light. You must all know that travellers are often detained in the middle of their journey by an accident happening to one of the horses in their carriage; but there is a greater chance of this happening to one of three horses, than of two." His argument was allowed to be irresistable, and he was paid his full demand. " All that I ever desire of any mortal," continued the post-master, " is that he will only hear me, and listen to the voice of reason."

SINCERE HATER.

A Gentleman who pretends to know the French thoroughly, said to me the other day: " The French

have been accused of being very inconstant *lovers*. I know nothing of that: but I do assure you, that they are very sincere and constant *haters;* playing on an expression recorded by Dr. Johnson."

MODEL OF ELOQUENCE.

I was the other day at the national assembly, when Danton went into the tribune; and as Marat seemed at this time, en mauvaise odeur with the convention, he thought proper to make the following elegant declaration:

"I declare to the whole republic, that I do not love Marat. I frankly acknowledge, that I have some experience of the man; and I find not only that he is boisterous and quarrelsome, but also unsociable."

What do you think of Danton's eloquence?

NATURE NOT ARISTOCRATICAL.

A French lady distinguished for wit, having remarked the ingenuity of a footman belonging to a man of high quality, who was as ugly and stupid as his servant was the reverse, said, "il faut avouer que la nature n'est pas aristocrate."—If nature has been partial to democracy, it must be confessed, however, that the democrats of France, have been most ungrateful to nature, by violating all her laws, and wounding all her feelings.

THERE is something inexplicable in his character; he does not seem to have been actuated by the same motives which are generally supposed to have influenced other monsters of cruelty.

The usual incentives to deeds of that nature with tyrants, or men possessed of unlimited power, are, the fear being deprived of it, avarice, bigotry, revenge, and sometimes a diabolical kind of enjoyment in beholding torture: The common motives, to deeds of cruelty, in men in private life, are jealousy, revenge, covetousness, and ambition: but Roberspierre was not avaricious, was not a bigot, had no injuries to avenge, was never present at an execution, was never in love,—yet he extended the most horrid acts of cruelty to thousands who stood not in the way of his ambition; and continued them after his ambition was satisfied, and his power quietly submitted to. Wicked politicians often use religion as a cover for crimes, without any sentiment of religion in their hearts: this man evinced a contempt for religion, and directed his cruelty against those who shewed a reverence for Christianity. Enthusiasts are capable of criminal actions, without any sentiment of wickedness in their hearts: though Roberspierre was thought an enthusiast, this could not be said of him. Could any human creature, without the most wicked of hearts, during the fifteen dreadful months his power lasted, exercise more acts of cruelty than any tyrant, ancient or modern, ever exercised in the same space of time. By his order, or with his approbation, many thou-

sands of men, women, and children, of all ranks, were confined in loathsome prisons, treated with the most shocking barbarity, until they were, in troops of fifty in a day, dragged to execution. Many thousands of inoffensive peasants, who did not understand what the word revolution meant, were drowned in the Loire; numbers of the inhabitants of Lyons driven into inclosures, to be torn in pieces by grape shot; and many of his own intimate acquaintance, not only those who were of a different party, and opposed his horrid cruelty, but those who had long aided, and supported him, in his plans of bloodshed and devastation, he sent, on the first appearance of disapprobation of his measures, without remorse, to the guillotine: and what seems as singular, as unaccountable, as all that has been enumerated, is, that a spirited people, excited by enthusiasm for liberty, should, while their enthusiasm was at the height, have quietly submitted, for fifteen months, to the tyranny of an obscure, canting, capricious, madman, though exercised with more wanton cruelty than had ever been displayed by the most despotic of their monarchs.

POLITENESS.

The great use of politeness is to correct the partiality, and to check the rapacity of self-love. Politeness may be compared to a mask with the features of benevolence, by which men try to cover the deformity of selfishness. Some wear this mask so awkwardly, that they continually show part of

the ugly features behind it; others let it fall from their face entirely by too profound and too frequent bendings. He, who in the midst of the homage he pays the company, plainly discovers that he thinks himself superior to them all, certainly defeats the purpose of politeness. Such a man is like one who in the very act of obsequiously bowing to another, is all the while admiring his own attitudes, in a mirror placed behind the person he pretends to be treating so courteously.

Many people entertain the notion that great politeness and apparent gentleness of behaviour, are generally accompanied with falsehood and real coldness:—even inhumanity of character—as if human nature, like marble, took a polish proportionate to its hardness.

This idea is certainly formed without an accurate examination, and from a superficial view of mankind. As a boorish address is no proof of honesty, so is politeness no indication of the reverse;—and if they are once reduced to an equality in this particular, it is evident that the latter is preferable in every other respect.

A writer of great ingenuity and eminence regrets, that "we shall never more behold that generous loyalty to rank and sex, that proud submission, that dignified obedience, that subordination of the heart, which kept alive, even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom;" and adds, "that with these, are also fled that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honour, which felt a stain like a wound, which inspired courage while it mitigated ferocity, which ennobled whatever it touched, and under which *vice itself lost half its evil, by losing all its grossness.*"

Notwithstanding the splendid elegance and force of this passage, the concluding sentiment has been justly censured. It is most certain, that in general society, politeness is a convenient substitute for benevolence; and that, when rude and polished men are equally vicious, the latter are less disgusting, and sometimes less mischievous, than the former—a savage, when he hates a man, will murder him. In polished society, a man with the same passion, will refrain from murder. It is equally true, that a great deal of the grossness of vice may be removed, without a grain of its intrinsic wickedness being removed with it. The courtier, who, in elegant terms, professes friendship to the man he is endeavouring to supplant, exhibits as much genuine vice as the most vulgar footpad that ever knocked a man down, or informed against his accomplice.

All the refinements of court cannot alter the nature of falsehood, ingratitude, or treachery; nor can all the perfumes of the East sweeten the corruption of vice. If polish in some cases renders it less mischievous than it would otherwise be, it may make it, in other cases, more dangerous by being more attractive.

FREEDOM OF THE PRESS.

I AM every day more and more convinced that its unrestrained productions, the licentious newspapers themselves not excepted, have conveyed to every corner of Great Britain, along with much impertinence and scurrility, such a regard for the constitution, such a sense of the rights of the sub-

ject, and such a degree of general knowledge, as never were so universally diffused over any other nation.

Nothing besides can be a greater check to the wantonness of power, than the privilege of unfolding private grievances at the bar of the public. Thus the cause of individuals is made a public concern, and the general indignation which their wrongs excite, forms, at once, one of the severest punishments which can be inflicted on the oppressor, and one of the strongest bulwarks that can be raised in defence of the unprotected.

By the freedom of the press, the most speedy and effectual alarm is given all over the nation, when any great public misconduct happens, or upon any appearance of a design against the constitution. Though this liberty produces much silly advice and malignant censors without number, it likewise gives useful hints to ministers.

MILITARY DRUMS.

I HAVE seen at Manheim, the troops perform their exercise; and I was a good deal surprised to observe, that not only the movements of the soldiers' muskets, and the attitudes of their bodies, but also their devotions were under the major's cane,

The major flourishes his cane;—the drum gives a single tap, and every man under arms raises his hand to his hat;—at a second stroke on the drum, they take off their hats, and are supposed to pray; —at a third, they finish their petitions, and put their hats on their heads.—If any man has the assurance

to prolong his prayer a minute longer than the drum indicates, he is punished on the spot, and taught to be less devout for the future.

The ingenuous inventor of drums, certainly never dreamt of their becoming the regulators of peoples' piety.—But the modern improvements in the military art, are truly wonderful!—and we need not despair after this, of seeing a whole regiment, by the progress of discipline, so modelled as to eat, drink, and perform other animal functions uniformly together, at the word of command, as they poise their firelocks.

RESTLESSNESS.

C—— called at my lodgings one morning the summer before I left London.—I had remained in town, merely because I had no particular business elsewhere; but he assured me that the town was a desart;—that it was shameful to be seen in the streets;—that all the world was at Brighthelmstone.—So I allowed him to conduct me to that place, where we had remained only a few days, when he told me, that none of the people he cared for, were there; and, as I had nothing particular to detain me, he begged as a favour that I would accompany him to Tunbridge.—We went accordingly. C—— remained pretty quiet for about four days;—he yawned a good deal on the fifth;—and on the sixth, I thought he would have dislocated his jaws. As he perceived I was pleased with the place, and would take none of his hints about leaving it, he at last pretended that he had received a letter, which made

it absolutely necessary for him to set out for London:—and away he went.

I staid three weeks at Tunbridge.—On my return to town, I understood that C—— had taken a genteel furnished house for the summer, in Yorkshire, where he had already passed a week, having previously engaged a female friend to go along with him. Two days after I had received this account, I saw him enter my room. He told me he was quite disgusted with his house, and more so with his companion: and besides, he had taken a violent fancy to go to Paris, which you know, added he, is the most delightful place in the world, especially in summer; for the company never think of rambling about the country, like our giddy fools in England, but remain together in the capital, as sensible people ought to do.

He then proposed that we should pack up a few things, take post, pass over, and spend a couple of months at Paris. Finding I did not relish the proposal, he wrote an apology to the lady in Yorkshire, with an inclosed bank bill, and set out next day by himself. I heard no more of him for about six weeks, but at the end of that time, happening to be at Bath, I saw my friend C—— enter the pump-room.—Egad, said he, you were wise to stay at home:—Paris has become the most insipid place on earth:—I could not support it above ten days.—But, having heard a good deal of Holland, I even took a jaunt to Amsterdam, which, between friends, I found very little more amusing than Paris; two days after my arrival, finding an English ship just ready to sail, I thought it would be a pity to let the opportunity slip; so I ordered my trunk aboard.

We had a disagreeable passage:—however I arrived safe a few days ago at Harwich.

COMFORT.

"I HAVE had very much vexation."—Thus was speaking a poor old soldier. "I had been long out of work, when poor Mary my wife, chanced to fall sick. I run a little in debt.—Never since our grenadiers were repulsed from the intrenchments of Montmorency, did I feel a heavier heart."——

"No wonder," said Mrs. ——. "It was enough to drive you to despair."

"I never give way to despair;"—replied the soldier; "for it is of no use, and so I always make it a rule to keep it off."

"How do you contrive that?"

"By always trusting to Providence, and sometimes taking a *dram*."

ENGLISH BEAUTY.

Is more remarkable in the country than in town; the peasantry of no country in Europe can stand a comparison, in point of looks with those of England. That race of people, have the conveniencies of life in no other country in such perfection; they are no where so well fed, so well defended from the injuries of the seasons; and no where else do they keep themselves so perfectly clean and free from all the vilifying effects of dirt. The English country-girls, taken collectively, are, unquestionably, the hand-

somest in the world. The female peasants of most other countries are so hard-worked, so ill fed, so much tanned by the sun, that it is difficult to know whether they have any beauty or not.

LEGACY.

A NATIVE of the Highlands of Scotland, rented a small portion of land of a nobleman of that country. Being upon his death bed, he expressed a desire of seeing his master. The nobleman went directly to the hut of his tenant, and condoled with him on the melancholy state he seemed to be in. "I am greatly indebted to your Lordship," said the dying man, "for the condescension and kindness which you have always shewed to me. I am now dying, my lord, and would willingly leave to so good a master, what I have of the greatest value in this world."

"I am happy, my good friend, to hear," said his lordship, "that you have any thing of value to leave; whatever you have, I must insist on your leaving it all to your little son Duncan, here; and whatever his portion is, I am more disposed to add to it than diminish it."

"Little Duncan, is all I have to leave," replied the poor man, "and the greatest uneasiness I have in dying, is the thought of the destitute condition of that boy. I intreat earnestly of your lordship, to accept of this poor orphan, as a pledge of my regard, and the only legacy I have to bestow."

"I do accept him, with all my heart and soul," cried his Lordship, "and if he proves as honest a

man as his father, nothing but death shall part him and me."

"Praise be to the Almighty," cried the dying man, with uplifted eyes and arms. "Thanks to the gracious God of heaven and earth, for all his goodness to me and mine!---Oh! my good Lord," continued he, addressing the nobleman, "you have made me a happy man."—Here the sudden gush of joy overwhelmed the feeble heart of this poor man; he fell back on his heath pillow and expired.

The nobleman led the boy home to his castle, and after placing him some years at school, took him to attend his own person.

MILITARY DISCIPLINE.

The great end and object of every government ought to be the happiness of the governed. We conceive the diffusion of happiness to be the grand purpose even of creation. When the avowed object is the promotion of general happiness in every government and institution, individual happiness ought to have a proper weight. I question much if this is the case in the system of military discipline, particularly in Germany.

The exhibition of a review is brilliant to the eye; but an investigation of the springs on which its movements depend is most afflicting to the heart. The number of blows to which a recruit in the German service is subjected, is not to be counted; and the various severities he must endure, before he can be brought to hold himself as erect as a pike, to wheel to the right and left with the agility of a har-

lequin, to bear restraint with the patience of a bramin, and to toss his firelock with the dexterity of a juggler, are inconceivable.

DESCRIPTIONS, WHEN TEDIOUS.

It is hardly possible for any mortal to contemplate the sublime objects of nature, or the beauties of variegated landscape, without admiration and delight.

It is hardly possible not to receive much pleasure from reading masterly and elegant descriptions of picturesque countries; but when repeated too often in the same book, the frowning mountain, the terrific rock, the deep shade of the woods, the bright verdure of the meads, the headlong torrent, the meandering river, the blush of morn, glow of noon, and purple tint of evening, the bright stars, twinkling through luxuriant branches, the pale face of the moon, and all the glory of the great sun itself, become tiresome.

TRUE PHILOSOPHY.

—I DO not know where I met with the following lines; they are natural and easy, expressive of true philosophy, as well as of the conduct and sentiments of the whole French nation.

M'amuser n'importe comment,
Fait toute ma Philosophie,
Je crois ne perdre aucun moment,
Hors le moment où je m'ennuie;
Et je tiens ma tâche finie,
Pourvu qu'ainsi tout doucement,
Je me defasse de la vie,

FORTUNATE GAMESTERS.

I SHALL not suppose that any of the very fortunate gamesters, have used those means to correct fortunes which are generally reckoned fraudulent, but we may suppose that among a great number of careless inattentive people of fortune, a few wary, cool and shrewd men are mingled; who know how to conceal real caution under apparent inattention and gaiety of manners;—who have a perfect command of themselves, push their luck when fortune smiles, and refrain when she changes her disposition; who have calculated the chances, and understand every game where judgment is required.

If any of those fortunate people were brought to trial, and examined by what means they had accumulated such sums, they might answer in the words of the wife of Concini, Mareschal d'Ancre, when she was asked what charm she made use of to fascinate the mind of the Queen?—De l'ascendant, she replied, qu'un esprit superieur a toujours des esprits foibles.

FRENCH AND GERMAN POSTILLIONS.

THE contrast of character between French and Germans is strongly illustrated in the behaviour of the postillions of the two countries.

A French postillion is generally either laughing or fretting, or singing or swearing, all the time he is on the road. If a hill or a bad road obliges him to go slow, he will of a sudden fall a cracking of his whip above his head for a quarter of an hour together, without rhyme or reason; for he knows the horses

cannot go a bit faster, and he does not intend they should. All this noise and emotion therefore means nothing, and proceeds entirely from that abhorrence of quiet, which every Frenchman sucks in with his mother's milk.

A German postillion, on the contrary, neither sings, nor frets, nor laughs: he only smokes. If you call him to go faster, he turns about, looks you in the face, takes his pipe from his mouth, and says, *yaw Mynheer—yaw, yaw;* and then proceeds exactly in the same pace as before. He is no way affected whether the road be good or bad; whether it rains, or shines, or snows. He has one object of which he never loses sight, which is, to conduct your chaise from one post to another; and unless his pipe goes out (in which case he strikes his flint and rekindles it) he seems not to have another idea during the journey.

INSOLENCE.

When supported by power is mean---without that support it is ridiculous.

EUROPEAN WOMEN.

There is much expression in the countenances of French women; but the ladies in Germany have the advantage in the fairness of their skin, and the bloom of their complexion. They have a greater resemblance to English women than to French, yet they differ considerably from them both.

A handsome French woman, besides the ease of her manner, has commonly a look of cheerfulness and great vivacity.—She appears willing to be acquainted with you, and seems to expect that you should address her.

The manner of an English woman is not so devoid of restraint; and a stranger, especially if he be a foreigner, may observe a look which borders on disdain in her countenance. Even among the loveliest features, something of a sulky air often appears. While their beauty allures, this, in some degree, checks that freedom of address which you might use to the French woman; and interests your vanity more, by giving the idea of the difficulties you are to conquer.

A German beauty, without the smart air of the one, or the reserve of the other, has generally a more placid look than either.

SALT HERRING.

A French student of medicine, lodged in the same house in London, with a man in a fever. This poor man was continually teased by the nurse to drink, though he nauseated the insipid liquids that were presented to him. At last, when she was more importunate than usual, he whispered in her ear—For God's sake bring me a salt herring, and I will drink as much as you please."

The woman indulged him in his request; he devoured the herring, drank plentifully, underwent a copious perspiration, and recovered.

The French student inserted this aphorism in his journal :

A salt herring cures an Englishman in a fever.

On his return to France, he prescribed the same remedy to the first patient in a fever to whom he was called.

The patient died : on which the student inserted in his journal the following caveat :—

N. B. *Though a salt herring cures an Englishman, it kills a Frenchman.*

LORD TORPID.

Lord Torpid is thought as polite a nobleman as any about court ; there is a bowing, smiling attentiveness in his manner, which those who are ignorant that it is the effect of mere habit, mistake for an indication of good-will. Lord Torpid is incapable of doing a rude thing ; but a corn on his own toe, gives him more concern than the greatest misfortune that can befal any of his acquaintance, including those he calls his friends. He passes his time at court, at the opera, at concert, in lounging, and at his toilet He is visited by a dentist, who has the superintendance of his teeth ; an operator for the nails regularly inspects those of his Lordships fingers and toes as often. It is observed, that on the remaining three days of the week, the noble Lord is much at a loss what to do with himself, when the hour arrives which those different artists are in use to occupy.

The utmost that can be said at any period of his life, is that he is in existence; and it is more than a cautious person would venture to affirm at some par-

ticular times, when he seems to have as little feeling as a corpse. This is peculiarly observable at the play-house, for, although he never goes till the play is ended, from taste, he is some times obliged to attend before it begins from duty; and there he contemplates Mrs. Siddons in Belvidera, and Lady Randolph, with great composure. His friends endeavour to explain this, by saying, that his lordship, like many other respectable people, has no relish for tragedy. And when it afterwards appears that he is equally unmoved with the genuine nature and exquisite pleasantry of Mrs. Jordan, they are forced to add, that his lordship also resembles those respectable people who have no relish for comedy.

A GOOD ENOUGH SORT OF A MAN,

Is of a cold, tame, civil, cautious disposition, and has balanced so exactly, through the whole of his life, that he has never obliged or disobliged any one. He has neither friend or foe in the world: but were he to break his neck to-night, no human creature would feel either sorrow, or satisfaction at the event.

COUNTESS BRUNELLA,

Takes every opportunity of insinuating that she has been in her youth greatly distinguished for her beauty. Her charms, however, whatever they have once been, are now entirely fled: but she still retains all the vanity, insolence, and caprice, which

ever attended the bloom of beauty, with the addition of that peevishness and ill-humour, which often accompany its decay. Her insolence, however, is only displayed to the unprotected, and her ill-humour to her servants; for to her superiors she is always obsequious, and to her equals she wears an everlasting simper of approbation. This woman's benevolence is regulated by decorum; her friendship by conveniency; and all her affections by etiquette. Her heart has no concern in any of those matters.

She is chaste, without being virtuous, because in her it proceeds from constitution, not sentiment. Guarded by the breast-plate of frigidity, which, like the ægis of Minerva, repels the shafts of love, she walks through life erect and steady to the dictates of decorum and self-interest, without a slip or false step.

Inexorable to all helpless females, who, from the frailty of nature, or the perfidy of man, are observed to totter, or even to stoop, in their progress, she insists that they should be for ever excluded from the society of the upright: and, if any person shews a disposition to palliate their errors, this vulture of chastity quits, for a moment, the frail bird on whom she has pounced, and turns her envenomed beak against those who are for shewing the smallest degree of mercy; and being freed by nature from any propensity to one particular frailty, she indulges, without bounds, in the gratification of envy, hatred, slander, haughtiness, and other vices of the same class, for which, from her childhood, she has discovered a decided taste.——

TALENT.

You know how barbarous a thing it is to keep alive a dialogue with my Lord M——. The conversation either degenerates into a soliloquy on your part, or expires altogether. I was therefore exceedingly happy with the thought of the French Marquis's company. He was uncommonly lively; addressed much of his conversation to his Lordship; tried him upon every subject, wine, women, horses, politics, and religion. He then sung *chanson à boire*, and tried in vain to get my Lord to join the chorus. Nothing would do.—He admired his clothes, praised his dog, and said a thousand obliging things of the English nation; to no purpose. His Lordship kept up his silence and reserve to the last; and then drove away to the Opera.

"Ma foi," said the Marquis, as soon as he went out of the room, "il a de grands talens pour le silence ce Milord là."

DUTCHMAN.

At Basil, when at table, I expressed to my Strasbourg acquaintance my regret that I could not speak a little Dutch, to enjoy the conversation of a Dutchman, my neighbour. It was immediately translated to him, he heard it with great composure, took his pipe from his mouth, and made the following answer.—That I ought to console myself, for as we had no connection or dealings together, our conversing could not possibly answer any purpose.

GERMAN COURTIERS.

On a gala day, at the court of Cashel, I observed in the drawing-room two persons, saluting each other with great politeness, and apparent regard. A little after, one of them touched my shoulder, and pointing to the other, whispered in my ear.—"Prenez garde, Monsieur, à cet homme; c'est, un grand coquin."

The other within a few minutes came to me, saying;—"Croyez-vous, Monsieur, que vous puissiez reconnoitre un fou, si je vous le montrois?"—Le voila, added he, showing the person who had whispered me before.

I have been since told, by those who know both, that each had hit exactly upon the other's character.

This little trait I have mentioned merely on account of its singularity, and to show you how very different the manners of the court, and the sentiments of the courtiers here, with regard to each other, are from those at St. James's.

PERFECTION.

There is room to fear, that the race of those perfect beings incapable of weakness and invulnerable to vice,* who are armed at all points, and cased in virtues, as the knights of chivalry were in mail,

* Let us take men as we find them. If we would only live with those, who are perfectly virtuous, we must probably live alone—for where are such men to be found?

has intirely failed, as well as that of those tremendous giants, void of every virtue, and replete with every vice, who lived in the same ages;—till these opposite extremes, men intirely good or completely wicked, appear again, we must be contented with that mediocrity of character which prevails, and draw mankind as we find them, the best subject to weaknesses, the worst imbued with some good quality.

JEALOUSY.

To remove suspicions from the breast of a man given to jealousy, and prevent their returning, would be changing his nature. This passion has a tendency not only to sour the temper, but to obscure the understanding.

> ——— Trifles, light as air,
> Are to the jealous confirmation strong
> As proofs of holy writ.

DEPENDENTS.

It is a miserable trait in a young man's character, to prefer the company of obsequious dependents, who, on no occasion, withhold their assent, to that of men of liberal spirit, or equal rank with himself; a feature which infallibly puts an end to improvement, and renders a man at length as disagreeable to society, as society is disagreeable to him.

CRUELTY.

It hath been often said, that cowards only are cruel, but although it is natural to think, and observation will justify the opinion, that they are more apt to be so than the intrepid; yet there are but too many proofs that one of the most respectable and brilliant qualities which can adorn the character of man, is some times united to the most odious that can disgrace humanity, and that courage is not incompatible with cruelty.

ADVICE.

Englishmen, consider perhaps advice as an encroachment on that liberty they are so fond of.

FOP.*

Nothing is more unfeeling than a fop, nor any animal more completely selfish. A ball, a horse-race, a new dancer, the latest fashion, interests

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* Or *Macaroni*.—Such is the origin of that name. *Folengio Theophilus*, of Mantua, an Italian Poet, gave the name of *Macaroni* to one of his poems from an Italian cake, which is sweet to the taste, but has not the least alimentary virtue, palling on the contrary, the appetite, and cloying the stomach These idle poems thus called, consisting of buffoonery, became the reigning taste in Italy and in France;—till at last every thing insipid, contemptible and ridiculous, in character, dress, or behaviour, is now summed up in the despicable appellation of *a Macaroni*, or *a Fop*.

him more than any thing of real importance. The mind of a fop, regardless of what is valuable, attaches itself to those trifling objects only which the vortex of fashion whirls within its reach. Nothing of moment can adhere to what is so essentially flimsy. Like rubbed amber, the fop, without influencing any substance of weight, attracts all the straws and chaffs that are near it.

PRUSSIAN MANNERS.

The French manners, and turn of thinking, certainly prevail very little among the Prussian officers; but the ladies, have more the air of French women, than those of any court. They are by no means, neglected by men in general. --Many of the married women particularly, have avowed admirers, who attend them on all occasions, are invited with them to all entertainments, sit next them at table, and whom the master or the mistress of the feast, takes care to place in the same party with them at cards. When the lady is not provided with an attendant of this kind, her husband, as well as herself, is generally a little out of countenance, and both seem rather in an awkward situation, till this necessary concomitant be found.

In this country, when both parties are willing, and when there are no children, a divorce may be obtained with very little trouble or expence; you may be frequently in companies, where a lady, her present and former husband are at table, and all parties behave in the most polite and friendly manner to each other

Here jealousy is held in equal contempt and detestation, and scandal is very little known. People seem so fully occupied with their own private affairs, that they seldom trouble their heads about the business of their neighbours. If, in the course of conversation, an intimacy of a particular kind is hinted at between people of different sexes, it is mentioned accidentally, as a fact of no importance, and without the smallest blame or ill-natured reflection on either of the parties.

PARIS IN 1799, CONTRASTED WITH PARIS IN 1792.

In 1779.

A CANDID Englishman, of whatever rank he may be, must see with indignation, that every thing here is arranged for the accommodation of the rich and the powerful, and that little or no regard is paid to the comfort of citizens of an inferior station. This appears in a thousand instances, and strikes the eyes immediately on entering Paris.

The regular and effectual manner in which the city of London is lighted at night, and the raised pavements on the side of every street, for the security and conveniency of foot-passengers, seem to indicate that the body of the people, as well as the rich and great, are counted of some importance in the eye of government; whereas Paris is poorly and partially lighted; and except on the Pont Neuf and Pont Royal, and the keys between them, is not provided with foot-ways, for the accommodation and safety of those who cannot afford carriages. They

must therefore grope their way as they best can, and skulk behind pillars, or run into shops to avoid being crushed by the coaches, which are driven as near the wall as they please, dispersing the people on foot at their approach, like chaff before the wind.

Monarchy is raised in this country so high, that it quite loses sight of the bulk of the nation, and pays attention only to a few, who, being in exalted situations, come within the court's sphere of vision.

There is no question that government leaves the middle and inferior ranks of life in some degrees unprotected, and exposed to the injustice and insolence of the great, who are considered as somewhat above the law, though greatly below the monarch.

But the polished mildness of French manners, the gay and sociable turn of the nation, the affable and easy conduct of masters to their servants, supply the deficiencies, and correct the errors of government, and render the condition of the common people in France, but particularly at Paris, better than in several other countries of Europe.

In 1792.

That city which owes its most admired ornaments, some pecular rights, and a great part of its wealth to the favour of the monarchs; and which will lose more than any part of France by the continuation of a republican government, has shewn a greater violence against royalty, than the generality of the provinces; and its populace has become sanguinary and cruel.—This phenomenon may easily be accounted for. It is well known, that profligacy and wickedness of every sort are pushed to greater lengths in capitals, where vast numbers of mankind are assembled. Paris has been long thought a place

of greater profligacy than any other capital in Europe. At London, the industry of the city, serves as some check to the dissipation of Westminster. The other capital cities in Europe are smaller and poorer. Paris, although not so large nor so rich as London, was more luxurious, because on account of the universality of the French language, the general situation of French manners, and other reasons, it was not only the capital of France, but in some degree, of all Europe, and was much more frequented by the rich and dissipated from every country, than London ever was. At Paris, pleasure was not only to be had on easier terms, but was also served up more to the taste of foreigners in general, than at London. There is a great resort of industrious strangers to the latter, besause of a more extensive field for industry; but undoubtedly a greater number of gamesters, sharpers, and adventurers of every denomination, from the different countries of Europe, were to be found at Paris, than in any other town in the world. Such men became the ready agents of those who had the most criminal views in the progress of the revolution, and pushed the Parisians to the greatest excesses*.

* The following is the true description which a Frenchman gives of Paris as it was a little after the revolution †.

I visited every part of the ancient capital of France. It was no longer the same, and I scarcely knew it again. I should have been less a stranger at Rome under the reign of the first emperor than in the city in which I was born, and from which I had not been absent more than five years. The houses, indeed, with

† *Memoires Anecdotiques*, &c. *Anecdotes tending to illustrate the History of the French Revolution*, &c.

They were intoxicated with rage and fury, while a little before they were intoxicated with love for their monarch, It seems to be in their nature to be always intoxicated with something or other.

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some alterations, were the same, and the streets were the same; but the inhabitants were very different. Most persons of opulence had become poor, but all the poor had not become rich; for never was wretchedness so general. At every shop I met with strange customs, and figures more strange. Most of the houses were as much disguised as the inhabitants; taverns, public houses, were covered with patriotic emblems, and liberty signs daubed over with national colours. There were altars to liberty, statues to liberty, liberty squares; liberty was every where inscribed, but I never could find out any one who could define the nature of French liberty.—A new horde of Vandals seemed to have taken possession of the city; for every where you descried the ruin of some edifice.—I visited the different theatres. There the public no longer thought with Corneille, wept with Racine, or laughed with Moliere. Instead of their chef d'oeuvres, you saw pieces the most dismal and tiresome; stupid comedies, very patriotic, but utterly destitute of probability, nature, or interest —Certain persons turned usurers, and lent money at the moderate interest of five or six per cent. per month. What afflicted me was to see immorality, irreligion, and a total absence of all principle among the great mass of the people. They lived like beasts, without that restraint which checks the indulgence of human passion, without that consolotary idea which soothes the pain, and without that beneficial resignation which teaches men to support it. History presented to my mind a horrible picture of crimes and calamities. Nothing was talked of but theft, murder, and suicide. Such, then, are the fruits of that revolution which was to atchieve the happiness of mankind! Wherever I cast my eyes I perceived nothing but crimes, hatred, and vengeance; persecutors and persecuted. It is not, then, sufficient to be free, to be happy; the sources of freedom itself must be pure, and freedom itself must be durable; but how can that edifice be durable, which is founded on the moveable basis of immorality and error?

INHUMANITY

Is a total disregard to the feelings of his fellow-creatures, when any interest or gratification of his own is in question. This disposition of the mind admits of fewer good qualities, and is connected with a greater number of bad, than any other of which human nature is susceptible. Montaigne, indeed, has said, " Nature a, (ce crains-je) elle même attaché à l'homme quelque instinct à l'inhumanité." But it is to be hoped, the instinct he mentions belongs only to devils; and that a *disinterested* pleasure in the sufferings of others, exists not even in the most wicked of human breasts. It is sufficiently deplorable, that any of mankind are capable of pursuing what they consider as their own interest, and sometimes interest of a very frivolous nature, at the expence of extreme misery to their fellow-creatures. The proofs, however, of this degree of cruelty, need not be drawn from the stories of giants, and records of chivalry; they are frequently found in more authentic history, and may be adduced from the conduct of too many of the heroes and great men of antiquity; not to mention the great men of our own days, whose sentiments and conduct, however different from those of the former in every other respect, have a wonderful resemblance to their predecessors, in this article of insensibility and disregard to the miseries of others.

HATRED.

THERE is, perhaps, no sentiment which it is so difficult to conceal from the person who is the object of it. A moderate adept in the art of dissimulation, may impose on those for whom he feels no esteem, or whom he even holds in contempt; and, if he has an interest in it, may persuade them that he has a high respect, or even veneration, for them: and this, in some measure, accounts for so many people of the highest rank being ignorant of the true rate at which they are estimated. For the indications of contempt are easily restrained, and those of admiration as easily assumed; but it requires the powers of a finished hypocrite to hide hatred or aversion, and prevent their discovering themselves by some involuntary appearance in the countenance or manner.

BERLIN

Is certainly one of the most beautiful cities in Europe. The streets are built in a very regular manner, and of a commodious breadth. In the New Town they are perfectly straight. Frederick-Street is reckoned two English miles and a half, in length. Others which go off at right angles from that, are a mile, or a mile and a half long.

There are few very magnificent buildings in this town. The rest are neat houses, built of a fine white free-stone, generally one, or at most two stories high. The finishing within does not correspond with the elegance of the outside. The arsenal,

which is a noble structure, is built in the form of a square.

The new Roman catholic church is by far the most elegant place of worship in the city.

On the front of the Opera-house is this inscription.

"Fredfricus Rex, Apollini et Musis,"

After observing the inscriptions and ornaments of the palaces and other public buildings, the new method of decorating the churches the number of Mercuries, Apollos, Minervas, and Cupids, that are to be met with in this country, a stranger might be led to suspect that the Christian religion was excluded from the Prussian dominions, and old Jupiter and his family restored to their ancient honours: instead of saints and crucifixes, Frederick the Great determined that the churches of Berlin should be ornamented with the portraits of men who have been useful to the state. Those of the Mareschal Swerin, Reith, &c. are already placed in the great Lutheran church.

Berlin, though not fortified, is certainly a very military town. When all the soldiers of the garrison are present, they amount to 30,000, in their general conduct they are quiet, and the police of the town is pretty well regulated.

The most fashionable walk in Berlin is in the middle of one of the principal streets. Before the houses, on each side, there is a causeway, and between these two causeways are fine walks, planted with lime-trees. Tents are pitched under these, and ice, lemonade, and other refreshments sold. The bands of music belonging to the regiments practise here in the summer—The company generally are in the greatest

numbers in the evening, and often walk till it is very late.

> Beneath the grateful evening shade,
> The public walks, the public park,
> Are assignations duly made,
> With gentle whispers in the dark.

BARRACKS.

FREDERICK the Great chooses that his soldiers should be quartered with the citizens, rather than in barracks. This ought to be a sufficient answer to those military gentlemen who insist on building barracks for the soldiers of Britain, upon the supposition that our army cannot be well disciplined without them. For it could scarcely be expected, or wished that the British army were under more rigid discipline than the Prussian.

The British Parliament have always shown an aversion to lodging military in barracks, and have preferred quartering them in the citizens houses, that a connection and good-will may be cultivated between the soldiers and their fellow-citizens: and that the former may not consider themselves as a distinct body of men, with a separate interest from the rest of the community, and whose duty it is implicitly to obey the will of the crown at all times, and upon all occasions.

In Prussia, on the contrary, it may not be thought expedient to lodge great bodies of armed men together in barracks, lest they should, during the night, (for in the day-time the officers are present), form combinations destructive of discipline, and dangerous to government.

MILITARY SLAVERY.

Since so great a number of men in Europe are doomed to it, it is much to be lamented that the doom should fall on the useful industrious peasantry, who pass their days in cheerfulness, tasting every real pleasure without the nausea of satiety, or the stings of remorse, and perhaps of all mankind, these have the greatest enjoyment of life. If the useless, wealthy, and luxurious, could be translated into the same state, the sum total of happiness destroyed would be infinitely smaller. This would not be annihilating happiness, but shifting the scene of the wretched. Such recruits would only be harrassed by the caprice of others instead of their own; plagued with the manual exercise, instead of being tortured by peevishness and disgust; laid up in consequence of running the gantlet, instead of being laid up with the gout;—and finally, knocked down by a cannon-ball, instead of being killed by a fit of the apoplexy or a surfeit.

COMMERCE.

Injudicious taxes, monopolies, and other restrictions, cramp its speculations; like the wild commoners of the air, when confined or shackled, it immediately droops and dwindles; or, being alarmed, like love,

> "——— at sight of human ties,
> "Spreads its light wings, and in a moment flies."

LIBELS.

I NEVER had any delight in contemplating or exposing the dark side of human nature; but there are some shades so obvious that you cannot open your eyes without observing them. The satisfaction that many people enjoy in reading libels, wherein private characters are traduced, is of that nature. If to be abused in pamphlets and news-papers, is considered as adversity*, the truth of Rochefoucalt's maxim, is incontrovertible;—" Dans l'adversité de nos meilleurs amis, nous trouvons toujours quelque chose qui ne nous deplait pas.

The common scribblers of the age have turned to their advantage this malevolent disposition, which they perceive to be so prevalent among men. Like the people who provide bulls and other animals to be baited by dogs, for the amusement of the spectators, these gentlemen turn out a few characters every week, to be mangled and torn in the most cruel manner in the public news-papers.

It is the savage taste of those who pay for those amusements, which keep them in use. The writers of scurrilous books, often bear no malice to the individuals they abuse; they seldom have any knowledge of them. It is far from being impossible that the authors of these severe verses may have no more acquaintance with the lords and gentlemen against whom they write with such bitterness, than the wea-

* That it is one may be doubted, speaking of insults from News-papers abuse.—" They sting one," said Dr. Johnson; " but as a fly stings a horse, and the eagle will not catch flies."

ver who wove their pocket-handkerchiefs. The motive for the fabrication of the one, as well as the other commodity, most probably was daily bread, and the poetasters have prefered satire to panegyric, merely because they knew the first was most to the taste of their customers.

Many of those who exclaim against the injustice and cruelty of tearing private characters to pieces in public papers, have the most virulent of these productions served up every morning as regularly as their toast and butter. If they would forego the pleasure of reading them, the evil they complain of would cease directly.

FRIVOLITY.

When a man of great ambition, wickedness, and strength of mind, perpetrates crimes of the deepest dye, to attain his objects, it is no more than what might be expected; but it may lead to more useful reflections, to show that men of frivolous characters, devoid of ambition, or any great stimulas to evil, may be gradually led from want of thought and easiness of temper, from one step to another, until they arrive at the summit of wickedness.

FEROCITY.

After the massacre of the fifty-two prisoners from Orleans, at Versailles, arrived a waggon, into which was thrown as many of the slaughtered bodies as the horses could draw.—A boy of fourteen years

of age was within the waggon, assisting to receive the bodies as they were put in, with an air of much indifference. One of those wretches who threw in the bodies, and who, probably had assisted in the massacre, said to the spectators, in praise of the boy's activity: "Voyez ce petit bon homme comme il est hardi!"

Gracious heaven! were those barbarities, which would disgrace savages, committed by Frenchmen! by that lively and ingenious people, whose writings are so much admired, whose society has been so much courted, and whose manners have been so much imitated?

PIETY.

A FRIEND of mine told me, that he was this forenoon in a bookseller's shop, and having observed the shelves of one side entirely filled with books of devotion, he had asked of the bookseller if books of that kind were in much request at present.

"A good deal," replied the bookseller, "with the aristocrats; as for the patriots, they hardly ever look into them."

"The reason of that," resumed my friend, "perhaps is, that the patriots being the poorer, have not money to lay out in books."

"They used to purchase them formerly," said the bookseller, "and it is only since the aristocrats became poor, that many of them began to purchase them at all."

A great proportion of mankind think very little of

the next world, till the present becomes insupportable to them*.

FRENCH NOBLES.

In ancient times, the power of the state, and the whole spirit of the French armies, depended on the noblesse; as gallant a class of men as the world ever produced. The Greek and Roman histories exhibit not brighter examples of generous intrepidity than the annals of France. The noblesse, therefore, were at once respected by the sovereign and by the people.

But if they were respected, and admired, and had privileges granted to them, does it follow that the same are due to men bred in effeminate luxury, distinguished for their follies and debasing amusements? The following is the description which Montesquieu gives of that part of the nobility of France, which at the Revolution formed the court, "Ambi-

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* This it appears amongst thousands of instances, was the case with the celebrated La Harpe, author of the "*Course of Literature*," who died a few months since, in exile, by order of that government which aspires to assume an uncontrouled command over the moral and physical world, for having dared to write some strictures on its system of administration. He was a member of the famous French Academy, and an intimate friend of Voltaire's, whose principles of democracy and atheism he continued to propagate, till the year 1797, when, having serious thoughts of futurity, he thought he could not do the world a greater service, than by making a formal recantation of his errors. Never did the modern philosophers receive a greater shock than by the loss of so able an advocate.

tion with indolence; meanness with pride; desire of enriching themselves without labour; aversion for truth; flattery; perjury, contempt for the duties of a citizen, fear of the virtues of their sovereign; and hope from his foibles; above all, a continual attempt to turn virtue into ridicule, form the character of the majority of the courtiers." —Fond of the trappings of a soldier, they shrunk from its real dangers. Riches and promotions at home were obtained by court intrigue, more than military merit, or merit of any kind. The noblesse who came from the distant provinces, were by them treated superciliously. Many officers of the army when they came to Versailles, found their services abroad forgotten. Is it surprizing then that they were greatly disgusted with the present system?*

FRANKFORT ON THE MAIN.

It is a free imperial city, having a small territory belonging to it; and it is governed by its own magistracy.

Its streets are spacious and well paved, the houses stately, clean, and convenient; the shops well fur-

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* Every one knows that the French monarchical government sanctioned a variety of abuses; but if the description of Montesquieu were ever so applicable to the nobility at the time of the Revolution, such of them as have survived it, have abundantly expiated their errors by their misfortunes.—They have shewn themselves truly noble, by years of resignation, humility and bravery which exhibit their character as christian princes, in a stronger light than it ever would have appeared, while surrounded by the grandeur of a court.

nished; the dress, the number, the air, and general manners of the inhabitants, sufficiently show, without other information, that there is no little despot within their walls to impoverish them, in support of his grandeur; and to put every action of their lives, every movement of their bodies, under restraint by his caprice.

All religions are tolerated here, under certain restrictions; but Lutheranism is the established faith, as the magistrates are of that communion.

The Jews have a synagogue in this city, where they perform their religious rites; but the Calvinists have never been allowed any public house of worship within the territory of Frankfort. They attend divine service at a place called Bockenheim, in the county of Hanau, where they have built a church.

The principal church is in the possession of the Roman catholics, but no public procession of the host is performed. In it there is a chapel, to which the Emperor is conducted immediately after his election, in order to be crowned by the Elector of Mentz.

Though Frankfort is thought a fine town, and the effect produced by the whole is magnificent, yet there are no buildings in particular, worthy of attention. However, all strangers visit the town-house, to see the chamber where the Emperor is elected, as well as the famous golden bull, which is kept there with the utmost care.

There is in this town a singular custom, whose origin is unknown. Two women appear every day, at noon, on the battlements of the principal steeple, and play some very solemn airs with trumpets. This music is accompanied by vocal psalmody, for which

the people here have a violent taste: it is performed by four or five men, who always attend those female trumpeters.

Funerals are conducted with an uncommon degree of solemnity in this town; when any person in tolerable circumstances dies, a band of those sweet singers, men and boys, who have psalm-singing for their only profession, assemble in the streets before the house, and chant an hour every day to the corpse, till it is interred. The same band accompanies the funeral, singing hymns all the way.—A man clothed in a black cloak, and carrying a crucifix at the end of a large pole, heads the procession, whether the deceased has died a Roman catholic, a Lutheran, or a Calvinist.—A great number of hired mourners in the same dress, and each with a lemon in his hand, march after him:—then come the singers, followed by the corpse in a hearse; and lastly, the relations in mourning coaches.

There is a very considerable number of Calvinists in this place: they are excluded from any share in the government of the city; but generally thought the most industrious.

The number of Jews in Frankfort is prodigious; they are obliged to live altogether in a single street, built up at one end, and at the other there is a large gate, which is regularly shut at a certain hour of the night, after which no Jews dare appear in the streets. As this street is narrow, the children of Israel, never remarkable for cleanliness, but always noted for breeding, could not have been worse lodged in the land of Egypt.

They are permitted to choose a judge out of their

own body, for deciding disputes amongst themselves.

They attack you in the town during the day time, ply at the gate of your lodgings, and even glide into your apartment, offering to supply you with every commodity you have occasion for. At the entrance of their street, they entreat your custom with the violence and vociferation of so many Thames watermen.

In their synagogue there is nothing magnificent, but much apparent zeal and fervour.

Society here is divided into noblesse and the bourgeois. For the nobility there is a public assembly once a week, at which they drink tea, converse, and play at cards, from six to ten. The citizens, who connect themselves with strangers, have made their fortunes by commerce, which some of them still follow. Their noble neighbours insinuate, that they always retain a vulgarity of sentiments and manners, unknown to those whose blood has flowed pure through several generations, unmixed with that puddle which stagnates in the veins of plebeians; but no stranger observes that distinction.

STRASBOURG.

Its cathedral, a very fine Gothic building, never fails to attract the attention of strangers. We naturally feel a respect for a fabric into which we know that our forefathers have entered with reverence, and which has stood the assault of many centuries, and of a thousand storms. That religious melancholy which large Gothic churches inspire is, however, considerably counteracted by certain satirical bas-reliefs, with which the pillars and cornices of

this church of Strasbourg was originally ornamented. —The vices of monks are here exposed under the allegorical figures of hogs, asses, monkies, and foxes, which being dressed in monkish habits, perform the most venerable functions of religion. And for the edification of those who do not comprehend allegory, a monk, in the robes of his order, is engraved on the pulpit in a most indecent posture, with a nun lying by him.

Upon the whole, the cathedral of Strasbourg is considered by some people as the most impious, and by others as the merriest Gothic church in Christendom.

The great clock, and its various movements, was an object of admiration, when first constructed, but is now beheld with indifference by modern artists.

From the steeple of this cathedral, reckoned one of the highest in Europe (being 574 feet), you see the extensive plains of Alsace, with the Rhine flowing through them.

Among the curiosities of the cathedral are two large bells, which they show to strangers. One is of brass, and weighs ten tons; the other of silver, which they say weighs above two.—They also show a large French horn, whose history is as follows: —About four hundred years ago, the Jews formed a conspiracy to betray the city, and with this identical horn they intended to give the enemy notice when to begin the attack. The plot, however, was discovered; many of the Jews were burnt alive; the rest were plundered of their money, and banished the town. This horn is sounded twice every night from the battlements of the steeple, in gratitude for the deliverance.

The Jews, it may be expected, deny every circumstance of this story; say it was fabricated to furnish a pretext for murdering and pillaging their countrymen.

PLAINTIVE.

He is a stout healthy man, of a robust complexion. But his mind is not so vigorous as his body. His chief, indeed his only care, is that of his health; and according to his own account, no man ever bestowed his care to less purpose; for he always declares himself to be in bad health, and nothing provokes him so much as hinting that he is in good health, or likely ever to be so.

As he keeps much within doors, he is obliged sometimes to have recourse to books as an amusement, and takes some delight in reading history and romance. Yet the narrative of no battle, however obstinate, or no adventure however surprising, delights him so much as that of some severe distemper, in which the symptoms are faithfully delineated, and the sufferings of the patient forcibly recorded.

Plaintive, continually consults practitioners in physic of every denomination, though he never admits that any of them hath ever done him any permanent service. Those of the profession, who advise him to give over swallowing drugs, and to look for a cure in exercise, amusement, and temperance, he dismisses as theorists, and men unacquainted with the common practice of medicine.

Plaintive is fond of telling long stories; he is generally the hero of his own tale; and being of the

opinion of those who think that great men shine most in adversity, his hero was always as miserable as he could make him. His heroism being of a passive nature, however, and his sufferings always in the superlative degree, which admits of little variation of phraseology, the incidents of the narrative are seldom entertaining.

His complaints, no doubt, are often imaginary; but it is equally certain that he seldom imagined them to be so bad as he wishes his friend to imagine them. For though no man ever had less sympathy to bestow, none was ever more fond of receiving it.

RULING PASSION.

It is reported that the supreme delight of Frederic the First, King of Prussia, through life, had been to see his troops exercise; in his last illness, when he was uncommonly languid, they raised his head to the window, and a sight of the men under arms, operated like a cordial, and revived his spirits.—His eyes became dim, he could no longer see the soldiers, and he expired. This was feeling the ruling passion strongly in death*.

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* It is reported of Chirac, the celebrated physician, that on his death bed he felt his own pulse, imagining that he was on a visit to one of his patients, and cried out—"I have been called "too late; the patient has been blooded, and he ought to have "been purged; he is a dead man;" and in a few minutes expired.

ENGLISH.

NOTHING contributes so much to give an Englishman a renewed relish for his native country, as passing a few years in other countries. Yet with more cause to relish life than any other people, the English are much belied if they do not enjoy it less. This has been imputed to the climate: but that will not explain the matter; for do you not meet Englishmen in every province of France and Italy, fretting and frowning with all the luxuries of life at their command, while the peasants of the one country, were dancing and singing in rags, and those of the other stretched on the ground, satisfied with the luxuries of sun-shine and chesnuts.

Of what avail is their boasted philosophy to the English, if they are behind other nations in the great science of happiness? It is pretty generally allowed, even among the English, that they do not make the most of life; that is, that they do not enjoy it with all the satisfaction that other nations do. Many of them are tired of life, before it is half over; and a greater proportion abridge its duration voluntarily than of any other country. Besides *permanent* gloom, certain malignant particles, either arising from the soil, or transmitted like the pestilence, from another country, seem, at particular periods, to infect the minds of our countrymen with the spirit of dissention, and impair the happiness that might be expected from the excellence of their constitution, and other advantages which they enjoy over every other people.

PRIDE AND VANITY.

Those qualities are sometimes used as synonimous, although essentially different: pride, being founded on the opinion people have of their own merit, can support itself in spite of the neglect or disapprobation of others; whereas vanity lives on the applause and admiration of those around; and when that kind of nourishment is refused, pines and languishes with mortification. Pride, however, is gratified with praise as well as vanity, provided the praise is delicate, comes from a respectable quarter, and is accompanied with the consciousness of being deserved. But vanity devours it voraciously, however coarsely served up, from whatever quarter it comes, and whether merited or not. The vain, continually afraid of losing importance in the world, avoid those of their acquaintance, however worthy of esteem, who are in an humble situation in life, or who are unfashionably dressed, and particularly if they chance to meet them when they themselves are in company with people of high rank. The truly proud man despising such conduct, and never afraid of losing his importance, accosts the humblest of his acquaintance with equal kindness, whether he meets them when alone, or in the circles of grandeur and fashion.

THE CONTENTED YOUNG INVALID.

We arrived about three in the morning at a most miserable hotel, without the gates of C——. Had we been ever so much disposed to complain of hard-

ship or fatigue, every murmur would have been suppressed by the behaviour of a young dragoon, who jumped from behind our carriage as soon as it stopped. His arm was in a scarf; he had lost at the action near M—, his thumb and two of his fingers—he told us he had been at Paris to solicit a small pension, to prevent him from starving; "because," added he, holding up his wounded hand, "with this single hand, I can neither fire a musket, nor work; the secretary of the minister, told me that I could not obtain a pension, without a recommendation from my colonel; I saw very well qu'il se f— de moi; for I knew that my colonel was with the army. I immediately determined to set out for it myself. The politeness of Monsieur le Courier, invited me to go behind your chaise, where I have sat as happy as a king, for I always have been very fortunate."

This poor fellow, had a little dog in his arms, which he endeavoured to dry with the skirts of his coat. We lamented to see him quite drenched with rain. "It is nothing to me, citizen—I am used to it; but I fear my poor dog may be cold; come, come hither, poor fellow, and warm yourself;" continued the dragoon, caressing the dog: "my wife got this little dog when he was quite a puppy, and it will prove the most fortunate thing in the world, for I intend him as a present to my colonel, who is distractedly fond of dogs, and will, in return, give me a strong recommendation; but I have all my life been a very fortunate fellow."

"You say you have two children," said I—"yes, citizen," replied he, "and both by my wife."

"I do not understand how you could maintain your wife and two children on the pay of a dragoon."

—"The truth is," answered he, "it was my wife who maintained me and the children. She used to get three livres ten sols for making a shirt; now there are no people of quality, she receives only forty sols. I do not complain, because I am a good patriot—however, I have always been very fortunate."

FIGHTING.

THERE seems to be some principle in nature which renders the sight of fighting highly interesting to the generality of mankind. In this country, the only mortal combats which are permitted, and prevail as a public amusement, are those of cocks; but the shocking scenes which were acted on the Roman amphitheatres, prove to what a height this taste for bloody spectacles may be brought in a whole nation. To behold men cut and mangle each other; to expose them to be torn in pieces fighting with wild beasts, became the favourite entertainment of that people, and increased to such a degree, that all other amusements became comparatively insipid; they remained whole days in the amphitheatre, feasting their eyes on these horrid scenes, from which the calls of business or duty, were often too feeble to draw them. Were the Romans of a different nature from the rest of mankind? or, were the hearts of that people gradually hardened by the horrid policy of permitting such spectacles? Is it clear that those who take delight in viewing cocks mangle and kill each other, but think with horror of what passed on the Roman amphitheatres, would not gradually come to delight in the combats of gladiators, and of wild

beasts, if such combats were permitted by the government and laws of the country? Mankind are essentially the same in all climates; the points on which they differ are few and trifling, when compared with those in which they agree. Britons are more humane than the Romans, because their government is better, their laws milder, and because the same scenes of cruelty are not exhibited before their eyes. The Poet's observation respecting vice in general, is peculiarly true when applied to scenes of cruelty:—

> "Which to be hated, need but to be seen;
> Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
> We first *endure*, then *pity*, then *embrace*."

ENNUI.

Of all the contrivances to exclude this intruding demon from the mind of man, the most debasing and destructive is the use of intoxicating liquors: that pernicious habit blunts all desire of improvement, deadens emulation, obscures the understanding, sinks the soul into sluggishness, renders men insensible to the love of reputation, familiarizes them with the idea of contempt, and extinguishes every enjoyment but that maudlin delirium, excited by spirituous liquors, which soon carries them to their graves.

LE PEUPLE,

In France, is a term of reproach---un homme du peuple, implies a want of both education and man-

ners; un homme comme il faut, on the other hand, does not imply a man of sense or principle, but simply a man of birth or fashion; for a man may be homme comme il faut, and yet be devoid of every quality which adorns human nature.

LE ROI.*

An Englishman, though he views the virtues of his king, with a jealous eye,† during his reign, yet he will do them all justice in the reign of his successor.

A German, while he is silent with respect to the foibles of his prince, admires all his talents, much more than he would the same qualities in another person.

A Turk or Persian, contemplates his emperor with reverence and fear, as a superior being, to whose pleasure it is his duty to submit as to the laws of nature, and the will of providence.

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* We translate le Roi, by "the King," which is by no means equivalent. Le Roi does himself and makes others do what he pleases. The king cannot do what he pleases, but acts according to the wishes of his people.

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† Who will assert that this remark is applicable? Do not all Englishmen unite in admiring the royal virtues, and join in the ardent prayer—That it may please the Guardian Power which has so signally stood forward as the safeguard and defence of their truly beloved sovereign, still to prove his shield in every danger, protect his life, crown his days with health and happiness, long prosper his auspicious reign, and shower down his choicest blessings on his anointed head?

But a Frenchman, while he enumerates the follies of his king, and laughs at them, is nevertheless attached to him by a sentiment of equal respect and tenderness. Roi is a word which conveys to his mind the ideas of benevolence, gratitude, and love; as well as those of power, grandeur, and happiness.*

MISFORTUNE.

Difficulties, dangers, misfortunes, often strike at particles of genius which might otherwise have remained latent and useless, and contribute to the formation of a vigorous character, by animating those sparks of virtue which a life of indolence would have completely extinguished.

That the faculties of the understanding, like the sinews of the body, are relaxed by sloth, and strengthened by exercise, nobody will doubt. I imagine the same analogy, holds in some degree, between the body and the qualities of the heart. Benevolence, pity, and gratitude, are, I suspect, exceedingly apt to stagnate into a calm, sluggish, insensibility in that breast, which has not been agitated from real misfortunes.

There are many exceptions, but in general those persons who are exposed to the stings and arrows of outrageous fortune, who have experienced the base indifference of mankind, are endued with the truest sympathy.

THE VALETUDINARIAN AND HIS PHYSICIAN.

How do you find my pulse, Doctor?

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* The Frenchman, which our author sketches, is that of 1779.

Upon my word, much better than could have been expected, after what you have told me.

How does my tongue appear?

Very clean indeed.

Alas! what renders my cure so hopeless, is, that there is no symptom to lay hold of, and prescribe for?

I acknowledge I should be much at a loss.

Though my whole system is deranged, yet all the particular parts are in good order; are they not, Doctor?

They really seem so.

What a pity it is, Doctor, that I never had the gout; that is a disease, I understand, which removes others that have resisted every method of cure.

A fit of the gout, certainly does, sometimes, remove other complaints.

Cannot you, then, give me a fit directly?

Indeed, I cannot.

Your's seems to be a very unfortunate profession, Doctor; for, although you deal entirely in diseases, yet you are neither certain of removing them from those who have them, nor of giving them to those who have them not.

What you observe, is very true.

A good many of your profession, have had the honour of knighthood conferred on them of late.

A great many, Sir;—bye-and-bye, I suppose, no man will presume to practise medicine without it.

As in the days of chivalry, when no man could lawfully kill on the high-way, till he was dubbed a knight. But what do you intend, Doctor, to prescribe for my complaints; you must be sensi-

ble that there is no time to be lost?—True, Sir, I shall order you some restorative draughts: but I must assure you, at the same time, that their good effect, will be greatly assisted by your riding on horseback, three or four hours every day before dinner.

You mean, when the weather is fine.

I mean all weathers.

UPSTARTS.

England, is perhaps, the only nation in Europe, where some individuals of every profession, even of the lowest, find it possible, to accumulate great fortunes; the effect of this, frequently is, that the son despises the profession of the father, commences gentleman, and dissipates, in a few years, what cost a life to gather. In the principal cities of Germany and Italy, we find, that the ancestors of many of those citizens, who are the most eminent in their particular businesses, have transmitted the art to them through several generations. It is natural to imagine, that this will lead to the improvement of the art or science, or profession, as well as the family fortune; and that the third generation, will acquire knowledge from the experience, as well as wealth from the industry of the former two; whereas, in the cases alluded to above, the wheel of fortune moves differently. A man, by assiduity, in a particular business, and by genius, may acquire great fortune, and a high reputation; the son, throws away the fortune and his character by extravagance; and the grandson, is obliged to recommence the business,

unaided by the wealth or experience of his ancestors. This, however, is pointing out an evil, which any wise man should be sorry to see remedied; because, it certainly originates in the riches and prosperity of the country in which it exists.

INQUISITION.*

That court is now greatly abridged in power, and on that account only, perhaps, less cruel, than formerly.

Heretofore, the King of Spain,† seemed on some occasions, to have been subservient to the power of that tremendous tribunal, and the mere executioners of its vengeance. Now it is dwindled into an engine in the hands of the king.

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* Our young reader will doubtless be glad to know the origin of the Inquisition, as well as the name of the monster who established it.—It was founded by Innocent the Third, in the year 1200. That Pope, as enterprising as he was successful in his enterprises, having sent Dominic with some missionaries into Languedoc, these men so irritated the Protestants whom they were sent to convert, that most of them were assassinated at Toulouse. It was then he called in for aid temporal arms, and published against them a cruisade; granting, as was usual with the Popes on similar occasions, all kinds of indulgences and pardons to those who should arm against those *Mahometans*, as he stiled these unfortunate men. Raimond, Count of Toulouse, was constrained to submit. The inhabitants were all put to the sword without distinction of age or sex; and thus he established that scourge of Europe, *the Inquisition.*

† It was as late as the year 1484, before it became known in Spain. A Dominican, John de Torquemado, Confessor of Queen Isabella, prevailed upon her to use every means to exter-

The dreadful ceremony called *auto-da-fé*, now held in as much abhorrence by most of the Catholics, as by Protestants, was always attended by Philip the Second; and he exacted the same punctuality from his grandees and nobles of both sexes. This was assuredly, the greatest victory that superstition ever gained over humanity; or the greatest proof of the abject complaisance of courtiers to the vitiated taste of a king, that could be given. The deluded populace, in the mean time, poured execrations on the miserable victims, as they were led to execution, and seemed to take the same delight with the tyrant, in their agonies.

How strongly does this illustrate the danger of admitting power into the hands of the populace. This Philip, the most unrelenting tyrant that ever Spain knew, was not more cruel and unrelenting than the common people of Madrid.

It is probable, however, that the populace, as well as Philip, were prompted by another motive, besides their horrid taste for executions: they, by their acclamations, and by the curses they poured on the wretched victims leading to execution, paid slavish court to the tyrant, and the inquisitors; *he*, infinitely more absurd, imagined that he thus expiated his sins, and secured himself a distinguished place in Paradise.

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minate Heresy and Heretics; and she gained over King Ferdinand to consent to the establishment of this barbarous tribunal. Torquemado, indefatigable in his zeal for the holy see, in the space of fourteen years, that he exercised the office of chief Inquisitor, persecuted near eighty thousand persons, of whom six thousand were condemned to the flames.

But whatever gratification a gloomy-minded tyrant, or a brutal populace might derive from such spectacles as *auto-da-fés*, they might have revolted the feelings of the royal family, and their attendants in general.* This was probably observed by the inquisitors, who, therefore, seemed to have exacted it as a duty, or at least praised it as a merit, to be present at such dreadful ceremonies. How else can we account for the succeeding kings, with their families and many of the nobility, even attending on such occasions? Nothing, it seems, but the dread of being a victim, could ever induce a person of common humanity, to be a spectator of such hellish exhibitions.

The last very grand *auto-da-fé* † that was exhibited at Madrid, was in the year 1680, of which a pompous account was afterwards published, with a list of the sufferers, and the sentence on each. This work is dedicated to Charles the Second, then King of Spain, who is styled the *pillar of the faith, captain-general of the militia of God;* and highly praised

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* Voltaire justly attributes the taciturnity of the Spaniards to the universal horror the proceedings of the Inquisition spread. He says—"A general jealousy and suspicion took possession of "all ranks of people: friendship and sociability were all at an "end! Brothers were afraid of brothers; fathers of their chil-"dren."

† The Inquisition chose to punish Heretics by *fire,* in preference to any other punishment; because it is to elude the maxim, *Ecclesia non novit sanguinum,* which they conceive to be observed in these punishments: as burning a man, they say, does not *break his bones,* or *shed his blood.* Thus Religion, or rather superstition has her quibbles as well as law.

for his fortitude, in remaining so long at this pious spectacle, notwithstanding the *heat of the weather*; "a constancy," it is added, "worthy of the admiration of future ages." In this work, which is warmly recommended to the perusal of all sincere Christians, a faithful list is also given of all the nobility, of both sexes, who were present, with as minute a description of their dresses, as appears in our newspapers after a birth-day, for the author observes, that, "in what regards so sacred a ceremony, every circumstance is of importance.

Notwithstanding the eloquence of this author, this ceremony has never been since performed in Spain with equal pomp, and seldom takes place at all. Yet the court of inquisition, has not been entirely abolished; but is still held out *in terrorem*, especially against open impiety, and French principles. It would be well for inquisitors if their power had never been exercised for worse purposes.

FASHIONABLE GAMING TABLE.

"I cannot conceive," said lady Aspice, to her partner, "what is the meaning of your holding such very bad cards."

The gentleman confessed, with every mark of contrition, "that his cards had been very bad."

"Bad!" rejoined she: "they were detestable, Sir!—I never saw any body hold such cards: I own I do not understand it."

"Why, Madam," said he, "that my cards were bad, was my misfortune, as well as your ladyship's.

"That is nothing to the purpose," rejoined she.

" I really do not know what apology would satisfy you," resumed the gentleman, " but I may safely assure your ladyship, upon my honour, laying his hand on his breast, " that I had all the inclination in the world, to hold good cards."

" Sir," replied she, with a look of dignity, " I would not, willingly, call any gentleman's honour in question; but I cannot help remarking, that you had good hands, when you were her Grace's partner: it was not till you became mine, that you had bad cards. This, you will permit me to say, seems to be a little unaccountable."

" However unaccountable it may seem, I think I can explain it," said the Dutchess, interfering.--- " The gentleman's having held honours when he was my partner, and not when he was your's, may have proceeded from my being at present in a run of good luck."

" That will account for it, unquestionably; but I wish your grace had been so good as to have informed me of it a little sooner."

" Why, truly, I only began to suspect it myself after I had won the second rubber; and I was not absolutely certain, until after I had won the third."

SQUANDER

Was distinguished by spending more money with less enjoyment than any English traveller in Italy. Without any knowledge of horses, or any love for the animal, he kept a stable of English horses. His incitement to this was his having heard a certain peer who had a violent passion for the turf, mentioned

with admiration for having established a horse-race in the English style. Mr. Squander matched one of his horses with one of his lordship's, and had the renown of losing a greater sum than ever was lost at a horse-race at Naples; what rendered this the more memorable though the less surprising was, that he rode himself. He gave frequent entertainments, to which he invited his own countrymen only; they generally ended in drunkenness, noise, and riot. He bought pictures, statues, and seals, because they were highly praised by the venders; and afterwards gave them away in presents, because they were despised by the rest of the world. Without any inclination for gaming, this young man was ready on the slightest invitation to join any party at deep play. As he was devoid of skill, and played without attention, he generally lost the most, and sometimes was the only person who lost at all.

PHYSIOGNOMY.*

"NOTHING depends more on whim, or is more uncertain than the pretended art of physiognomy;"

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* The following curious physiological definition of *physiognomy*, in which the author pourtrays it as the image of the soul, is extracted from a publication by Dr. Swither, of the year 1604.

"Soft wax cannot receive more various and numerous im-
"pressions than are imprinted on a man's face by *objects* moving
"his affections. To prove it, let one observe a man's face look-
"ing on a pitiful object, then a ridiculous, then a strange, then
"on a terrible or dangerous object, and so forth. That *ideas*
"have the same effect with the *object*, dreams confirm too often.
"The manner I conceive to be thus:—The animal spirits, moved
"in the sensory by one object, continue their motion to the

"Yet, Madam, it never fails to have some influence on our opinion."

"It ought not. It may mislead us greatly. You ought, my dear, to beware of imagining that vice is connected with deformity, and virtue with external beauty. Candour and charity ought to prevent our suspecting any person of being bad, till we have reason to believe so from their conduct."

CHIRURGICAL APATHY.

"You do not think this poor gentleman in danger!" said Mad. ——

"A person of your ladyship's excellent understanding must know," replied the Surgeon, "that gun-shot wounds are attended with danger."

"This is only a pistol-shot wound."

"Very judiciously observed; that certainly makes a difference; it happens unluckily, however, that even pistol-shot wounds prove sometimes mortal."

"brain; whence the motion is propagated to this or that parti-
"cular part of the body, as is most suitable to the design of its
"creation; having first made an alteration in the *face* by its
"nerves, especially by the *pathetic* and *oculorum motorii* actu-
"ating its many muscles. Now, if by repeated acts, or fre-
"quent entertaining of the ideas of a favourite idea of a passion
"or vice, which natural temperament has hurried one to or
"custom dragged, the face is so often put into that posture
"which attends such acts, that the animal spirits find such
"latent passages into its nerves, that it is sometimes unalterably
"set.—Hence it is that we see great *drinkers* with eyes generally
"set towards the nose, the adducent muscles being often em-
"ployed to let them see their loved liquor in the glass. From
"this, also, we may solve the *Quaker's* expecting face, waiting
"the pretended spirit."

"The bullet, I understand, passed through his arm only."

"Had it passed through his heart *also*, it would have been more dangerous, to be sure," said the Surgeon.

"You have extracted the ball?"

"I have, Madam; and quite in the manner recommended by Mons. Lewis at Paris; it is by much the safest."

"It must have been very painful."

"Painful! not in the least, Madam! I performed it with the greatest ease."

"I mean, Sir, painful to the patient."

"To the *patient*; Oho! your ladyship spoke of the patient. Why, yes, a good deal, perhaps.—I have seen many suffer more.—There is no knowing;" said the Surgeon carelessly.

THE TRUE CHRISTIAN.

"I FEAR that you harbour vindictive intentions against the man who has injured you," said the Physician.

"I know no other reason which you can have for your suspecting that I harbour such intentions," said the Portuguese, "but your thinking it impossible, after what you know of this man's behaviour, that it should be otherwise; could you be surprised if *it* were as you suspect?"

"Nor shall I be surprised," rejoined the Doctor, "if you are convicted and executed for gratifying your revenge in such an unjustifiable manner. This

is the best argument that can be made use of to one who despises the Christian Religion."

"I do not understand you! What do you mean?" said the Portuguese.

"Why that you are in that predicament," answered the Physician.

"Who! I despise the Christian Religion!" cried the Portuguese in terror and amazement. "Jesus Maria! you fill me with horror! Why! Sir, I take the Holy Trinity, the Blessed Virgin, with St. Joseph her husband, St. James, and all the hosts of heaven to witness, that I attend mass regularly, and have always from my infancy believed in every article of faith which our holy mother church requires; and I am ready to believe twice as much whenever she is pleased to exact it; if this is not being a Christian, I should be glad to know what is."

"Nay, my good friend, resumed the Physician, "it is matter of indifference to me what you do, or do not believe; but if you understood the *spirit* of the Christian Religion half as well as you believe what the church exacts, you will find that your attending mass regularly, confessing your sins sincerely, performing penance faithfully, not eating a morsel of meat on Friday, and with a most punctual perseverance repeating daily your Pater-Noster, Ave-Maria, and Credo to the least bead of the Rosary; that all your faith, in a word, into the bargain, will not make you a Christian, while you indulge such a violent spirit of revenge."

"As for that," replied the Portuguese, (and he spoke the true sentiments of his heart) "neither the church nor the Christian Religion have any thing

to do with it; that is my affair, and depends on my private feelings; and it is impossible for me ever to forget a villian who attempted to injure me."

"It is because he attempted to injure you, that it is in your power as a man, and your duty as a Christian to forgive him. Had he never injured you, nor even attempted it, it would indeed be impossible for you to have the merit of forgiving him."

The Physician founding his arguments on passages of a sermon to be found in the Gospel of St. Matthew, for this happened to be a physician who sometimes read the Bible, endeavoured to give the Portuguese a different notion of these matters. At first he thought the passages in question of a very singular nature; and as they were plain and intelligible, containing nothing mysterious, he could hardly believe that they were quite orthodox; yet on being informed who the person was who had preached this sermon, he could not deny that it had a fair chance of being sound christianity.

LETTER

Of a Travelling Groom, giving an account of Paris and of the French.

A MONSEER

Monseer BENJAMIN JACKSON, *che le Count de* ————.

ENGLITERR, ————*shire.*

HAVING received your's per course, this serves to let you know that I am well and hearty.

Since you and your sister Bess desire it, I shall now write to you about the description of this here

town and country. In my own private opinion, Paris is but a tiresome town to live in, for there is none of the common necessaries of life, as porter or good ale; and as for their beef, they boil it to rags. Wine to be sure is cheaper here, but not so strong and genuine as in London.

I have been at the French King's palace, which they call Versailles in their language; it is out of town, the same as Kew or Windsor is with our King: I went first and foremost to see the stables, which, to be sure, is very grand, and there they have some very good-looking horses, especially English hunters: it grieved me to see so many of our own best subjects in the service of our lawful enemy, which, to be sure, the French King is.

We little think how many of our fellow-creatures are seduced from England to distant countries, and exposed to the worst of usage, from both the French and the Spaniards; for none of them know how an English horse ought to be treated.

When I was at Versailles, I saw the dauphiness, which is all the same as the Prince of Wales's wife with us; she is one of the prettiest women I have seen in France, being very fair and blooming; and more like an Englishwoman than a French.

She rides like the ladies in England, with both her legs on the same side of the horse; whereas I have seen many women, since I came abroad, ride on horse-back like men, which I think a bad contrivance, and I am surprised their husbands permit it.

I have seen the French horse-guards, which they call jongdarmes; the men are smart-looking young fellows enough, but the horses are poor, washy things, in comparison of our dragoons.

The Swiss guards are stout men, clothed in scarlet, the same as our soldiers; but they have moustaches on their lips, like the rat-catcher in St. Giles's.

The French foot-guards, are dressed in blue, and all the marching regiments in white, which has a very foolish appearance for soldiers; and as for blue regimentals, it is only fit for the blue horse, or the artillery.

I believe the French army would have no great chance with our troops, in a fair battle, upon plain ground. It is lucky for the Mounseers, that there is no road between Dover and Calais; but, as it is, I wonder the king does not send some regiments by sea to take Paris, which would make no great resistance; for there is no walls round the town.

I have sent unto you, by the bearer, a pappy mashee tobacco-box, and a dozen pair of gloves, for your sister, who will also deliver to you this letter, which I have taken three days in writing, to oblige you and your sister; and I durst not write by the post, for if the French found this letter, they would take me up for a spy, and shut me up in the Bastile, during my life; and in England, I am told, all foreign letters are opened by the ministry, in which case, this might bring you into trouble, because of the box and gloves, which being counterband, against the act of Parliament, the king would be enraged if he knew of such a thing, which stands to reason, all smuggled goods being so much money out of his pocket.—All from, Dear Ben, with my kind love to your sister,

Your servant to command,

Th—s D——.

" Jesus Maria!" cried the priest; " If you think your patient cannot live longer, than about two, or at most three days; it is, Sir, your indispensable duty to tell him so."

" There is no cause, Father, for being in a heat," said the Italian surgeon, bowing; " but I cannot think it consistent with *politeness*, to tell a gentleman a disagreeable and unnecessary truth on *any* occasion. In France, such a thing would be considered quite unpardonable."

" How it would be considered in France, is very little to the purpose," said the Monk; " the important point is, how it will be considered in the other world, where the manner of thinking is very different from what it is in France."

" That is saying a severer thing of the other world than I should have expected from a man of your cloth," said the surgeon."

" Will you, or will you not go directly, and acquaint your patient of his danger?" said the monk.

" You cannot possibly imagine, my good father," replied the surgeon, " that I will behave so *unpolitely* to a gentleman, especially when he is on the point of leaving the world."

" Why, Sir," rejoined the father, warmly; " by concealing his danger from him, he may die without confession, and his soul, of course, will be lost for ever."

" As for his soul, and whether it shall be lost or [illegible] that is his affair, or your's, if you please, my good father; but it is mine not to deviate from

the laws of *good-breeding* and *politeness.*" So saying, with a low bow, he stepped into his carriage.

FILIAL PIETY.

I HAVE known, a Scotch servant, who, being young, thoughtless, and of a canty turn of mind, lived for some time out of place very idly. When any of the other servants, his acquaintances, were allowed a day of pleasuring, Andrew was sure to be of the party. At this rate all the money, he had received from his last master, would soon have been *cast to the cocks:* but, in the midst of this, he received a letter from his mother, at Selkirk, informing him of his father's death, by which she and his sister were reduced to great poverty and distress. This news made a most laudable alteration in the conduct of Andrew; he shunned all those parties of which he had been formerly so fond. And when other servants pressed him very much, saying, "you used to be as fond of mirth and good wine as your neighbours;" Andrew shook his head, and replied, "if I drink wine, my mother and sister must drink water;" and the very next day, he called on me with *ten pounds* he had amassed, which he desired me to pay to a banker, for an order on a house at Edinburgh, to remit the value to his mother.

MOUNTAINEERS.

"O, Sir," said a valet to his master; "I have something to tell you, which I am sure will do your

heart good; the Genevese gentleman, you know, Mr. Bertrand, has at last found, and released and obtained the liberty of his old servant, poor Antonio, who having been presumed *guilty*, had been condemned to hard labour at Caserta.—I really do imagine, Sir, that there is something in the air of mountainous countries, exceedingly favourable to kindness of heart.—I have heard several travellers declare, that they had met with more hospitality in a short tour in the highlands of Scotland, than in their journies over all Flanders, and the low countries, although the last are as full of populous towns, as the former is of mountains."

"This Bertrand, is a citizen of Geneva, whose territories are not mountainous;" said the master, smiling.

"Your honour, will be pleased to remember," replied the valet, "that Geneva is situated by a fine lake, just as the village of Buchanan is by Loch Lomond; and there are mountains at no great distance from both."

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.*

Two Scotch valets, travelling over Italy, in the absence of their master, had dined together upon hotch-potch and minched collops. After dinner, as neither

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* The conduct of this giddy but accomplished, beautiful but unfortunate female, has been a theme of considerable animadversion, and much controversy. It is ingeniously pourtrayed in the following dialogue. She has been blamed to the extreme of virulence, and praised to the acmé of panegyric; nor is the opinion of the world yet settled as to the degree of admiration

was an enemy to the bottle, they pushed it pretty briskly between them, and the conversation became more and more animated every moment; while they talked of absent friends, the days of former years, the warlike renown of Scotland, and the romantic beauties of the country, they were in perfect unison; but with all the prejudices, which those two Caledonians had in common, there were some articles in which they differed diametrically. T——being a stripling of fifteen or sixteen years of age, had accompanied his master, a Scotch nobleman, who had taken a part in the rebellion of 1745; and had continued inseparably attached to his lordship, after the battle of Culloden, during a considerable time, in which they skulked among the most remote parts of the Highlands.—B———, was born and educated among the Whigs of the west of Scotland, the descendants of the ancient Covenanters, who suffered so

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or detestation in which her character should be held. The violence of her enemies has only been exceeded by the zeal of her friends; and she has at once been the idol of worship, and the fiend of abhorrence. Thus has her history been reduced to a chaos of contradiction, where consummate censure, and unqualified praise so mingle in the discordant mass, that the utmost exertions of cultivated intellect are scarcely able to distinguish the suggestions of unadulterated truth from the ebullitions of malicious falsehood. It has been said, and not unaptly, that of three histories of her life, written in the time nearest to the age in which she lived, Camden's, whose annals were revised and corrected by James the first, is almost wholly devoid of truth; that Buchanan's told the whole truth, and *more* than the truth; and that Melvil's related the truth, but not the whole truth. The Rev. Mr. Whitaker's history of that Princess is superior to them all. Mary was beheaded in Fotheringay Castle, Northamptonshire, on the eighth of February, 1587.

much oppression and religious persecution, by the absurd policy of the ministers of Charles the Second, and his brother James, which is still remembered with horror in that part of Scotland. As B——'s political sentiments were so different from those of T——, it would have been fortunate, (as the following anecdote will prove,) if the two friends had kept clear of any discourse on such subjects:—

"Mary Queen of Scots," said T——, "was the most beautiful and accomplished princess that ever sat on a throne."

"I have nothing to say, either against her beauty or her accomplishments," replied B——; "but surely, Mr. T——, you must acknowledge that she was a ——?"

"Have a care what you say, Sir!" interrupted T——, "I'll permit no man that ever wore breeches, to speak disrespectfully of that unfortunate queen."

"No man that ever wore either breeches or filibeg*," replied B——, "shall prevent me from speaking the truth, when I see occasion."

"Speak as much truth as you please, Sir," rejoined T——; "but I declare, that no man shall calumniate the memory of that beautiful and unfortunate princess, in my presence, while I can wield a claymore†."

"If you should wield fifty claymores, you cannot deny that she was a papist," said B——.

"Well, Sir," cried T——, "What then? She

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* A part of the Highland dress, which serves instead of breeches.

† The Highland broad-sword.

was like other people of the religion in which she was bred."

"I do not know where *you* may have been bred, Mr. T——," said B——; "for aught I know, you may be an adherent to the worship of the scarlet whore yourself. I should be glad to have that point cleared up before we proceed farther."

"I cannot say, that I understand your drift, Sir," replied T——; "but I am an adherent neither of a scarlet whore, nor of whores of any other colour."

"If that is the case," said B——, "you ought not to interest yourself in the reputation of Mary Queen of Scots; for I will tell you in plain English, that your bonny Queen Mary, was the strumpet of Bothwell, and the murderer of her husband."

No sooner had he uttered the last sentence, than T—— flew at him like a tiger; and they were separated with difficulty.

"I insist on your giving me satisfaction, or retracting what you have said against the beautiful Queen of Scotland," cried T——.

"As for retracting what I have said," replied B——, "that is no habit of mine; but with regard to giving you satisfaction, I am ready for that. So name your hour, and I will meet you to-morrow morning."

"Why, now, directly!" cried T——; "there is nobody in the garden to interrupt us."

"I should have chosen to have settled some things first; but, since you are in such a hurry, I will not balk you. I will step home for my sword, and be with you directly," said B——.

B—— soon arrived with his sword, and they retired to a private spot in the garden.

" Are you ready, Sir?" cried T——.

" That I am.—Come on, Sir," said B——, " and the Lord be with the righteous."

" Amen!" cried T——, and the conflict began.

Both the combatants understood the weapon they fought with; and each parried his adversary's blow with such dexterity, that no blood was shed for some time; at length T—— making a feint at B——'s head, gave him suddenly a severe wound in the thigh.

" I hope you are now sensible of your error," said T——, dropping his point.

" I am of the same opinion I was," cried B——; " so keep your guard." So saying, he advanced more briskly than ever upon T——; who after warding off several strokes, wounded his antagonist a second time. B——, however, shewed no disposition to relinquish the combat; but this second wound being in the forehead, and the blood flowing in profusion into his eye, he could no longer see distinctly; T—— closing with him, became soon master of his sword, and with the same effort threw him to the ground; standing over him he said, " this may convince you, Mr. B——, that your's is not the righteous cause; you are in my power; but I will act as the Queen, whose character I defend, would order were she alive. I hope you will live to repent of the injustice you have done to that amiable and unfortunate Princess."

He then assisted B——to rise; and carried him to his chamber.

" I must acknowledge, then," said B——, " that you behave like a Gentleman. Though I am a Whig, and you a Tory, I hope we are both honest men.

As you have behaved generously when my life was in your power, I have no scruple in saying, that I am sorry for having spoken disrespectfully of any person, dead or alive, for whom you have an esteem."

"Mary Queen of Scots acquired the esteem of her very enemies," said T----; the elegance and engaging sweetness of her manners were irresistible to every heart that was not steeled by prejudice or jealousy."

"She is now in the hands of a Judge," said B——," who can never be seduced by fair appearances, nor imposed on by forgeries and fraud."

"She is so, Mr. B——," replied T----," and her rivals and accusers are in the hands of the same Judge."

"We had best leave them all to his justice and mercy then, and say no more on the subject," said B----; "for if Queen Mary's conduct upon earth was what you believe it was, she will receive her reward in heaven, where her actions and sufferings are recorded."

"One thing more I will say," rejoined T----; "and that is only to ask of you, whether it is probable that a woman, whose conscience was loaded with the crimes imputed to her, could have closed the varied scene of her life, and have met death with such serene and dignified courage, as Mary did?"

"I always admired that last awful scene," said B----, who was melted by the recollection of Mary's behaviour on the scaffold; "and I will freely acknowledge, that the most innocent person that ever lived, or the greatest hero recorded in history, could not face death with greater composure than

the Queen of Scotland; she supported the dignity of a Queen, while she displayed the meekness of a Christian."

"I am exceedingly sorry, my dear friend, for the misunderstanding that happened between us," said T.... affectionately, and holding forth his hand in token of reconciliation.

Here the two friends shook hands with the utmost cordiality.

LOMBARD STREET.

A Citizen of London who, in an unlucky whim, had retired into the Country, soon after expressed his regret in the following terms:—

..... They talk of the pleasures of the country, but would to God I had never been persuaded to leave the labour of the city for such woeful pleasure. O Lombard-street! Lombard-street! In evil hour did I forsake thee for verdant walks and flowery landscapes, and that there tiresome piece of made water. What walk is so agreeable as a walk through the streets of London? What landscape more flowery than those in the print-shops? And what water was made by man equal to the Thames? If here I venture to walk but a short way beyond my own fields, I may be wet through by a sudden shower, and exposed to the wind of every quarter, before I get under shelter; but in walking through the streets of London, if it rains a man can shelter himself under the piazzas; if the wind is in his face while he walks along one street, he may turn into another; if he

is hungry, he can be refreshed at the pastry shops; if tired, he can call a hackney coach; and he is sure of meeting with entertainment every evening at the club.

ITALIAN GEOGRAPHERS.

"FATHER, perhaps you never were at Paris?"

"Never in my whole life," answered father Mulo.

"Nor at Moscow, neither," added the Surgeon.

"No, never, though I have heard a good deal about Muscovy, particularly of late; some people tell me it is larger than Naples. What is your opinion? which do you believe to be the largest city, Naples or Muscovy?" said father Mulo.

"Why I should think Naples the most populous," answered the surgeon, "though Muscovy stands upon rather more ground."

"I had some suspicion of that kind myself," replied father Mulo.

LAUDABLE REASONS FOR GOING INTO HOLY ORDERS.

"I AM sensible, my Lord, that my circumstances are so narrow, that I cannot hope to indulge my taste for my favourite amusements in the style I could wish, without being assisted by the emoluments of some profession."

"What profession then would you choose to be of?" rejoined his Lordship.

"That of a clergyman," replied Mr. S——.

" A clergyman!" exclaimed the Peer.

" Yes, my Lord," continued S——; " I confess I have a great desire to enter into holy orders."

" I cannot conceive," said the Peer, " what can be your inducement."

" My fondness for hunting and shooting," answered S——; " and, if by your Lordship's favour, I could obtain a tolerable living in a hunting country, I should think myself extremely happy. The business of a clegyman, as your Lordship knows, from many examples, is no way incompatible with a passion for those manly amusements, without which I am sure life would seem a very dull affair in my eyes."

" But there are certain duties of a clergyman," said the Peer, " which, in some people's eyes, are not exceedingly entertaining."

" I should think them no great hardships, my Lord," said S——: " in case of the indisposition of my Curate, on particular occasions, I have no manner of objection to reading prayers or to preaching! and on the whole, I do not despair of rendering myself agreeable to the generality of my flock; for, with regard to comforting the sick and relieving the poor, I thank heaven I am disposed to perform those duties whether I should ever be a clergyman or not."

" All this is very well," resumed the Peer; " but, my dear S——, are not some previous studies necessary before you can be---"

" Certainly," replied the other, interrupting his Lordship; " and I have of late been preparing myself accordingly. I confess I was too inattentive at school, which renders this task the harder upon me;

yet I hope to surmount all obstacles, and give satisfaction to the Bishop. My passion for hunting and shooting instigates me to exertions in study which I never knew before.

"Nay, heaven forefend," replied the Peer, smiling, "that I should attempt to blunt such laudable instigation. All I have to say is, that when you are once fairly ordained, I beg you will let me know: there is some chance of a considerable living in my gift, being vacant very soon, and you may rely upon it, my dear S———, that if you continue in your present way of thinking, and are completely dubbed, I will prefer no man to yourself."

CONSULTATION.

Scene---Naples.

"This wound is nothing," said the Doctor.

"We must try to make *somcthing* of it, however," replied the Surgeon.

"It will heal of itself directly," resumed the Doctor.

"It must, therefore, not be left to itself," said the Surgeon.

"What farther do you intend?" said the Physician; "little more seems necessary, except applying some fresh lint every day."

"*Lascia far' a Marc Antonio,*" replied the Surgeon, "I will take care that his Excellency shall not be exposed to danger on the high road for at least a month to come."

"Unless it be to prescribe some cooling physic; and such a low regimen as will prevent his suffering

from want of exercise, I can do nothing," said the Physician.

"That is doing a great deal," said the Surgeon; "it keeps the patient in low spirits, and renders him obedient."

"But, after all, how do you intend to treat the wound itself?" said the Physician.

"I intend to treat it *secundum artem*," replied the Surgeon.

"*Bene, bene respondisti*," said the Physician; "and so much for the wound. Now, pray, what say you to the news? continued the Physician; "they talk of a Russian fleet in the Mediterranean."

"Whether that will take place or not," said the Surgeon, depends entirely on the King's pleasure."

"How so? said the Physician; how can his Majesty prevent it?"

"By threatening to sink them if they presumed to enter the Streights," replied the Surgeon. "The Toulon fleet will be sufficient."

"Toulon fleet!" cried the Physician; "why, what King do you mean?"

"Why, the King of France, to be sure," he replied; "what other King *can* I mean?"

"*Vi prego di scusarmi*, signor," cried the Physician; "but in speaking of the King *in* Naples, I thought the King of Naples might perhaps be meant."

"*A fe di dia*, signor," replied the Surgeon; "*mon m'e venuto mai in pensiero;* but I believe," added he, looking at his watch, "our consultation has lasted a decent time."

The Physician being of the same opinion, they returned to the patient's chamber.

STRONG REASONS AGAINST MARRIAGE.

"Well, Sir, do you ever intend to marry?"

"No, I cannot say I do;---as I never was *accustomed to a wife*, I am not much inclined to matrimony; for through the whole course of my life I have never found any thing to agree with me but what I am accustomed to.

LETTER OF ADVICE TO A YOUNG LADY.

I MUST begin by informing you, dear Miss, that I was sorry my good friend, your aunt, consented to your going to London, to live with a lady of quality; because, it is an old observation, and a true one, that young women are prone to imitate the manners of those they live with; and the manners of women of quality and high birth, are not suitable to modest young women of respectable parentage. This only applied of the risk you ran from the contagion of lady D——'s example, and that of her acquaintance. I confess, I did not think of her son. I hear that he frequents your company to such a degree that his mother is offended, and has written to your aunt, to desire you to return to York, which you have refused. My correspondent adds, that you sometimes drive about in my lord's carriage, that he himself saw you in his company at the play-house, richly dressed, and with a miniature picture set in diamonds, hanging from your neck; that your whole manner, and even the style of your language, is quite changed; that instead of being obsequious and obliging, as you were formerly, you now assume a

proud and disdainful air. Those, and other circumstances that I omit, create suspicion that he wishes to rob you of the precious jewel of your virgin innocence; after which all the jewels he can decorate you with, will be badges of dishonour. O, my dear Miss, let this never be said of you. Give him back all his jewels, and whatever presents he may have made you. Return immediately to your aunt, at York, which, I hope, will put an end to the unfavourable rumours that are in circulation concerning you. Or, in case it should not entirely have that effect (for it must be acknowledged that a good name once lost is not easily regained), still it will show that, although you have been imprudent, you are resolved to do so no more.

I earnestly intreat you, that you will send lord D—— back every present he has ever made you, and set out directly after to your afflicted aunt. As soon as you shall have arrived there, let me know, and I will endeavour to wait on you at York.

I am, dear Miss A——,

Your constant well wisher and humble servant,

D. P.

ANSWER.

SIR,

Although I have received many epistolary letters from gentlemen, during the short time I have hitherto been in this world, yet I cannot but observe, that I have the honour to acknowledge, that that which my footman has just delivered to me from you, is the most extraordinary, or, I may presume to

add, the most unprecedented, I ever saw in the whole course of my existence.

You really seem to be what Mr. Townly calls rusticated; which, perhaps may be imputed to your living continually in the country: but that is no reason for your not writing with common politeness, which I heard lady Varnish observe, is one of the things which render the intercourse between the sexes in society so agreeable, and the want of which make all your great loyalty to his majesty, very much to be doubted; for in a book upon polite conversation, by Mr. Simon Wagstaff, Esq. which I was reading when the French friseur, was dressing my hair, I find these lines,---

"Who in his talk, can't speak a polite thing,
"Will never loyal be to George, our king."

I recommend the perusal of that book to you, in order to purify a little your style of language, particularly when you write to the fair sex. But whether you take my counsel in this or not, allow me to tell you, Sir, that you have no right to employ a spy on my conduct, which neither you, nor your narrow-minded correspondents are proper judges of. It is very true, Sir, that I have a friendship for my Lord D——; and if he has the same delicate, sincere friendship for me, which he swears he has, and that it will be eternal, what right have you, or any one else, to find the least fault with it.

You seem, Sir, to have no notion of pure refinement between man and woman, which makes you write as you do of his robbing me of my precious jewel and virgin innocence, and such-like vulgar stuff as never once entered my head: and it is quite monstrous that it should enter your's, at an age,

when, by your own confession, you are unfit for marriage.

As for lady D——'s being offended, that gives me little concern; perhaps she may have reason to repent the airs she has given herself. She ought to remember, that she was no better than a plain Miss, as well as myself.

Before I conclude, I must inform you, that I desire no more of your admonitions, which I found so nauseous, that I threw them into the only place fit for them. If I had shewn your letter to my lord D——, he would, perhaps, have given you a lesson that would have made you write with proper respect to your superiors, and taught you, old as you are, better manners in future.---No more at present, being, Sir,

Your's, &c.

M. A.

PRINCE OF PEACE.

His name was originally Don Manuel Godoi, the son of an Hidalgo, of Badejos, in Estramadura, of an ancient family, in very narrow circumstances: he was educated as people in his situation usually are in the provinces of Spain: and when he arrived at the proper age, entered as a private soldier in the company of life-guards, where he served for several years until he had the good fortune to be distinguished by royal penetration, and raised to supreme favour. He is a man of address, and rather of genteel manners: he has endeavoured to repair the deficiencies of his education by study.

He was disposed to encourage science, and give protection to men of letters. He always shewed a partiality for the English, and a desire to prevent a rupture between Spain and Great Britain.

HIGH-TREASON.

I WAS called on one morning by a person who has a considerable property in the country, but whom I knew to be wonderfully weak and hot-headed.

He told me as soon as he could articulate, (for when he entered he was out of breath), "that a wealthy farmer in the neighbourhood, had committed high treason."

"High-treason!---How?"

"By speaking disrespectfully of his majesty, and other branches of the royal family," he answered.

I could not believe that the man had been guilty of a thing so revolting.

He said, "he could not have believed it himself, if he had not received it from those who knew it by ocular demonstration, having heard with their *own ears*, the very words which the farmer had pronounced."

I desired him to repeat the expressions.

He said, the expressions were:---"that the king was not a Christian monarch; and that their royal highnesses the Prince of Wales, Duke of York, and the Duke of Clarence, ought not to be trusted."

Though I thought this a most unlikely story, I determined to make a careful investigation. The fact turned out to be this; the farmer, with others, had

been drinking at a public-house. One of the company had said---he hoped there would be soon peace all over Europe: to which the farmer answered---that no Christian monarch would ofier to make peace with such infidels as the French. The former, had rejoined, that some crowned heads had already shewn a disposition towards peace. On which the farmer said---" That we ought not to put our trust in princes."

This conversation, had been repeated to the person who brought the information in the presence of an attorney of the village, who remarked that the farmer's discourse was treasonable.

When the investigation was completed—" Now," said my informer, " are you not convinced, that those expressions, respecting his majesty, amount to high treason?"

I told him—" that I did not think they amounted to quite so much, because the original author of that caution against our putting trust in princes, was a king himself."

The man seemed a good deal startled at this.

He declared, " that he was entirely ignorant of that circumstance."

" He not only was a king," said I, " but he had a numerous family of sons, and all his sons were princes; so that it was not probable, that he had any wish to calumniate either princes or kings; particularly his present majesty, King George the Third, who is a great king, and the father of princes.

This representation seemed to have great influence on the mind of my informer.

After I had praised his zeal and loyalty, he took

his leave: but returned before he had got five steps from the door, to put me in mind to admonish the farmer to be more guarded in his language in future.

THE BISCAYAN.

While I was talking with a gentleman, who was a native of Biscay, a Castilian joined us.

"It is natural," said he, with features which expressed shrewdness, and an ironical cast, "that the natives of the land of liberty, should associate."

"He means," said the Biscayan to me, "as a joke against the peculiar fondness which my countrymen have ever shewn for liberty; but I receive it as a panegyric, because I know it to be a truth."

"I should imagine," said I, "that the king of Biscay and the king of Castile, would be inclined to render the inhabitants of each equally happy."

"King of Biscay!" said the Biscayan, with a tone of indignation; "let me inform you, Sir, that Biscay never had a king, and I hope never will. The Biscayans love and respect the king of Castile, of Leon, and Arragon, &c. &c. &c. as much as the inhabitants of any of his kingdoms; but he is not *king* he is only *senor* of Biscaia."

"I should not think that the name could make any very essential difference," said he.

"We Biscayans are a free people," said he.

"So are we English," added I.

"But we are governed by our own laws," said the Biscayan.

"So you might be," resumed I, "although you had styled the *senor* of Biscay a king. You seem to

annex no idea but that of tyrant to the word king. We all know a nation, over which, under the name of Republic, the most insulting and cruel despotism has been exercised. The name of government therefore may be changed, and the essence remain the same."

"As for us," resumed the Biscayan, "we have not found it necessary to alter either the name or nature of our government. The king of Spain is senor of Biscay, and the Biscayans are governed by their own laws; we contribute to the exigencies of the empire by assessments, imposed at the general convention of the states, by representatives sent from the different cities and districts. We have no custom-house, nor excise officers."

"The women of your country have a particular aversion to them, as I have heard," said the Castilian, "and treated some, who were sent a few years ago, with uncommon severity."*

"Whether the story, to which you allude, be true or false," replied the Biscayan, "I cannot tell; but I am not displeased that it should be believed, because it may prevent projectors from advising his Majesty to attempt levying taxes in Biscay, contrary to the laws and constitution of that province.

"That the king of Spain," said I, "who is naturally just, will never have it in his inclination to overturn your rights, ought not to be disputed;

* The Castilian here alludes to certain revenue officers, sent by order of the court into Biscay, and said to have been attacked by the women of Bilboa, and to have undergone an operation seldom performed in the western world, though common in the east.

nevertheless it will be wise in your countrymen to take care that it shall never be in his power."

THE DUKE OF ORLEANS.

His mind was more frivolous than atrocious. He gained more from habit than avarice. The crimes as well as the follies of his life, proceeded from the suggestion or impulse of others, rather than his own natural disposition.

His education had been entirely neglected. What knowledge he possessed was caught in conversation, yet such was his natural quickness, that he often displayed an acuteness of observation, and a pleasantry in recounting that approaches to wit. On this account he was told by his flatterers, that he resembled in character his ancestor the Regent, who, with all his profligacy was indisputably a man of wit.

Though the Duke of Orleans talked with plausibility, he had no fixed opinions; so that after supporting a particular argument one day, it was not unusual to hear him speak next day in the opposite sense with equal plausibility. He never had the least taste for reading of any kind; the most amusing or interesting narrative could not allure him to take this trouble. Though he passed his life in debauchery, he had no patience to peruse even those licentious books where such scenes are described. He was as devoid of ambition as of taste, but was seduced into political intrigue by the ambition of Mirabeau and La Clos; falling afterwards into the government of men of more atrocious characters, he was driven to measures of cruelty by terror.

He died with a degree of firmness far superior to what he had ever displayed in the course of his life. Those who conducted him to execution made the cart stop before the gate of his own palace, the scene of his former magnificence and pleasure. This was done, no doubt, from a refinement of cruelty. He did not affect to turn his eyes away, but looked up to it without any symptom of sorrow or emotion: he seemed no ways affected by the shouts and insults of the most brutal of all mobs; he retained the same air of indifference the whole way to the place of execution, and submitted to the executioner without a complaint or a sigh.

The Duke of Orleans well deserved his fate, on account of crimes against his sovereign and country, but not from the men who had driven him to those crimes, and whose power was in a great measure the purhcase of his money. The justice which was that day executed on him was, in those who brought him to the scaffold, the height of injustice and villany.

The worthless life of the Duke of Orleans may lead us to this useful reflection; and show that men of frivolous characters, devoid of ambition, or any grear stimulus to evil, may be gradually led, from want of thought and easiness of temper, from one step to another, until they arrive at the summit of wickedness.

THE LAND OF CAKES.

B—— filled a bumper and gave for his toast, *The Land of Cakes.*

T—— drank the toast with enthusiasm, saying, "May the Almighty pour his blessings on every hill and valley in it! That is the worst wish that I shall ever wish to that land."

"It would delight your heart to behold the flourishing condition it is now in," replied B——; "it was fast improving when I left it; and I have been credibly informed, that it is now a *perfect garden*."

"I am very happy to hear it," said T——.

"Indeed," added B——, "it has been in a state of rapid improvement ever since the Union."

"Damn the Union!" cried T——; "it would have improved much faster without it."

"I am not quite clear on that point, Mr. T——," said B——.

"Depend upon it," replied T——, "the Union was the worst treaty that Scotland ever made."

"I shall admit," said B——, "that she might have made a better;---but bad as it is, our country reaps some advantage from it."

"All the advantages are on the side of England."

"What do you think, Sir," said B——, "of the increase of trade since the Union; and the riches which have flowed into the Lowlands of Scotland from that quarter?"

"Think!---why I think they have done a great deal of mischief to the Lowlands of Scotland."

"How so, my good friend."

"By spreading luxury among the inhabitants, the never-failing forerunner of effeminacy of manners. Why, I was assured by serjeant Lewis Macniel, a Highland gentleman in the Prussian service, that the Lowlanders in some parts of Scotland are now very little better than so many English."

" O fye!" cried B____, " things are not come to that pass as yet, Mr. T____; your friend the serjeant assuredly exaggerates."

" I hope he does," replied T____; " but you must acknowledge," continued he, " that by the Union Scotland has lost her existence as an independent state; her name is swallowed up in that of England: only read the English newspapers; they mention England, as if it were the name of the whole island. They talk of the English army, the English fleet---the English every thing; they never mention Scotland, except when one of our countrymen happens to get an office under government; we are then told with some stale gibe, that the person is a Scotchman; or, what happens still more rarely, when any of them are condemned to die at Tyburn, particular care is taken to inform the public that the criminal is originally from Scotland: but if fifty Englishmen get places, or are hanged in one year, no remark is made.

FRENCH REVOLUTION *.

To give France the name of a Republic is soon done: to communicate to Frenchmen the character suitable to Republicans will be found more difficult!

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* This awful event has certainly evinced the truth of the following maxim, " that the crouching slave, when his turn to rule " arrives, becomes a most cruel master to his dependents." What tyrants have been more ferocious and despotic than the republican people of France? Thus the commander of a ship, exalted from before the mast, and colonel raised from the ranks, ever make rigid unrelenting martinets. Say, ye who make the various meanders of the human mind your study! doth this arise

One grand objection stated by them against monarchy is, that the Sovereign may be an infant, and of course kept under tutelage. They have also found, that converting the monarchy into a Republic, though it for a short time pleased the vanity, never relieved the misery of the people of France itself; yet it has proved a fruitful source of misery to other nations.

The French revolution is a convulsive disorder, which some people imagined might have been useful to France, by removing other complaints to which her constitution was liable; but being of a contagious nature, there was danger of its infecting nations who stood in no need of so violent a remedy: it might therefore have been prudent to have formed a line of circumvallation around France, like what is drawn around towns infected with the plague, and and so have cut off all intercourse with the people of that country, leaving them to find a remedy for their own disorders as they best could, and never to have opened the communication until the convulsions were cured, and the danger of infection at an end.

If, however, the French broke over the line by force, as many assert, or if other nations interfered with the sole view of curing the disorders of France, as they themselves declared, the interference must be

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from an inherent love of sway in our natures, or a savage thirst of revenge, that thus induces us to immolate to the *manes* of our past mortification the present victims of our power? Certain it is, that no set of people exact more homage, or use the authority delegated to them with greater severity than the subordinate classes of mankind, when they become possessed of power.

acknowledged to have been necessary in the first case, and most generous in the second.

MARRIAGE FOR GOD'S SAKE.

"DID you marry your wife for her fortune?" said ironically a gentleman to the husband of a rich lady with a disagreeable countenance, and a disposition resembling her face.

"Certainly not," answered he.

"Was it for the sake of her beauty?"

"No; I cannot say it was," replied the husband.

"Did you marry her for the sake of her temper?"

"Not in the least."

"In the devil's name, for whose sake did you marry such a woman?"

"I married her for God's sake," answered the husband with resignation.

POWER AND LIBERTY.

I AM now convinced that power in Republics, as well as in monarchies has a tendency to be oppressive; and that liberty as well as in monarchies as in republics has a tendency to be turbulent: power and liberty therefore, are seldom on good terms in either. I do not recollect any instance of their being combined, and limited so as to produce the general happiness of the people, in any republic, nor in any monarchy, except that of Great Britain since the revolution in that country in the year 1688.

IDEAS NOT INNATE.

A YOUNG Oxonian (who had an insuperable aversion for opening a book, because he had been obliged to read so much at school) was assured by his tutor at Oxford, "that our most refined pleasure, and the most permanent happiness of life proceeded from our ideas; but that they were not innate."

"I am sorry for it," replied the young Oxonian; "for if they had, we should not be put to the trouble of reading for them."

FRENCH POLITENESS.

FRANCE has been renowned for politeness, before all traces of politeness, as well as humanity, were banished from the nation. I have heard it remarked, however, by some who have had opportunities of comparing the characters of the various nations of Europe, that though Frenchmen were more polite than their neighbours by art, yet they were less so by nature, owing to an impetuosity of temperament, which, on the shadow of provocation, makes them forget restraints of every kind, and hurries into imprudencies and difficulties, from which even submission and adulation cannot extricate them.

PROPHECY FULFILLED.

ALMOST the only thing which pleased me, during my residence at Paris, was the eloquence of Verg-

niaud. In one of his speeches, he made the following observation, which the subsequent events of the revolution, have often recalled to my remembrance*. —" Vous vaincrez vos ennemis je le crois ; mais la " nation fatiguée des dissensions, mais la France, " épuisée par les èfforts faits pour vaincre ses énne- " mis éxterieurs, déchirée par les factions, sera " encore epuisée par les hommes, par l'argent qu'il " aura fallu tirer de son sêin, & craignez qu'elle " ne resemble à ces antiques monuments qu'on re- " trouve en Egypte. L'étranger qui les appercoit, " s'etonne de euer grandeur ; s'il y pénètre, qu'y " trouve-t-il ?—Des cendres inanimées, & le silence " des tombeaux."

A PLEA FOR PAINTING.

I REMEMBER being in company with a lady who was very much painted. When she withdrew, a gentleman observed, " that it was a pity she painted."

" I am of a different opinion," replied another gentleman present.

" To me," rejoined the first, " she seemed frightful with her paint."

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* You say, you will conquer your enemies; I am convinced you will—but France, exhausted, by her efforts to conquer external enemies, torn by internal factions, and drained at once of men and money, must be brought to ruin: fear then, that she may be like those ancient monuments to be seen in Egypt. The stranger, beholding them at a distance, is astonished at their grandeur; but if he enter them, what does he find?—inanimate ashes, and the silence of the tomb.

" So she did to me," said the second; " but not quite so frightful as she does without it."

HIDALGO.

In the streets of Badajos* (which are narrow, filthy, and generally silent, without the least sign of industry of any kind) I observed some men with cloaks around their shoulders, each of whom stood before a separate door, and seemed to have no other object but to gaze at the passengers.

" Pray what class of men are those?" said I, Biscayan Cicerone, " they seem too idle to be tradesmen!"

" You conjecture right," replied he;—" they would be highly affronted you could suspect them of exercising any kind of trade."

" They are men of independent fortune," said I.

" Almost their only property," said he, " is the wretched house they inhabit, which being transmitted from father to son, is inalienable; and constitute what in this country is called an *Hidalgo* or *hijode-algo*, the son of somebody: they would consider it as a degradation to follow any mechanical employment."

" How are they prevented from starving?"

" Why they are not prevented from what you would call starving in England," replied he; " but

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* A large and strong town of Spain, populous enough, and the capital of Estramadura. It has an handsome castle, and a famous bridge, built by the Romans on the Guadiana. It has a frontier town, and is consequently of some importance.

I will tell you how they prolong their life—observe that man going from his own door with something under his cloak; you will see him stop at the private door of that magnificent building, which is a convent, and one of the richest establishments in this province: he carries under his cloak a vessel, into which he receives an allotted portion of broth, with vegetables and meat of different kinds, which he carries back for the support of his family; and the same is regularly done by a number of these Hidalgos every day. Those who are thus served at the private door of the convent are called the bashful or gentlemen beggars. As for others I do not well know how to denominate them---they cannot be called the poorer sort, and still less the meaner, for nothing can be meaner than what I have related of these Hidalgos: but as the others are not Hidalgos, we may distinguish them by the appellation of *the sons of nobody*;—all of the class that receive alms at the *public* gate."

"It seems surprising," said I, "that men who are ashamed to work for their bread, should not be ashamed to beg for it; for you may call him as bashful as you please, but the man struts to the convent with as stately a step as if he were the proprietor of the whole building.*"

* The reader, must not imagine, that in every part of Spain the same lazy, beggarly disposition, is attached to the inhabitants, as it is to be seen in Estramadura. In Catalonia the people, are in general, industrious; that province is well cultivated. The Biscayans, are also very industrious.

MAN OF WIT.

I WAS asking, the other day, an acquaintance, how it happened that one of his friends, who is generally thought an agreeable man, had so many enemies. His answer was—"because my friend is a man of wit."

"A man of wit!" said I,

"Yes," rejoined he; "of all the gifts of nature to the human race, wit is the most envied, and the least forgiven."

THE SEDATE COMMONER.

A MEMBER of Parliament, who never spoke in the House of Commons but once, when, in the middle of a debate, a certain noisy member, looking accidentally at him, hellowed, "hear! hear! hear!" —to which he calmly replied, "*I never do any thing else, Sir.*"—The answer immediately got the applause of the whole house.

MIRABEAU.*

HIS mind was vigorous, comprehensive, and acute. With the quickness of thought, variety of knowledge, and happiness of expression which constitutes eloquence, he also possessed that power of voice which is necessary to give it full effect in a

* This celebrated character was born in 1749—he died at Paris in the year 1791.

numerous assembly. To a talent for repartee he joined the powers of profound reasoning; so that he was equally prepared to disconcert his opponent with sarcasm, or to refute him by the force of argument.

Although his features were harsh and his person clumsy, he had the art of rendering himself agreeable to women---an art which too often he used to libertine purposes, and, as it is asserted, with greater success than many whose intentions were equally profligate, and their persons better formed for seduction.

His excessive love of pleasure would have tended to render him completely dissipated, and of course left him ignorant, had he not employed the long intervals of confinement and retirement that his debaucheries and his want of money obliged him to, in studies which, with better health and more riches, he would have neglected.

Had he been an early favourite at court, and been placed in those high and lucrative situations that his birth and talents gave him a claim to, he might have been satisfied to have remained a mere courtier, and supporter of that oppressive and arbitrary system, against which he inveighed so violently and which he attacked with such energy. His tedious imprisonments and the hardships he suffered sometimes in consequence of his own irregularities, and sometimes from the tyranny of others, inspired him with sympathy for the oppressed, hatred against letters de cachet; an unconquerable aversion to tyranny, and a fervent desire of establishing freedom in his native country.

As Mirabeau was a man of violent passions, he was on some occasions carried by his resentment to oppose the measures of the ministers which he approved; and on other occasions there is reason to believe that he accepted of considerable sums from the court to support measures in the national assembly, which independent of that circumstance, he would have supported as agreeable to his own political principles. This conduct was, no doubt, highly unbecoming, and gave some ground for the idea which many entertain that he was as corrupt in politics as profligate in private life. It does not appear, however, that he ever lent his aid to any public measure inconsistent with his own ideas of liberty, and his avowed love of a monarchical form of government limited by law*.

Mirabeau has been represented in the blackest and most disgusting colours; but these accounts are to be received with caution and reserve; for as few men have ever united in their character so many of those qualities which are apt to create enmity, so few men ever had so many enemies. As an active

* It is recorded of the famous Marshal Turenne, that when he commanded the French army in Germany, deputies from a certain town came to his camp, and offered him an hundred thousand crowns, on condition that he would not march his army through their territory,—"As your town is not on the route which I intend to take," said he, "I cannot in conscience accept the money you offer."

Mirabeau in the same situation would certainly not have acted in the disinterested and dignified manner that Marshal Turenne did; nor will his general character bear a comparison with that of the marshal; yet it is a question if Mirabeau would, in obedience to the orders of Louis XIV. have ravaged and ruined the Palatinate.

agent in bringing on the revolution, he was hated by all the friends of the old system of government. As a friend to monarchy, he was disliked by those who wished to have a republican form of government in France. As an avowed free-thinker, he shocked the pious, and was traduced by the hypocritical. As a man of wit, he was dreaded and detested by the dull; and as his talents for conducting a popular assembly were unequalled, he was an object of envy to all who aspired to be leaders in the revolution.

The excesses in which Mirabeau had indulged, overcame the force of a vigorous constitution, and brought him to his grave at the age of forty-two.

His death was an irreparable loss to the royal family; for there is reason to think, that had he lived, those who have since figured as principals in the revolution, would have acted very subordinate parts. His superior talents, would have given such energy to the first movements of the new constitution, as would have precluded the attempts of the republicans against it on the one hand, and those of the abettors of the old government on the other. The friends of limited monarchy would have united.

Mirabeau himself imagined, that he could have preserved the constitution; but he foresaw its destruction in his death; and a little before he expired, he predicted that the French monarchy would not survive him long.

SENSIBLE REASONER.

A TRAVELLER expressed his surprise to an inhabitant of Lisbon that they should have ventured to

raise their houses to such an height in a town so lately overthrown by an earthquake.

" It is because it has been so lately overthrown," he replied, " that we venture; for as other capitals in Europe deserve an earthquake as much as Lisbon, it is reasonable to believe that they will all be overthrown in their turn, according to their deserts; and of course, it will be a long time before it comes round to Lisbon again."

ABSOLUTION AND EXTREME UNCTION.

A NEGRO slave, having allowed symptoms of compassion, perhaps of indignation, to escape from him, on hearing one of his brother slaves ordered to be punished unjustly, his tyrannical master, in a transport of rage, ordered him to be lashed severely, and renewed the punishment at legal intervals so often, that the poor man was thrown into a languishing disease, which confined him constantly to his bed.

An Irish soldier, who had been long acquainted with the negro, and had a particular esteem for him, as soon as he heard of his dangerous situation, hastened to see him, carried him wine and other refreshments, and continued to visit and comfort him during his languishing illness. Perceiving at last, that there was no hope of his recovery, he thought the last and best good office he could do him, was to carry a priest, to give him absolution and the extreme unction.

Soldier—I should be very sorry, father, if this poor fellow missed going to heaven; for by Jesus, I

do not believe there is a worthier soul there, be the other who he pleases.

Priest—He is a black.

Soldier—His soul is whiter than a skinned potatoe.

Priest—Do you know whether he believes in all the tenets of our holy faith?

Soldier—He is a man who was always ready to do as he would be done by.

Priest—That is something; but not the most essential. Are you certain that he is a Christian?

Soldier—I'll be d——d if he is not as pretty a Christian as your heart can desire; and I'll give you a proof that will rejoice your soul to hear.—A soldier of our regiment, was seized with the cramp in his leg, when he was bathing; so he hollowed for assistance, and then went plump to the bottom, like a stone. Those who were near him, Christians and all, swam away as fast as their legs could carry them, for they were afraid of his catching hold of them. But that honest negro, pushed directly to the place where the soldier had sunk, dived after him, and without more ado, or so much as saying by your leave, seized him by the hair of the head, and hauled him ashore, where, after a little rubbing and rolling, he was quite recovered, and is alive and merry, at this blessed moment. Now, my dear father, I think this was behaving like a good Christian, and what is much more, like a brave Irishman too.

Priest—Has he been properly instructed in all the docrines of the Catholic church?

Soldier—That he has: for I was after instructing him yesterday myself; and as you had told me very often that believing was the great point, I pressed

that home. "By Jasus," says I, "it does not signify wry faces, but you must believe my dear honey, as fast as ever you can, for you have no time to lose;"—and, poor fellow, he entreated me to say no more about it, and he would believe whatever I pleased.

This satisfied the father. They arrived at the dying man's cabin. Now, my dear fellow, said the soldier, I have brought a holy man to give you absolution for your sins, and to shew your soul the road to heaven; take this glass of wine to comfort you, for it is a hellish long journey.

The priest then began to perform his office.—Hanno heard him in silence.

Soldier—You see, my good father, he believes in all you say. You may now, without any further delay, give him absolution and extreme unction, and every thing needful to secure him a snug birth in Paradise.

Priest—You are fully convinced, friend, that it is only by a firm belief in all the tenets of the holy catholic church that——

Soldier—God love your soul, my dear father, give him absolution in the first place, and convince him afterwards: for upon my conscience, if you bother him much longer, the poor creature's soul will slip through your fingers.

The priest, who was a good-natured man, did as the soldier requested.

Soldier--Now, my honest fellow, you may bid the devil kiss your b——de, for you are as sure of heaven, as your master is of hell; where, as this reverend father will assure you, he must suffer to all eternity.

"I hope he will not suffer so long," said the

negro, in a faint voice; and speaking for the first time, since the arrival of the priest.

" Have a care of what you say, friend," said the priest, in a severe tone of voice; " you must not doubt of the eternity of hell torments.—If your master goes once there, he must remain there for ever."

" Then, I'll be bound for him," said the soldier, " he is sure enough of going there."

" But I hope in God, he will not remain for ever," said the negro—and expired.

" That was not spoken like a true believer," said the priest; " If I had thought that he harboured any doubts on such an essential article, I should not have given him absolution."

" It is lucky, then, said the soldier, " that the poor fellow made his escape to heaven, before you knew any thing of the matter."

As the soldier returned home, from the negro's cabin, he met his master, who knowing where he had been, said to him, " how is the d——d scoundrel?"

" The d——d scoundrel is in better health than all who knew him could wish," replied the soldier.

" Why they told me he was dying!"

" He is already dead, and on his way to heaven," said the soldier; but as for the scoundrel who murdered him, he'll be d——d before he gets there."

PICTURE OF ITALY AND OF THE ITALIANS,

IN A

Scotch Valet's letter to one of his friends

DEAR A.

I RECEIVED your kind epistle, with the agreeable news that all our friends in the west-country are well.

Your fears of my having forgot you, are very ill-founded, for although it has been my lot to sojourn many years among strangers, yet thanks be unto God, I never learned to prefer foreigners to my own countrymen: on the contrary, I do feel that I like my old friends the better in proportion as I increase my new acquaintances. So you see there is little danger of my forgetting *them*, and far less my blood-relations; for surely blood is thicker than water.

You desire my opinion of Italy and its inhabitants, which I shall now give you without prejudice or partiality. The Italians are a most ingenious people. I have been even tempted to think that there is something favourable to ingenuity in the very air or soil, or something else belonging to this happy-situated peninsula of Italy, for it became, in the first place, the seat of the empire of the world, by the valour and address of its inhabitants; when I say the world, I mean all but the northern part of Great Britain, which the Romans were so far from subduing, that they were obliged to build walls and ramparts across the island; first, between the Firths of Forth and Clyde, and next, from Carlisle to Newcastle, to defend themselves from our ancestors, the Caledonians.

But when the Roman Empire was overturned by the Goths, Rome became the seat of a new kind of Empire, and that is the empire of the Popes. In short, the inhabitants of Italy, first subdued mankind by open force; and secondly, by imposition and pawkry:* and after several ages of Gothic darkness, where does the light of knowledge first dawn again? Where do the arts first appear, and where are they carried to the greatest perfection? Why, in this same Italy. This looks, I say, as it were something peculiarly favourable to ingenuity in this country. But whatever may be in that notion, with all the disadvantages to which they are exposed from a miserable bad government, the present race of Italians, are certainly a civilized, discreet, sober people, not so frank as the French, nor yet so reserved as the English; but with more shrewdness of understanding perhaps than either.

In the formation of statutes and graven images, they are supposed to surpass all the nations of Europe; for, in our own country, you know, this occupation was never much encouraged, because in the opinion of several serious Christians of the Presbyterian persuasion, it flies in the teeth of the second commandment.

The Italians are fond of music, to an astonishing, and even to an unwarrantable degree; the number of eunuchs which they employ at a great expence, is a pretty plain proof that they spare nothing to have their ears tickled; they even oblige them to sing in the very churches; yet surely they might

* A Scotch word nearly synonymous with *duplicity*.

find houses enough to keep concerts in, without profaning the house of God.

It must be confessed, that Italian music, when performed in a proper place, and on proper occasions, is very delightful to hear, though the best of it never thrilled through my heart so pleasing as the sweet melody of some of our own tunes.

It is not, dear A. in the appearance of the fields, or of the cities, nor in the customs and genius of the inhabitants, that the country where you reside, has the greatest advantage over this land of darkness, but in the important article of religion; which here consists almost entirely of external show and gew-gawry, of bowing, courtesies, and various gesticulations, of fantastical dresses, processions, and other idle ceremonials, which are in no way connected with true piety, and altogether opposite to the simplicity of the gospel, which you, my dear friend, enjoy the inestimable privilege of hearing preached in its native purity and truth.

Having now briefly touched upon all the points, I must end this long letter, begging to be respectfully remembered to all inquiring friends on the water of Enrick; and so, my dear A, I remain your affectionate cousin,

N.

LOUIS XV.

Many circumstances were united in that monarch to conciliate the affection and raise the hopes of the nation.

He was the only child of the virtuous duke of

Burgundy, and Adelaide of Savoy, whose playful character is painted in such amiable colours by the writers of that age. The Duke fell a sacrifice to the grief he felt for the untimely death of his princess; and the loss of both filled France, not only with that external mourning which is equally worn for princes at whose death the public rejoice, as for those they lament, but also with *real* sorrow.

The young king possessed likewise all the charms of comeliness of countenance and symetry of person: to these the people added, of course, all the best qualities of the head and heart.

Whatever share of the latter he had was soon rendered useless by indolence, and perverted by the corruption of a court.* He possessed not, like his great grandfather, that lofty reserve, which keep men at too great a distance to judge of the real worth of the object they contemplate.—With more weaknesses to conceal, he had less the power of concealing them; and the more the man was seen the less was the monarch esteemed.

He became devoted to an artful woman who

* The following anecdotes are as many proofs of the *apathy of Lewis the XVth.*—Seeing from his window the funeral procession of Madame de Pompadour, of whom he had been so fond, he admired it much, and pulling out his watch, said: "It will arrive at Paris at ten o'clock."—When his faithful servant and confidant, Le Bel, died at Compeign, he simply asked where he was to be *buried.*—The marquis de Chauvelin who had for many years been his constant companion at the gaming-table, having supped with him at Madame du Barri's, and going to sit down to play, fell down dead close by the king; who, entirely unmoved, said to those who thought that by their assistance, he might recover, "don't you see that he is dead? That great beast was always stuffing himself; I always told him he would kill himself by eating.

governed the state with an unlimited sway, as his general had done the army. For though he had appeared at its head, he had never endeavoured to acquire any knowledge in the art of war.

Madame du Dubarry who succeeded the marchioness of Pompadour, was not so haughty and ambitious as her predecessor, and intermeddled less with the affairs of state. With all her good-humour and gaiety, she found it impossible, however, entirely to ward off the tedium to which a vacant mind is peculiarly exposed.

Although no man was ever more oppressed with mental indolence than Louis XV. he was fond to excess of bodily exercise, and passed great part of his time in hunting, from which he derived the double advantage of repelling the intrusions of reflection and obtaining sleep.

The wretched monarch was relieved from the burden of existence, by a disease which he had taken great pains to avoid, through the whole of his past life, and which he caught wantonly in his old age*. He died a memorable proof, that the united advantages of external gracefulness, riches, high birth, and quickness of apprehension, cannot preclude tedium or misery, and secure public esteem to those whose minds are incapable of laudable exertions.

OPINIONS NO CRIMES.

It is the business of government to controul men's actions, not their opinions; and those are recorded

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* Louis XV. died at the age of sixty-five, of the small-pox, which he caught from a young woman, on whom that disease appeared soon after she had been with the king,

as the happiest times, in which the most uncontrolled freedom was allowed to the declaration of opinion "Rara temporum felicitate," says the historian, "ubi sentire quæ velis, and quæ sentias dicere licet." All the terror of the tribunal of the Porte di Sopiri at Venice, cannot make one who thinks monarchy a preferable form of government to republicanism change his opinion; nor can all the thunder of the *ultima ratio regum* make a republican prefer monarchy. The utmost that severities can do is to make hypocrites; it is impossible for them to make converts. Opinion, so far from being under the power of other men's will, is not under a man's own; it is the offspring of his reason, well or ill informed. Opinions, therefore, cannot justly be imputed to any man as crimes. Even one of those bloody revolutionary judges in France, who examined one of their victims in the prison of the Abbaye at Paris, in September, 1792, was sensible of it. When that intrepid victim avowed himself a royalist, an universal murmur arose from the bloody circle who heard him, "ce n'est pas pour juger les opinions que nous sommes ici*," said the judge; "c'est pour en juger les resultats."

Men of the greatest worth and virtue have had and always will have different speculative opinions on the different forms of government. Every man has a right to speculate on it as well as on any other subject, and while he confines himself to speculation, he is not the just object of punishment; but when, from speculation he proceeds to action, the case is

* It is not to judge of men's opinions that we are here, but to judge of their actions.

totally different. The peace of society is not to be with impunity disturbed with insurrection; and the men against whom such action is proved become the just objects of punishment*.

PRINCESS ELIZABETH OF FRANCE,

When brought before a tribunal of atheists, proved what a degree of composure religion can communicate to a mind naturally timid, and to what elevation it can raise a mind naturally unassuming. Disdaining any concession which might soften their cruelty, and despising the wrath which she knew her answer would excite to the first interrogatory of the bloody court, what is your name? she greatly replied, "*my name is Elizabeth of France, sister to the monarch you murdered, and aunt to your present king.*"

STAUNCH ROMAN CATHOLICS.

When it was urged to a superstitious French peasant of the provinces that he ought to have no scru-

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* Lord Hawkesbury would have probably done well to have quoted this article in his answer to the supercilious attempts of the Corsican Usurper and his minions, to restrain the freedom of the British press. It may be necessary to observe, that a few short weeks ago, when the First Consul was our *faithful friend and ally*, we dared not thus to have expressed our opinions; but by the fortuitous changes in the political world, thanks to the termination of the system of *candour, liberality*, and *forbearance* on the part of our ministers, we may now give vent to our indignation at the insolence of a beggarly upstart, without danger of reproof from his Majesty's Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench.—May 21, 1803. F. B

ple at receiving the sacrament from a priest who had taken the oath, since the king himself had sanctioned the decree, " my body," said the peasant, " belongs to the king; but my soul belongs to the pope*."

One of his neighbours having reproached another peasant, for having his child baptised by a priest who had taken the oath: " Why, my child seemed very weakly," replied the peasant, and I was so much afraid of his dying without baptism, that I took the first priest I could get to secure the poor infant's soul at all events." " But after what the pope has declared," said his neighbour, " does not your own soul run some risk for having employed one of those impious priests who disobey his holiness?"—" I have time to repent and get absolution; rejoined the peasant; whereas my poor innocent babe was in danger of slipping off in an instant without baptism or any chance of salvation†.

PRIDE AND MADNESS.

When the famous dutchess of Longueville, sister to the great Condé was dangerously ill, a poor wo-

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* The Pope had declared his positive disapprobation of the civil oath; being in his opinion a breach of that which a Roman Catholic Priest had taken at his ordination. In the full persuasion that so valuable a part of his property, as his soul, was at the pope's disposal; it is not surprizing that this poor man was cautious of doing what his holiness disapproved of.

† Before the Revolution it was a received opinion even among the populace, that the ceremony of baptism is valid, although performed by a heretic; but at the period of the revolution, some of the peasantry were made to believe that to employ a priest who had taken the oaths was a mortal sin.

man, came bathed in tears, and with every mark of sorrow begged to know how the dutchess did; but the dutchess's favourite maid, being filled with indignation at the presumptuous grief of the woman, thrust her out of doors, telling her, "that it was the height of assurance in a low creature like her to be afflicted, or at all concerned, for the ill health of a princess."

THE CASTLE AND THE MODERN COTTAGE ORNE.

The second is all harmony, and the first all horror. It recals to our memory those dismal times (heaven forbid they should ever return,) when family feuds, and the spirit of vengeance, excited the inhabitants against each other, and deluged this island with blood—and the former, brings back to our imagination, that golden age,* when according to Gresset—

Tous dans d'innocentes d'elices.
Unis par des noends pleins d'attraits,
Passoient leur jeunesse sans vices,
Et leur vieillesse sans regrets.

LIVERIES AND ARMORIAL BEARINGS.

In Great Britain every tradesman is allowed to load his footmen with as rich liveries as the vanity of

* It is not unfortunate, that we have the authority of history for the truth of the horrible times of massacre and rapine: whereas, for the golden age, we have only the authority of the poets.

the master exacts, and his purse can afford ; and for a moderate sum he may have what arms he pleases. Accordingly, it is impossible to pass through the city of London, without seeing on the carriages of grocers, brewers, bricklayers, contractors, and cheesemongers, as many helmets, shields, and spears, as were in Godfrey's army at the siege of Jerusalem.

There are some mortified relicts and descendants of nobility who lament, as a grievous abuse, that the carriages which drag the awkward offspring and bloated garbage of the city to a ball or feast at the mansion-house, should be permitted to be as richly blazoned, as much admired by the ignorant, as those which convey the most ancient, and of course the purest blood of the realm to St. James's.

This no doubt is afflicting to the pride of a few honourable persons, both male and female, whose feelings may be the same, although their sex are different ; but on the other hand, it ought to be considered, that all kind of encouragement should be given to trade in this commercial nation, and that the affliction above mentioned is in some degree compensated by the innocent pleasure which a foaming coat of arms affords to the wives and daughters of many respectable citizens, and to those respectable citizens themselves, who are more at a loss how to enjoy their fortune than they were to acquire it.

There is reason to suspect that this valuable art of enjoying riches was somewhat of a rarity even in the Augustan age, since Horace compliments his accomplished friend Albius Tibullus for possessing it :

Di tibi divitias dederant, *artemque fruendi ?*

To allow a free participation of the enjoyments which heraldy affords to every British subject, at a

a reasonable price, seems equitable: abundance of examples prove that it affords pleasure to some, even after their age, conscience, and constitution have interdicted them from other pleasures.

MISFORTUNE.

"THE loss of four hundred dollars, to one in your circumstances, must have been a dreadful misfortune."

"Their loss, was one of the luckiest things that ever happened to me. I was obliged to pinch so hard to make it up, that I have thought myself in affluence ever since."

"You are a philosopher, and bear misfortunes with great fortitude."

"I have hardly had any to bear."

"I am surprised to hear you say so; for I have heard you lost near seven thousand dollars in the space of a month, being in a very persevering run of ill fortune."

"Thereabout."

"And what, in the devil's name, do you call that; a man who loses such a sum must think himself very unfortunate."

"Not if he previously won it all in the course of a week's play."

"That is not the usual way in which men calculate their own misfortunes."

It is the fair way, however; for the most fortunate man that ever existed, will be proved to be unfortunate, if you throw out all the lucky incidents of his life, and leave the unlucky behind.

COURT OF SPAIN.

CHARLES the fourth, the present king of Spain, is of an athletic make, fond of exercise, temperate, as much attached to his Queen as the most constant of his predecessors ever were to theirs*, and as little given to jealousy as any man that ever existed.

Her majesty, who is a princess of Parma, has honoured several individuals with her distinguished patronage; and the men she has delighted to honour have generally become the king's ministers; for he has the highest opinion of her judgment in men as well as of her conjugal fidelity. To be distinguished by the queen's favour was likely of itself to rouse slander and create envy; but when to that all the

* The kings of Spain have for many years been patterns of conjugal fidelity; and what is full as remarkable, none of them have been able to surpass in that virtue the prince who was called to their throne from the court of Versailles.

That monarch seems not to have wished for any other minister, friend, or companion, than his wife. He not only passed every night with her, but every day also—sick or well he never quitted her, and when affairs of state or etiquette required that others should be present, he always shewed marks of impatience till he could be alone with the queen. There never was such a miracle of constancy, yet his sorrow on account of the queen's death did not prevent his marrying again. A wife seems to have been almost a necessary of life for this prince: he was not, however, difficult with respect to the choice; that he left entirely to others. His second wife engrossed his attention, as much as his first had done. Nothing surprised this uxorious prince so much in the character of his countrymen, and particularly in that of his grandfather Louis the fourteenth of France, as that they should have so little taste for their own wives, and so much for those of other men.

power of the state was added, it may easily be imagined what increased activity and vigour must have been given to both: insinuations to her majesty's disadvantage were conveyed in notes laid on the king's plate, under his napkin, thrown into his coach, transmitted to him, or brought to his notice, by every means which envy could prompt, and malevolent ingenuity contrive, but all without producing the effect intended: he remains fully satisfied that his consort is as faithful to him as he is to her.

This well disposed monarch not only shuts his ears against the queen's calumniators, but he is averse from believing in the infidelity of married people in general; he considers adultery as one of the greatest crimes, and a belief of its frequency one of the most dangerous opinions that can prevail in this licentious age; because it tends to shake the reverence of children to their parents, and the loyalty of subjects to their sovereign, by suggesting that the blood royal may have been adulterated by plebeian mixture: an idea which cannot fail to diminish the veneration due to it.

A thousand peculiarities respecting this prince, mark him as a good natured-man: subject to sudden fits of anger, he is quickly pacified, and impatient to make reparation to his attendants for whatever he has said or done during his passion, that was too violent or disobliging. When any of them falls sick, or meets with a disagreeable accident, he shows a degree of compassion and sympathy that is not common in princes.

He is said to be very little acquainted with business, though he regularly sits in council, with the queen at his side; and though his ministers are supposed to

be selected by the queen, she is so observant of decorum, that she expresses no opinion in words while sitting in council; but they generally understand by her looks what she approves or disapproves, and they act accordingly.

Her countenance is more distinguished for penetration than for either beauty or good nature; yet she contrives to throw off its usual sourness when strangers are presented, and receives them with a smile, and the appearance of graciousness.

COQUETRY.

It is often said that a coquette may be a virtuous woman; that she only amuses herself by attracting the attention of men, and deceiving them with false hopes. I am not now speaking of that playful and thoughtless coquetry which has no object beyond drawing a little admiration; of that species of coquetry, nothing need be said, but that it is sometimes a dangerous game. But of the other kind of coquetry, my opinion is very different.—Deceiving men with false hopes!—hopes of what nature!---Can that be an occupation for a virtuous woman!---I think that a woman of the town is a vast deal more reprehensible.

CHANCE AMATEUR.

A GENTLEMAN who had no taste for the fine arts was asked by a limner in distress, whom he accidentally met, to let him paint his portrait, or that

of any of his friends, for a moderate sum. The gentleman took the painter home in his carriage, saying, that, " as for his own face it was not worth painting, but that he should like to have the portrait of a worthy friend of his, who, he feared, was in a declining way."---That friend was an old Welch poney, who had carried him up and down the mountains of Wales for above a dozen years; and who, he asserted had done him more essential services than any friend he had. The portrait of the horse was painted accordingly: it was thought so like, that the artist received double the sum bargained for. The amateur hung it up in his parlour, and never looked at it after the death of the original, without a sigh, and a short panegyric on his excellent qualities.

MALIGNANT FEVERS *.

THERE is good reason to believe, from history and authentic records, that malignant fevers were

* Neither naturalists or physicians have informed us what is the cause which renders so many diseases contagious, while others are not in the least infectious. The gout, the gravel, the epilepsy, the apoplexy, are not caught by frequenting the company of the diseased: but the malignant fevers, the plague, the dysentery, the itch, the bloody flux, occasion frequently terrible ravages by their infection. " It may probably be said," observed the learned Bishop of Arranches, " that all contagious diseases produce *worms*, which are contained in ulcers, pustules, or pimples, either internal or external. These worms, by undergoing a revolution, which in them is natural, change into the fly state, and become *gnats*. As soon as these flies, imperceptible by their diminutive size, can lift themselves by their wings, they

formerly more frequent, more universal, and raged with greater violence in Europe in general, and in this island particularly, than they have done of late.

This is generally imputed to the streets and houses of most of the cities, and of London in particular, being more spacious, dry, and airy.

From their being infinitely more cleanly in consequence of the new method of paving.

From the inhabitants not being so much crowded together.

From their being more cleanly in their houses and persons.

From the poor in particular being more commodiously lodged, more salubriously nourished, and better taken care of in all respects.

From the disease being more judiciously treated by medical practitioners in general. And, above all,

From our knowledge of the virtues of the Peruvian bark.

During the civil wars in Charles the First's time, this fever raged with destructive violence in the

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take their flight. They are then scattered abroad; and entering the bodies of men by respiration, they infuse that poison by which they are engendered, and communicate that corruption from whence they have sprung. Thus great fires have been found very serviceable in public contagion, by burning and consuming these *gnats* with which the air is filled. An opposite cause produces also the same effect; I mean a sharp frost, that kills and destroys these terrible insects."—It is almost unnecessary to observe, that this very singular though amusing theory is now exploded.

camps, and degenerated into an absolute plague in the capital, and in other parts of England.

Some of the circumstances which have a tendency to spread this disease, and render it more malignant and pestilential prevail, it will be said, in a greater degree in Scotland than in England; yet the latter has been more frequently subject to pestilential and malignant fevers than the former, and when this calamity last raged with so much violence in the southern parts of the island, it was little felt in the nothern, which naturally may be imputed to the mountainous nature and northerly situation of Scotland: the one exposing the atmosphere to a brisker ventilation; and the other bracing the fibres of the inhabitants by frosts of longer duration*.

INFECTIOUS ATMOSPHERE.

The human constitution, by degrees habituates itself to this kind of atmosphere, so as at length to become little susceptible of infection, even where very infectious diseases prevail. Physicians and surgeons who are much accustomed to attend the

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* To prevent the Scots from being too much elated with this or any other advantage, they have never wanted d——d good-natured friends," who, without grudging them, either their storms or their frosts, are fond of reminding them of every circumstance that may tend to moderate their pride, and who fail not to remark, that if their country is less subject to pestilence, it is more exposed to famine than England. This circumstance affords those of their neighbours, who are not less fond of a joke upon account of its age, a great advantage over the Scots in repartee.

sick, and nurses who live almost constantly in hospitals, are not near so apt to be affected by impure air, or by contagion, as others*.

" LE CRIME FAIT LA HONTE, ET NON PAS L'ECHAFFAUD."

No maxim was more admired, or oftener quoted by the French than this fine verse of one of their poets, yet before the constitution of 1791, which has removed an old prejudice stronger in France than in any other country, a public execution was considered as dishonouring the whole family. Most fortunate it is for private families that this precaution was thought of, otherwise they are very few in France, who would not at present be considered as dishonoured.

RELIGION.

HONESTY is not always considered as essentially connected with religion. To infuse the spirit of benevolence, and prevail on men to regulate their actions by strict integrity, is a more difficult task than to persuade them to the performance of certain ceremonies, by which they compensate for a failure

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* Experiments have been made of gradually accustoming mice and other animals to foul air, from which it appears that they come at length, to live without inconvenience in air which proves almost immediately fatal to animals of the same species, taken directly from the common atmosphere and who have never been so habituated.

in moral duties. The vulgar mind cannot imagine that the Deity is not better pleased with pompous processions in honour of himself, than simple fair dealing of men with each other. The speediest way of convincing the multitude is, by inflaming their passions. It is generally fruitless, and sometimes not very safe, to endeavour to persuade them that their ceremonies of religion are of little profit without probity.

INSOLENCE

Raises stronger indignation than even injustice; for no better reason than because pride is less wounded by the one than the other. For the same reason, a continual observance of little attentions makes more friends than real services. Real services relieve our wants, attentions flatter our pride: our wants are removed, our pride remains.

BASIL

Is larger than any town in Switzerland.—The inhabitants seem to be uncommonly afraid of thieves, most of the windows being guarded by iron bars or grates, like those of convents or prisons.

At the lower end of many windows projecting toward the street, there is a round glass of about half a foot diameter in the middle; people within, without being seen, sit at the window and thus amuse themselves by looking at the passengers. They are mostly occupied by the ladies.

The inhabitants of Basil seem to be of a reserved and saturnine disposition. They are uncommonly serious and formal in their manner.

The library is much esteemed, and reckoned particularly rich in manuscripts.

At the arsenal is shown the armour in which Charles Duke of Burgundy was killed.

In the town house is a famous painting, supposed to have been executed under the auspices of the famous council, which sat so many years, and voted so intrepidly against the Pope. In this piece the devil is represented driving the Pope and several ecclesiastics before him to hell.

Here are many pictures of Hans Holbens, a native of that town. The most admired of all his works is a suite of small pieces in different compartments, representing the passions and sufferings of our Saviour. In these the colours remain with wonderful vivacity.

The colours of Holben's death's dance, represented upon the walls of a dismal gallery, having long been exposed to the air, are now quite faded. That can scarcely be regretted, for the plan of the piece is so wretched, that the finest execution could hardly prevent it from giving disgust.

In this city all the clocks are an hour advanced. This singularity is of three or four hundred years standing, and what is as singular as the custom itself, the origin of it is not known.

The most popular story is, that, about 400 years ago, the city was threatened with an assault at sunrise. The artist, who had the care of the large clock of the tower, having heard that the attack was to begin when it should strike one after mid-

night, caused it to be altered, and it struck two in stead of one; thinking they were an hour too late, the enemy gave up the attempt; and in commemoration of this deliverance the clock has ever since been kept an hour on advance.

DUMOURIER*

Possesses the peculiar vivacity of air and manner that distinguishes the natives of France. I understand, that he is remarkably entertaining and amiable in conversation; that, though he has indulged in pleasure, and yielded to dissipation, yet he is capable of the most indefatigable exertion, both of body and mind; that he has always been fonder of pleasure than of money, and ever ready to sacrifice both for renown. His enemies, who allow that he possesses great acuteness of mind, and the most unshaken courage, throw doubts upon his steadiness in other respects.†

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* This Gallic Hero, like Mark Anthony, was destined to lose himself, and all his laurels, in the smiles and machinations of love. His favourite Cleopatra, notwithstanding his fierce and ungovernable courage in the field, held him in the most timid and tyrannical slavery,—though beautiful, she was vulgar to a proverb. She declared to a judicious agent of the Convention, Dumourier was a private enemy to the faction by which the king was murdered, and a friend to hereditary Monarchy.

† The following anecdote of Dumourier will amuse perhaps our readers:—When in the year 1793, he came to England, wishing to remain *incognito* till his arrival in London, and equally averse to travelling in an expensive manner, which might attract attention, or to mix in the crowd of a stage

TRAINEAU PARTIES

MAY be reckoned among the winter amusements of Germany. These can take place in the time of frost only, and when there is a considerable quantity of snow upon the ground.

A traineau is a machine in the shape of a horse, lion, swan, or in that of a griffin, unicorn, or in some other fanciful form, without wheels, but made below like a sledge, for the conveniency of sliding over the snow. Some are gilded, and otherwise ornamented, according to the whim of the proprietor. A pole stands up from one side, to which an ensign or flag is fastened, which waves over the heads of those placed on the machine. The lady, wrapped in fur, sits before, and the gentleman stands behind on a board made for that purpose.

The whole are drawn by two horses, which is

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coach, where some passenger might recognize his face, he hired the whole inside of a Dover diligence On the outside was a man, whom Dumourier, on perceiving him to be a Frenchman, invited to take a seat by his side, and who proved to be a foreign hatter in Piccadilly. As soon as the General found out the other's trade, with his usual versality of character he became a hatter too, and talked so learnedly of *felt* of *bearer*, that his fellow traveller invited him to take up his abode at his house. The next morning he begged his host to be the bearer of a letter to Lord Grenville. This was readily undertaken by the hatter, who supposing that under the Alien Bill, any foreigner might have business with the Secretary of State, had no suspicion of the real character of his guest, till he perceived the answer to be addressed *to General Dumourier*. He returned in great perturbation, and such was his surprise, terror, or admiration on finding himself in the renowned General's presence, that he fell on his knees, while delivering his Lordship's epistle.

either conducted by a postilion, or driven by the gentleman. The horses are gaudily ornamented, and have bells hanging from the trappings, which cover them.

The party consists generally of many traineaus, each attended by two or three servants on horseback with flambeaux.—This amusement is taken when it begins to grow dark.—One trianeau takes the lead, the rest follow at a convenient distance in a line, and drive for two or three hours through the principal streets and squares of the town.—The horses go at a brisk rate; The motion of the traineau is easy and agreeable; and the bells, ensigns, and torches make a very gay and showy appearance.

SWISS PEASANTS.

They are the tallest and most robust I have ever seen. Their dress is very particular. They have little round hats, like those worn by the Dutch skippers.—Their coats and waistcoats are all of a kind of coarse black cloth; their breeches are made of linen, something like sailors' trowsers; but drawn together in plaits below the knees and the stockings are of the same stuff with the breeches.

The women wear short jackets, with a great superfluity of buttons. The unmarried women value themselves on the length of their hair, which they separate into two divisions, and allow it to hang at its full length, braided with ribbands in the rantillie fashion.—After marriage, these tresses are no longer permitted to hang down; being twisted round the

head in spiral lines, they are fixed at the crown with large silver pins.

Married and unmarried, wear straw hats, ornamented with black ribbands. So far the women's dress is becoming enough, but they have an awkward manner of fixing their petticoat so high as to leave hardly any waist. This encroachment of the petticoat upon the waist, mightily deforms the appearance of the whole person. The elegant figure of the Venus de Medicis would be annihilated under such a preposterous load of dress.

SWITZERLAND.

No country in the world can be more agreeable to travellers during the summer. For besides the commodious roads and comfortable inns, some of the most beautiful objects of nature, woods, mountains, lakes intermingled with fertile fields, vineyards, and scenes of the most perfect cultivation are here presented to the eye in great variety, and on a larger scale, than in any other country,*

* We have here traced the opinion of Mr. Brydone respecting this delightful country with that of Dr. Moore; in the two paragraphs there is a striking coincidence of sentiment.

"Who would not leave, with rapture, the parched fields of Italy for the quiet and delightful cool mountains of *Switzerland*; where liberty and simplicity long since banished from polished nations, still flourish in their original purity;—where the temperature and moderation of the climate and that of the inhabitants are mutually emblematical of each other: For whilst other nations are scorched by the heat of the sun, and the still more scorching heats of tyranny and superstition; here the genial breezes for ever fan the air, and heighten that alacrity and joy which liberty and innocence alone can inspire;—here

SENSIBILITY AND FEROCITY.

Monsieur de Bertrand, a knight of Malta was brought at midnight. on the third of September 1792, before the dreadful tribunal in the prison of the abbaye. He is a man of great coolness and firmness of mind, which was of infinite service to him in this emergency. When he was questioned, he answered with an undisturbed voice and countenance, " that he had not the least idea of what he had been arrested for, that those who arrested him could not inform him, that nobody had informed him since, and that he was convinced he had been taken up by mistake."

Struck with the cool and undaunted manner in which he addressed them, the judges ordered him to be released. Two men covered with blood, who had been employed in killing the prisoners, seemed surprised but not displeased at the unusual order. They conducted him through the court of the abbaye, and on the way asked if he had any relation to whose house he wished to go. He answered, that he had a sister-in-law, to whom he intended to go directly.

" How very much surprised and delighted must she be to see you," said they—" I am persuaded she will," replied Mr. Bertrand.

One of them asked the other if he should not be glad to be present at this meeting; to which he eagerly said he should; and both declared that they had a curiosity to be witnesses to the joyful meeting.

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the genial flow of the soul has never been yet checked by the idle and useless refinements of the arts, but opens and expands itself to all the calls of affection and benevolence.

The gentleman was astonished and embarrassed: he represented that his relation being a delicate woman, their appearance might very much alarm her; that he could not think of giving them such trouble.

They urged they would wait in the parlour till he had advertised the lady of their being in the house, to prevent her being alarmed: that so far from being a trouble, it would give them great pleasure to accompany him, that they wished to have relaxation from the work they had been so long employed in.

M. Bertrand did not think it prudent to refuse such petitioners any longer.—They accompanied him to the house. He sent the servant, who opened the door at the sound of his voice, to advertise the lady that he was arrived and well. He afterwards went himself, and informed her of the fancy of the two men. Every body in the family had flocked around him with expressions of joy. The two men were admitted, and were witnesses to the happiness that all manifested: they seemed much gratified and affected at the sight; it formed the strongest contrast with those they had so lately seen. M. Bertrand offered them money, which they would on no account accept; declaring that they were already paid for accompanying him in the only way they desired. After remaining a considerable time, they took their leave, wishing the lady and M. Bertrand all happiness.

I know no theory by which can be explained the dispositions of sensibility and ferocity, which, from this narrative, appear in the same individuals. I repeat the facts as I have them from authority. They form a new instance of the astonishing variety, and even opposition of character to be found in that wonderful creature, MAN.

ST. PETER'S AT ROME AND ST. PAUL'S IN LONDON.

The church of St. Peter's at Rome, in the opinion of many surpasses in size and magnificence, the finest monuments of ancient architecture.

All who have seen St. Paul's in London may, by an enlargement of its dimensions, form some idea of the external appearance of St. Peter's. But the resemblance fails entirely on comparing them within; St. Peter's being lined, in many parts, with the most precious and beautiful marble, adorned with valuable pictures, and all the powers of sculpture.

The approach to St. Peter's church excel that to St. Paul's in a still greater proportion than the former surpasses the latter either in size or in the richness and the beauty of the internal ornaments.

The facade of this celebrated church is not equal in elegance and beauty to the rest of the building. Every impartial judge will acknowledge that the front of St. Peter's is in those particulars inferior to that of our St. Paul's.

AURA EPILEPTICA

Is a sensation which some epileptics have, previous to every fit: some describe it like a current of fresh air, flowing slowly, others like an insect moving or creeping upwards from the extremities of the body to the head, where it no sooner arrives than the patient becomes insensible, and falls into an epileptic fit. His first sensation is generally felt at one particular point; and we may presume there is some dis-

order in that point from the circumstance of the *Aura's* beginning there.—The disease may be radically cured by destroying the part: when this cannot be safely done, the fit may be prevented by a ligature applied above the part where the *Aura* arises.

HEIDELBERG

Is situated in a hollow on the banks of the Neckar, and is surrounded by charming hills perfectly cultivated.

More chearful scenes of exuberant fertility are to be seen no where than along the fine chain of hills which begin near this town. The summit of these hills are crowned with trees, and their sides and bottoms are clothed with vines.

The elector's castle is placed on an eminence, which commands the town, and a view of the valley below*. In the castle is to be seen the renowned Heidelberg tun.

The inhabitants of the palatinate are partly Protestants and partly Roman catholics, who live here in harmony with each other. The great church at Heidelberg is divided into two apartments, in one of which

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* The castle itself is unfortunately commanded by another eminence too near it, from which this noble building was cannonaded when the whole palatine was pillaged and burnt in consequence of a cruel order of Louis XIV. too literally executed by Turenne.—The particulars of that dismal scene have been transmitted from father to son, and are still spoken of with horror by the peasantry of this country, among whom the French nation is held in detestation to this day.

the Protestants, and in the other the Papists perform public worship :—A singular instance of the moderation and coolness of people's minds with regard to a subject that inflamed them so violently in the days of their ancestors.

The lives and manners of the inhabitants of this city seem to be as uniform and formal as the streets and buildings. No noise, mob, or bustle; at mid-day every thing is as calm and quiet as the streets of London at mid-night.

BEGGARS.

Those heroes who founded the liberty of Holland took the name of *Gueux*, (beggars); and they would have no other title, because the pride of their tyrants made them imagine they would be lowered by it; and that very title by attaching to them that immense class which aristocracy and despotism vilify, became at once their strength, their glory, and the pledge of their success. The friends of liberty chose the name which would best serve her cause, not that which was most flattering to themselves."

N. B. This observation is to be found in one of Mirabeau's speeches.

THE CIRCULATION OF THE BLOOD

Was first demonstrated by Dr. Harvey, about the beginning of the last century; a discovery which has rendered his name immortal, and reflected lustre on the English nation. Envy could not quietly bear

that so much honour should fall to the share of any individual. That she might have the pleasure of tearing them from the brows of Harvey, she was willing to adorn the busts of the ancients with his laurels. The first attack that Harvey's enemies made upon his fame was by asserting that the circulation of the blood was known to the ancients. But if the ancients knew it, how came those learned gentlemen who tell us so, to have been ignorant of it? Finding that this attack did not succeed, it was next insinuated that Harvey's more immediate predecessors, Vesalius, Serverus, and others, had cleared the road, and pointed it out so clearly, that he could not miss it. They had done so much, they say, that they had left him *little* to do. How infinitely absurd to call that *little* which those very men whose genius and acuteness are described as *prodigious*, could not accomplish, and which escaped the penetration of all the anatomists, physicians, and philosophers that the world produced, till Harvey made the happy discovery,---a discovery not made as many useful arts have been discovered, *by accident*, but in consequence of deep reflection and careful investigation, by weighing and comparing facts, drawing inferences from the discoveries of others, which their authors were unable to do, and advancing step by step to that important demonstration which has justly reflected so much honour on the discoverer himself, and has added dignity to the name of an Englishman.

POPULARITY

In Great Britain is of more consequence to a gentleman or nobleman, than it was in France before the Revolution, or is at present in Germany and other European countries. There are many, no doubt, who would shew attention and hospitality to their neighbours in the lower ranks of life, from the mere sentiments of benevolence and generosity; but it has been observed, that nothing has more influence in keeping those sentiments alive in the bosom of the great, than their having something to ask or expect from the favour of the little. This is the case in England at least once in seven years.

NATIVE COUNTRY.

That expression presents itself to the mind, decorated with many ideas from the wardrobe of the imagination. To tell men they have disgraced their country, is the most bitter of all reproaches; to say that they have done it honour, is the most soothing of all praises. The officer on the day of battle is sensible of this; and to rouse to the utmost efforts those under his command he reminds them that they are *fighting for their country*. That simple sentence contains all the magic of eloquence. Conjuring up the ideas of protecting our property, our homes, the abodes of our forefathers, the beloved scenes of our earliest pleasures and first affections, it implies defending from outrage our constitution, our religion, all that is valuable and endearing, our friends, parents, wives and children. The love of our country

is mentioned with the love of fame by the Roman poet, as the feeling of a noble mind.

" Vincet amor patriæ, laudumque immensa cupido."

It not only excites to virtuous exertions during life, but a soothing recollection in death.

" —— Dulces moriens reminiscitur argos."

VOLTAIRE *.

This extraordinary person has contrived to excite more curiosity, and to retain the attention of Europe for a longer space of time, than any other man this age has produced, monarchs and heroes included.

His person is that of a skeleton; but this skeleton, this composition of skin and bone, has a look of more spirit and vivacity than is generally produced by flesh and blood, however blooming and youthful.

The most piercing eyes I ever beheld are those of Voltaire, now in his eightieth year.—His whole countenance is expressive of genius, observation, and extreme sensibility. An air of irony never entirely forsakes his face, but may always be observed lurking in his features, whether he frowns or smiles.

By far the greatest part of his time is spent in his study, and whether he reads himself, or listens to

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* He was born at Paris in 1694—died in that metropolis of an hœmorrhage in 1778.

another, he always has a pen in his hand, to take notes or make remarks. Composition is his principal amusement. No author who writes for daily bread, no young poet ardent for distinction, is more assiduous with his pen, or more anxious for fresh fame, than the wealthy and applauded Seigneur Ferney.

He lives in a very hospitable manner, and has generally some visitors from Paris, so that there is a constant rotation of society at Ferney. The forenoon is not a proper time to visit Voltaire. He cannot bear to have his hours of study interrupted. This alone is sufficient to put him out of humour. At supper, when surrounded by his friends, and animated by the presence of women, he seems to enjoy life with all the sensibility of youth: his genius then surmounts the restraints of age and infirmity, and flows along in a fine strain of pleasing, spirited observation, and delicate irony.

Considered as a master, Voltaire appears in a very amiable light. He is affable, humane, and generous to his tenants and dependants. He loves to see them prosper, and takes part in their private and domestic concerns, with the attention of a patriarch.

If he has been the author of severe satire, he also has been the object of a great deal. When he has not been irritated as a writer, he appears a good-humoured man, and, in particular instances, displays a true philanthrophy.*

* Whoever reads with attention a late publication, called *Vie Polemique de Voltaire*, Polemical Life of Voltaire, will conceive some doubt about his philanthropy. The author has not disfigured the writings of Voltaire; he has taken all his cita

Happy, if this extraordinary man had confined his genius to its native home, to the walks which the Muses love; and that he had never deviated from these into the thorny paths of impiety!

I have heard much of Voltaire's great contrition and repentance, when he had reason to believe his end approaching; but I have been assured by his friends, that in sickness he never discovered any fear of death. Though this conduct is not to be justified, yet it has consistency and firmness.

While the edge of Voltaire's ridicule is turned against persecution and hypocrisy, the most virtuous applaud; but his misfortune of not being a believer in Christianity cannot excuse his attempts to turn into ridicule the established religion of his country. One, among many peculiarities of this author is, that he treats Christianity, with becoming respect in his dramas, and that some of his plays are at once the most moral and religious of his works.

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tions from the last edition of his works. There can, therefore, be no doubt of the fidelity of the picture. The reader will there behold the errors of his mind, and the crimes of his heart; will see his genius obscured by the baseness of his motives, and his outrageous language; that philosophy so much vaunted by himself sadly eclipsed by clouds of irritability and resentment; and his most splendid maxims contradicted by his actions:—He will there behold his protestations of love and zeal for the happiness of mankind, refuted by his constant and persevering attacks on the living and the dead:—he will there behold him in extreme old age, adding bitterness to his gall, and aiming fresh blows against christianity, and against all who respected or defended it. His genius seemed only to regain strength when inspired by hatred or impiety.

Distinguished for wit, and a happiness of expression which baffles imitation, the writings of Voltaire have contributed much to form the taste, bias the opinion of the age, and root out many old prejudices, supported by the self-interest of a few, and the ignorance of the multitude. They are more universally read than the works of any other author; because to borrow the words of one who knew him well, he possesses: "le precieux avantage d' être "toujours clair et simple, sans jamias être insipide, "et d'être lu avec un egal plaisir, et par le peuple "des lectures et par l'elite des philosophes *."

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* The precious advantage of being always clear and simple, without ever being insipid, and of being read with equal pleasure by a person of plain common sense, and by a philosopher.

We have met with the following criticism, on the writings of Voltaire, in an interesting work, called *Literary Leisure*. It has appeared to us so just, that we have thought it would be agreeable to our readers. "Voltaire, who wished to be thought an uni-"versal genius, as he attempted every kind of writing, is com-"pletely a *mannerist*, and every one of his works, be it grave or "gay, historical, ironical, argumentative, or poetical, bears, "what is expressively called, *Le Sceau de Voltaire*. Voltaire had "perhaps *a genius*, as it is called, only for irony: this talent he "possessed in the strongest degree; but Voltaire must not rest "his future fame on any other of the numerous qualifications he "laid claim to. As a poet, perhaps, the genius of his language "rather than any deficiency in himself, prevented him from "rising above mere mediocrity! But as an historian, a philoso-"pher, and, above all a philologist, his claims to universal genius "are very ill founded."

Dr. Moore has not mentioned Voltaire's enmity to *Rousseau*, which can be ascribed to nothing but envy.

BERN

Is a regular well-built town, with some air of magnificience. The houses are of a fine white freestone, and pretty uniform. There are piazzas on each side, with a walk raised four feet above the level of the street; very commodious in wet weather.

A small branch of the Aar has been turned into this street, and, being confined to a narrow channel in the middle, which has a considerable slope, it runs with great rapidity, and without being a disagreeable object of itself, is of great service in keeping the street clean.

Another circumstance contributes to render this town one of the most cleanly towns in Europe. Criminals are employed in removing rubbish from the streets and public walks. The more atrocious delinquents are chained to waggons, while those who are condemned for smaller crimes are employed in sweeping the light rubbish into the rivulet; and throwing the heavier into the carts or waggons, which their more criminal companions are obliged to push or draw along. People of both sexes are condemned to this labour for months, years, or for life, according to the nature of their crimes.

The public buildings at Bern, as the hospital, the granary, the guard-house, the arsenal, and the churches, are magnificent. There is a very elegant building, with accomodations, for many public amusements, such as balls, concerts, and theatrical entertainments, which are seldom permitted. There are also apartments for private societies and assemblies.

In the library, besides the books, there are a few antique and some other curiosities.

In the arsenal, nothing interested me so much as the figures of the brave Switzers, who first took up arms against tyranny, and that of William Tell, who is represented aiming at the apple on his son's head. The arms taken from the Burgundians in the various battles which established the liberty of Switzerland are displayed here; also the figure of the General of Bern, who in the year 1536, conquered the Pays de Vaud from Charles III. Duke of Savoy; and if they have no trophies to shew of a later date, I am convinced it is because they are too poor and too wise to aim at any extension of dominion; and because all the neighbouring powers are at length become sensible that the nature of their country and their personal valour have rendered the Swiss as unconquerable, as from political considerations, they are averse to attempt conquests*.

* That mad revolutionary fury which has lately stricken at once at the cottage and the palace, at laws and governments, at republics and empires, that direful plague could alone overthrow the truth of Dr. Moore's reflection. The once happy and peaceful Helvetia has been also the theatre of the numberless devastations, which, without shame or remorse, the French Directory have committed.—Bern has been invaded and plundered by the French armies. Her treasure, her public funds, her arsenal, have been delapidated by French rapaciousness. The glorious and antique trophies of her antient victories have been stolen.—Never were there a more unjust aggression—Never were employed more perfidious means. History will stigmatize, with an everlasting reproach and execration, those monsters who have prepared, and those traitors who have contributed to the ruin of that delightful country, and sown in her once peaceful bosom, those dire and eternal seeds of discord and civil war, which have for five years torn, and

SOLICITUDE ABOUT HEALTH.

All persons who are needlessly and whimsically solicitous about the state of their health, are as certain to be governed by physicians or apothecaries, as bigots are by priests and father confessors. Who can but feel a strong aversion to the company of those who are eternally speaking of their complaints past, present, and to come? Few things seem to others so oppressive; one cannot but be highly pleased with what a captain of the navy once said, in spite of the severe shock which his constitution received by a long residence in the West-Indies; he retained all his natural cheerfulness; and on a friend observing to him, that he never heard him complain of his health,—"Nor never shall," replied he, "that being a subject that would give my "friends pain: I reserve it for those to whom it "may, perhaps, afford pleasure, and speak of it "only to the doctors."

This habit (for it is entirely a habit, which, like others, increases by indulgence) is more odious in women than in men. Were sentence of immediate marriage to be pronounced on me, I should beg in mercy to be coupled to a woman who never had heard that nerves, veins, arteries, or bile, formed any part of her composition.

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will long tear her vitals. For men born independent and free, cannot patiently bear the chains of slaves.—Great God! alleviate the past and present misfortune of Switzerland: cast upon that unhappy land a protecting and benignant look.—Thy goodness of old granted her an happy freedom—renew, for the sons of Helvetia, that invaluable blessing.——*The Swiss Editor.*

Dr. P——, a man of penetration, versed in the sciences, and disdaining the mummery of his profession, assures, that few things are more pernicious than such topics of discourse, and nothing more infectious to young women than the sight of others under what are called nervous attacks. He declares, that he hath once known a whole boarding-school thrown into fits, by the example of one hysterical girl. Some he conceived to be really so affected, others were suspected of acting the part, to be excused from some task, or, perhaps, merely with a view to become an object of attention and sympathy.

PARALLEL BETWEEN MEN AND ANIMALS.

Upon a just estimation, the internal faculties of the most intelligent of the brute creation will be found at a prodigious distance beneath those of men.

There is no æra of greater brightness than another in the history of any animal but man; all from the earliest records of time, to the present moment, is one uniform period of far greater darkness than any recorded in the annals of mankind.

If it is urged, that there may have been some unrecorded æra of human society, wherein men were in a state of equal darkness, it must be allowed that they have emerged out of it, which equally proves the great superiority of their nature.

Speech, that wonderful faculty by which men convey to each other every emotion of their heart, and every idea of their mind, is natural to all the human race, even to the most uncultivated negro and savage, but it is unknown to the wisest of all

other animals. Is this owing to a defect in the organs of speech?—No. In some animals those organs seem sufficiently capable of it, and some have been taught to pronounce sentences, but none to understand what they pronounced; for language implies a series of connected ideas superior to what any animal but man seems able to attain.

How comes it, that with so much sagacity and reflection, as some people contend some animals possess, the strongest and the shrewdest among them have not made the weaker and less intelligent subservient to their use? How comes it that the most uncultivated of the human species have, from the beginning of time, made the most powerful and knowing of the brute creation subservient to theirs? If, by his external form, man has some advantages over them, by forming an alliance, they might soon over-balance this, and free themselves from subjection. What human force could stand against an allied army of lions, elephants, and eagles, if they had judgment to see their superior powers?

Even attention to their young, the most universal and most amiable part of the character of irrational animals, seems independent of sentiment and reflection, and to proceed from the blind impulse which prompts them to the choice of plants in sickness, to accumulate provisions, and build cells; for after a short period those young are entirely neglected, and no trace of affection, or the smallest tender recollection, seems any longer to subsist between the parent and the child.

How different is this from the sensations of the human species, where the father and mother feel their youth restored, and their existence multiplied

in their children; who encourage their exertions, and support them under disappointment; whose chief happiness depends on the prosperity of their offspring, and who feel the approach of age without sadness, while the evening of their lives is brightened by the rising reputation of their children.

Thus, when we turn our reflections to the reasoning faculties of man, and the endowments of the human soul, the distance between this and the highest intelligence of any other animal is infinite.

The only advantage that other animals can be supposed to have over man is, that being excluded by their nature from all mental enjoyments, they are also secured from all the pains and disquietudes that proceed from the same source; but to acquire an exemption from disquietude, at the expence of being equally exempted from all the delicate feelings of the mind, and affections of the heart, is a purchase which I hope no honest mind will ever be willing to make*.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH LOYALTY.

It will be acknowledged that no people ever displayed more attachment to the person, or more zeal for the glory of their monarchs, whether they were of worthless characters, like Henry III. or of benevolent ones, like Louis XVI. than the French have

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* An ingenious lady, Mrs. Greville, in a celebrated Ode to Indifference, seems, however, desirous of the exchange; but the most scrupulous observers of truth on other occasions are permitted to be insincere in poetry.

always done, as long as the monarch has had the address or good fortune to retain his power. While the power of the prince flourishes, the loyalty of the subject shines green as the laurel, and stands firm as a rock; but when his power is in decay, their loyalty withers with it, and shakes like the poplar leaf. The events of the late dreadful revolution in France afford cause of suspicion that the French loyalty was at no time in *reality* so much, as it was in *appearance*.

The people of England have been accused by their neighbours of possessing but a very moderate portion of loyalty; and what little they have is said to be of a very cold and phlegmatic nature. James II, however, was one of the most unpopular princes that ever sat on their throne: he provoked them to the highest degree, by perfidious designs against their liberty, and open attacks on their religion; yet when the sunshine of his prosperity was overcast with the blackest clouds of adversity; when his favourites, his relations, his very children forsook him; and when endeavouring to fly from the storm, he was stopped, and brought back a prisoner to his capital; how was this ungracious king, thus overwhelmed with calamity, received by the English people? They were so much moved with compassion for his unhappy fate, so much affected with the sight of distressed royalty, that they forgot the king's misconduct by contemplating his misfortunes; the excess of his misery operated in his favour, as if it had been virtue: and the dying embers of loyalty began to revive within their breasts, and to glow with more fervour than ever.

Such was the impression which the misfortunes of James made on the hearts of the inhabitants of the

southern parts of this island. As for those of the north, so far was the attachment of his friends there from depending on his prosperity, that their steady, though ill placed, loyalty, never was more firm; nor were they ever more ready to shed their blood in his cause and that of his posterity, than after they were wretched exiles abandoned by all the rest of the world.

It is an old observation, and what might be of use to sovereigns in estimating the sincerity of the attachment of those around their persons, that the same disposition which renders men obsequious to prosperity, and servile to power, is apt to make them neglectful of the unfortunate, and insolent to power. No nation ever pushed both extremes farther than the French in their behaviour to their kings in these opposite situations: at present, they deride other nations for their attachment to monarchy. Formely, when they themselves displayed an abject servility to their kings, they described the English as barbarians for resisting the tyranny of the house of Stuart, and for claiming freedom. If France had not been distracted with internal as well as external commotions in the time of Charles I. he would have supported the cause of the monarch against the people of England. Boileau wrote an ode expressly against the English nation, of which the following are two stanzas:

Quoi! ce peuple aveugle en son crime,
Qui prenant son Roi pour victime,
Fit du trône un theatre affreux,
Pense-til que le ciel, complice
D'un si funeste sacrifice,
N'a pour lui ni foudre ni feux?

Armes-toi France, prends la foudre,
C'est à toi de réduire en poudre
Ces sanglans ennemis des loix,
Suis la victoire qui t'apelle
Et vas sur ce peuple rébelle
Venger la querelle des Rois.

If the restoration had not taken place, there is little reason to doubt but that the monarch would have followed the poet's advice.

"*Ne Sutor ultra Crepidam.**"

Nothing is a more general subject of ridicule than for people who have not been bred to a particular profession to presume to have knowledge of it, or to hold opinions contrary to those of men of the profession who are supposed to have studied the subject. The folly of this is pretty universally allowed when the case is stated in general; but it is astonishing what a number think themselves individually exceptions to the general rule, and make no scruple of disputing with a physician on medicine, with a barrister on law, or even with a clergyman on divinity; while they laugh at any other person who, like themselves, has not been educated to those professions, for doing the same.

The maxim, *ne sutor ultra crepidam*, seems more just, however, when applied to such professions as require mechanical exertions only, than when applied to such as require exertions of the mind: for long habit is more necessary for the attainment of

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* "Keep to your own province;"—the words of Apelles to a cobler.

excellence in the mechanical arts, than in those which depend on the power and extent of the understanding. A man, however ingenious, who would attempt to make a common chair, without having been bred a carpenter, would certainly succeed much worse than one accustomed to the trade, though far his inferior in ingenuity; because the power of using the fingers and applying the tools with dexterity is to be acquired by frequent use and long habit only. But the mind is more flexible than the muscles. A man who has been in the habit of reflecting and reasoning all his life will reason better, even on a new subject, than another of a narrower understanding who has been accustomed to investigate it. Few things are supposed to require a greater number of talents, and more strength of understanding, than the art of commanding an army, and conducting a campaign: yet the late American war, and that with France in a still more striking manner demonstrate, that it is not absolutely necessary to be bred to the military profession to enable men of great natural acuteness and strong understanding to excel in it.

The business of a statesman, is thought, above all others, to require superior talents, and much experience; yet the first have been found to succeed without the second. Instances might be given of the affairs of a great nation being conducted, for a series of years, in the most prosperous manner, by men of little or no experience, and whose measures were not rendered more prosperous by experience when it was acquired.

For my own part, I admire the French Melpomene more in the closet than on the stage.—I can-

* Henri Louis le Kain was born at Paris, in the year 1729. His parents, who were goldsmiths and cutlers, gave him a good education, and intended to bring him up in their own line of business. In one branch of that business, the fabrication of surgical instruments, young le Kain particularly excelled; and his reputation was already established when his taste for theatrical amusements, and the imperious instinct of talents made him neglect his profession to study and perform the principal parts in tragedy.—Le Kain had received from nature, an unprepossessing countenance, a harsh and hollow voice, and a clumsy figure; and he seemed to have raised the greatest obstacles in the way of his success. But art, by developing the sentiments of his heart, animating his person, dictating the most striking attitudes, strengthening his voice, and giving to all his motions the grand characterestics of passion, so far subdued the tyranny of nature, as to extort from the beauties who frequented the theatre in spite of themselves the flattering exclamation—"How handsome he is!"—Le Kain paid attention to every part of his profession. No actor was ever a more perfect master of the stage. He had acquired a deep knowledge of history, literature, and every thing connected with his dramatic pursuits. He was passionately fond of poetry, and no one recited verses better than he did. In private life le Kain displayed great simplicity of manners; a solid understanding, wit, and sometimes gaiety, although he was generally of a serious and melancholy cast of mind.—This great actor is said to have been guilty of some acts of imprudence which injured his health, and he was, in consequence seized with an inflammatory fever, which in four days brought him to the grave. He died on the 8th of February, 1778.

Le Kains Epitaph.

"Il n'est donc plus de cathumne aujour dhui.——
Ci-git Le Kain. Melpomene avec lui."

not be reconciled to the French actors of tragedy. Their pompous manner of declaiming seems to me very unnatural. The strut and superb gestures, and what they call a maniere noble, of their boasted Le Kain, appear in my eyes, a little outré.

The justness, the dignified simplicity, the energy of Garrick's action, have destroyed my relish for any manner different from his. That exquisite but concealed art, that magic power, by which he could melt, freeze, terrify the soul, and command the obedient passions, as he pleased, we look for in vain, upon our own, or any other stage.

What Horace said of nature may be applied with equal justness to that unrivalled actor.

David Garrick was in figure low, pleasing, manly, genteel and elegant. His limbs were pliant, his features expressive, and his eyes quick and keen. His voice was harmonious, and could vibrate through all the modulations of sound. Music, dancing, painting, fencing, sculpture, gave him each its respective grace. He had every requisite to fit him for every character. Every degree of age, every stage, scene, and period of life, from the youthful lover, to the lean and slippered pantaloon—all were alike to him.—In heroes, he moved with dignity, spoke with dignity, acted with dignity. His Prince never interfered with his Peasant, nor his Peasent with his Gentleman. He had in his possession every key to the soul. He was the master of the passions, and turned them to his will. He waked them—swelled them—soothed them. He melted them into softness, or roused them into rage.—If he was angry; so was you.—If he was distressed; so was you.—If he was terrified so was you. He was an enchanter, and led you where he pleased.

Mr. Garrick died on the 20th of January, 1779, in the sixty-third year of his age. Never was a death so universally lamented.

——— Juvat, aut impellit ad iram,
Aut ad humum mœrore gravi deducitand angit

One of the most difficult things in acting is, the player's concealing himself behind the character he assumes: the instant the spectator gets a peep of him, the whole illusion vanishes, and the pleasure is succeeded by disgust. In Œdipus, Mahomet, and Orosmane, I have always detected Le Kain; but I have seen the English Roscius represent Hamlet, Lear, Richard, without recollecting that there was such a person as Garrick in the world.

The French tragedians are apt to *overstep the modesty of nature.* Nature is not the criterion by which their merit is to be tried. The audience measures them by a more sublime standard, and if they come not up to that, they cannot pass muster.

Natural action and a natural elocution, they seem to think incompatible with dignity, and imagine that the hero must announce the greatness of his soul by supercilious looks, haughty gestures, and a hollow sounding voice. Such easy familiar dialogue as Hamlet holds with his old school-fellow Horatio, appears to them low, vulgar, and inconsistent with the dignity of tragedy.

But if simplicity of manners be not inconsistent in real life, with genius, and the most exalted greatness of mind, I do not see why the actor, who represents a hero, should assume gestures which we have no reason to think were ever in use in any age, or among any rank of men.

LAUSANNE,

Is the capital of the charming country situated along the side of the lake of Geneva, called the Pays de Vaud, which formerly belonged to the Duke of Savoy, but is now under the dominion of the Canton of Bern.

This city is situated near the lake. As the nobility from the country, and from some parts of Switzerland, and the families of several officers, who have retired from service, reside here, there is an air of more ease and gaiety (perhaps also of more politeness) in the societies of Lausanne than in those of Geneva; at least this is firmly believed and asserted by all the nobles of this place, who consider themselves greatly superior to the citizens of Geneva. These, on the other hand, talk a good deal of the poverty, frivolousness, and ignorance of those same nobility, and make no scruple or ranking their own enlightened mechanics above them in every essential quality.

INTOXICATION

Is reckoned among the causes of fever. The general bad effect of this upon the constitution is obvious. Wherever a predisposition to any particular disease lurks in the constitution, intemperance in drinking seldom fails to rouse it into action. Repeated excesses of this kind sometimes produce the epilepsy in those never before subject to it, and always hasten the returns, and augment the violence of the fits in those who are.

To increase good humour, gaiety, and wit, and prolong the pleasures of conversation, is the usual apology for such excesses. But if it were a general rule to leave the company as soon as our taste and talents for sensible or witty conversation began to diminish, few would injure their constitutions by drinking.

There are indeed examples of people who support long and repeated excesses, without much apparent injury. There are also instances of people who have swallowed poison with impunity. But tell those who are acquainted with such tough and well-seasoned veterans, to recal to memory the numbers of their companions, who, yielding to importunity, have fallen victims to this easiness of temper, and they will not be much encouraged by the example.

Although intoxication never fails when first indulged to produce most of the symptoms which attend fever, as heat, drowth, head-ach, and nausea, it must be confessed that these wear away by habit; so that those who indulge every day in the bottle, if they survive the excesses of their youth, and escape consumptions, dropsies, and paralytic complaints in more advanced life, are in little danger of being cut off suddenly by a fever from drinking; they will have the comfort of out-living not only their friends, but very probably their own understanding.

In some instances where people have fallen down insensible by extraordinary excess in drinking, a supervening fever has been considered as the only thing that saved them from a fatal apoplexy. It must be allowed that a disease must be of a very desperate nature for which a fever is the only remedy, and this remedy not always effectual; for it sometimes hap-

pens, particularly to young persons of a sanguine habit, that in consequence of great excess in drinking, a fever of such violence is raised, that the patient dies after a few days of high delirium *.

MENTZ

Is finely situated, built in an irregular manner, and most plentifully provided with churches. The Cathedral is but a gloomy fabric. In this, there is what they call a treasury, which contains a number of clumsy jewels, some relics, and a mighty rich wardrobe of priests vestments.

There are some troops in this capital, but the officers have not that smart presumptuous air which generally accompanies men of their profession. They seem conscious that the clergy are their masters; and, I have a notion, are a little out of countenance on that account.

The streets swarm with ecclesiastics, some of them in fine coaches, and attended by a great number of servants. There are also many genteel airy abbés, who are the most fashionable people, and give the ton at that place.

The great number of monks and friars of all colours and conditions that are to be met in this city,

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* *Hippocrates* mentions in his third book of *Epidemics*, the instances of two persons who "ex potibus ambo periculosa febre "decubuerunt; quorum primus secundo jam morbi die surdus "factus fuit, dein ferociter deliravit, quarto die convulsus, "quinto die periit alter vero, post difficilem morbum, vigesimo "die evasit."

apprise the traveller that he is in an ecclesiastical state; while the plump persons and rosy complexions of those fathers, sufficiently prove, that they do not live in the fertile land of Rhenish for nothing.

Though it is evident that in this electorate, the clergy have taken exceeding good care of themselves; yet, in justice to them, it must be acknowledged, that the people also seem to be in an easy situation.

LOUIS XIV.

His fine person, dignified deportment, and imposing manners, commanded the admiration and even the awe of his generals, ministers, and courtiers; and towards the end of his reign, when he was at once assailed by domestic and public misfortunes, the attachment of his subjects seemed to make them feel the sorrows of their king as their own, and submit with alacrity to heavier exactions than were ever wrung by tyranny from men.

Mankind are governed by force and by opinion. Louis made use of both these agents in a supreme degree. Besides the immense army which he kept up in peace as well as war, he also kept in action all those springs which have been found friendly to the maintenance of implicit obedience in the subject, and arbitrary power in the monarch. By various means he kept his nobility entirely dependent on his favour. He commanded in person only when conquest was secure; and without being exposed to hardship or danger, he claimed the merit of having

reduced every fortress, which was either bought by his money, or subdued by the skill of his engineers.

He was taught that he had a right to controul the consciences and seize the money of his subjects; and as he was at once superstitious and haughty, he revived the spirit of persecution, partly from zeal for the religion which he himself professed, and partly to punish the arrogance of those who dared to entertain opinions different from his.

He seems to have thought himself and family, including his illegitimate children, of more value than all his subjects; and he is the only king who ever brought them to the same way of thinking. He and his glory occupied their thoughts more than their own welfare, or that of their country. Those endearing ideas, which are connected with the expression *our country*, roused his jealousy; at least pains were taken, in his time, to root them out of their native soil, and transplant them around the word *king:* the expression *la patrie* fell out of use during his reign, and continued so for a long time afterwards: *le roi* supplied its place. In Louis the Fourteenth's time, the French seems to have thought of nothing but the monarch. When a battle was lost, their greatest concern was the affliction it would occasion to him—they rejoiced in victory, because it would afford him pleasure, and increase his glory*. The great empire of France seemed to

* The following anecdote will convey to the reader a just idea of the spirit of Louis XIV. as well as of that of his soldiers:—After a disastrous war, the king presented to an English ambassador his company of horse grenadiers: "There is," said the king, "the bravest men in the universe; there is not one among

have been concentred in the person of the *grand monarch*—as if there had been a general conviction of the absurd doctrine, that the people were made for the king, and not the king for the people; which has a bad effect on the minds of both, rendering the one more proud, and the other more servile.

TITLES AND RIBBONS

Are, with a philosophical contempt, called by some mere gewgaws; and never mentioned but with scorn and indignation. It is entertaining to observe philosophers, who cannot see a ribbon across a man's shoulders, or hear a title pronounced, without falling into a passion, endeavour to ridicule the weakness of those who grieve at being deprived of them: for if it is weak to lament the loss of what they call gewgaws, it seems fully as weak not to be able to bear that they should be in the possession of others. Considering how universal the *affectation* of this contempt is, it seems surprising that the *reality* is so very rare. Like the fox in the fable contemplating the grapes, mankind in general speak with disdain of titles and ribbons when they are at such a distance as precludes the hope of attaining them; but snatch at them with eagerness as soon as they are brought within their reach.

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them who is not covered with wounds."—"Well," retorted, ironically, the ambassador, "how much then must your majesty esteem those by whom they have been wounded!" A grenadier advanced, and with the accent of indignation, answered, "they are all dead—we have killed them all."

RICHES AND ENJOYMENT

Are not, it is well known, always coupled together; if they were, the Royal Exchange of London would, at a certain hour every day, comprehend more happiness than the most extensive and best cultivated provinces in the world; which, from the many anxious and many vacant countenances to be seen there; we are apt to believe is not the case

REPUTATION OF INTEGRITY.

In England the reputation of scrupulous honesty is not only necessary for maintaining public confidence and popularity, but it is almost sufficient of itself without any talents besides; whereas in France, honesty exclusively taken is not in such high estimation. What is the reason of this? a Frenchman would say, perhaps, because it is more common; but this solution would not be thought satisfactory in England. It is possibly owing to the French putting a greater estimation on certain glittering qualities which they themselves possess in a higher degree than their neighbours; each being prejudiced in favour of the staple commodity of their own country; as an English farmer prefers strong beer to Burgundy, and a French peasant Burgundy to strong beer.

LETTER

Of a faithful Servant.

HONOURED SIR,

HEARING of your arrival at Rome, I think it my indispensible duty to inform you, that my master, and your nephew, has been seized with a violent passion for a young lady who lately arrived at this city *(Naples)*, from Germany. The young woman is of a comely countenance. "Vultus nimium lubricus aspici." And, as far as I have hitherto been able to learn, of a very tolerable reputation. Yet, notwithstanding the fairness of her character and countenance, she is at bottom a black Papist. "Hinc illæ lachrymæ." This is the cause of my affliction; for were she as beautiful as Helen of Greece, Cleopatra of Egypt, or even as Mary Queen of Scots, she being like the foresaid Mary, of the popish persuasion, would be a most unsuitable spouse for my master. Yet there is hardly a day goes over his head that he is not in this young woman's company, and the Lord above only knows how far a headstrong youth, instigated by passion, may push matters, more especially as he generally meets her at a very *pawky (sly)* gentlewoman's, who understands what's what as well as any woman in Naples; and will leave no stone unturned to get her linked to my master.

I once had hopes, that as the young woman attends mass regularly every day—for those poor deluded creatures shew more zeal for their own superstitions than some Protestants do for true religion—I had once hopes, I say, that she might object to

marrying a Protestant. But I am informed that as the song is, *her mother did so* before her, which has greatly diminished my hopes of refusal on her part; for it is natural to conclude that the mother has given the daughter a tincture of her own disposition, and you know, Sir, that—

"Quo semel est imbuta recens servabit odorem, testa diu."

I am sure I need add no more to convince you of the misery that such a match as this would occasion to all my master's relations, particularly to his honoured aunt, who holds Antichrist and all his adherents in the greatest detestation. You must likewise be sensible, that a Popish wife, however fair her aspect, must give but a dark prospect to a Protestant husband, inasmuch as her religion instructs her that she is not obliged to keep faith with heretics.—*Heu quoties fidem mutatosque Deos flebit.*

If you could find, Sir, a plausible pretext for desiring my master to meet you at Rome, instead of allowing him to wait for you here at Naples, I am convinced he would obey your summons. You may then prevail upon him to listen to the voice of reason, abandon this land of superstition and delusion, where we have sojourned too long, and return directly to Britain, whereas it would be as easy to whistle the *lavrocks out of the lift**, as to make him agree to this proposition while he remains within eye-shot of his mistress.

I am, with all due respect, &c.

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* The larks from the sky.

FRENCH REVOLUTION.

The late Revolution in France is one of the most awful events of which history affords any record.

The crimes with which it has been accompanied will remain a stain on the national character, which all the perseverance and industry with which France has repelled external attack cannot efface.

The misery which the revolution has already produced, is of a nature so extensive and so acute, as no rational hope of future prosperity can compensate.

The French revolution exhibits at once the mischiefs that attend the use of power, and those that attend the abuse of liberty; affording a warning to sovereigns, not only against direct acts of cruelty, but also against that lavishness of public money which necessarily leads to the oppression of the people, and raises general discontent and indignation. It affords likewise a warning to the subjects of every free government against all licentious disregard of law, all attacks on the rights of any class of their fellow citizens, or the ascertained prerogative of the sovereign; as every unprovoked attack of that nature tends to render all mens' rights insecure, leads to the horrors of anarchy, and generally terminates in the destruction of that liberty they wish to preserve.

CONCLUDING SCENE OF NATURE.

When nature and the efforts of the physician prove unable to resist the malignity of the disease,

all the distinguishing marks of it are obliterated, and the concluding scene is common to all.

The strength being almost entirely exhausted, the patient lies constantly on his back, with a perpetual propensity to slide to the bottom of the bed; the hands shake when they attempt to lay hold of any thing, and a continual twitching is observed in the tendons of his wrist; the tongue trembles when it is pushed forth for the inspection, or all attempts to push it forth are unsuccessful; a black and glutinous crust gathers on the lips and teeth, to the increase and inconveniency of which the patient seems now insensible. He seems equally insensible to the ardour of thirst; he mutters to himself; he dozes with his mouth half open, the lower jaw falling down as if the muscles were too much relaxed to resist its own gravity; he sees objects indistinctly, as if a dark cloud hung before his eyes; small black particles, called by physicians *muschæ volitantes*, play, as it is believed, before his eyes; for he often catches with his hands at those or some such objects of his disordered brain; he frequently extends his arms before and above his face, seeming to contemplate his nails and fingers; at other times he fumbles with his fingers, and picks the wool from off the bedclothes; he loses the power of retention; the evacuations pass involuntarily; and as if lamenting his own deplorable condition, tears flow down his ghastly countenance; the pulse flutters small as a thread, and on a pressure very little stronger than common, is not felt at all: his legs and arms become cold; his nails and fingers blackish; his respiration is interrupted by hiccups, and finally by death.

NECESSITY OF LAWS FOR PROTECTING SLAVES.

It is a common argument against the necessity of new laws for the protection of Slaves, that they need no protection from a just and humane master: nor from a master of an opposite character, because his own interest will be their protection; but men who are not naturally compassionate, and in the habit of giving vent to every gust of ill-humour, are apt, in the violence of rage, to become deaf to the voice of common sense and interest, as well as of justice and mercy. A choleric man breaks and destroys the furniture of his house, however valuable; and how often do we see men in absurd rage abuse their most serviceable cattle?

It will be alledged that in all the Christian colonies the slaves are so far protected from the injustice of their masters, that none of them can be condemned capitally, but after trial in a court of justice. But the law may direct, that a master shall not order more than a limited number of stripes to be inflicted for any fault that his slave commits; if it requires no proof of the fault, except the allegation of the master, what security has the slave that he shall not be punished unjustly? Such laws are no safeguard, but rather a mockery of the unhappy race of men they pretend to protect.

LYONS,

After Paris, is the most magnificent town in France, enlivened by industry, enriched by commerce, beautified by wealth, and by its situation, in

the middle of a fertile country, at the confluence of the Soane, and the Rhone. The number of inhabitants is estimated at 200,000. The theatre is accounted the finest in France, and all the luxuries of Paris are to be found at Lyons, though not in equal perfection*.

The manners and conversation of merchants and manufacturers have been generally considered as peculiar to themselves: but I could not remark much difference between the manners and address of the people of Lyons, and the manners of Versailles itself. There appeared to me a wonderful similitude between the two.

HYPOCHONDRIASIS

Is a disease said to be more frequent in this island than elsewhere: it certainly depends on some affection of the origin of all the nerves, although from certain symptoms, with which it is sometimes accompanied, it derives its name from another part of the body †:—All the theories hitherto invented, leave us equally ignorant how to account for or remedy it.

In this melancholy complaint, the patient, when apparently in good health, or perhaps in the most

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* Such was Lyons before the revolution: but no part of France, has been more the victim of the revolutionary madness, than this unfortunate city.

† Hypochondriasis, a disease so called from its seat being supposed to be in a part of the belly, which physicians call the hypochondriac region.

opulent circumstances, is gradually invaded by a languor and dejection of spirits: he is regardless of things of the greatest importance, and which formerly interested him the most: he is averse to every kind of exertion of body or mind: he becomes infinitely attentive to a thousand trifles, which he used to disregard, and is particularly watchful of every bodily feeling, the most transient of which he often considers as the harbinger of disease.—Every thing appears to him dark and dismal.—He is always apprehensive of the worst: and considers the most indifferent, and even the most fortunate incident as the omen of some impending evil. Although in his brighter days he may have been a man of courage, he becomes preposterously afraid of death now, when he seems to have lost all relish for the enjoyments of life.

Entirely occupied by his own uneasy thoughts and feelings, all other subjects of conversation appear impertinent, and are in reality as intolerable to him as the everlasting theme of his own complaints generally is to others. As this disease is in reality more distressing than dangerous; and as his looks are not impaired, in a degree that corresponds with the account he gives of his distress, he seldom meets with that sympathy which his sensibility requires, and his sufferings deserve. To a circumstantial and pathetic history of his complaints, he often receives a careless, and to him, a cruel answer, importing that they are all imaginary.—Shocked at the unkind indifference of friends, he shuns his former society—confines himself to his chamber, and will admit nobody but his physicians, for if he can at all afford it, he consults, one after another the whole tribe. They pos-

sibly relieve or palliate the costiveness, the flatulency, the acidities, and other symptoms, which are brought on by the anxiety attendant on this complaint; but the original cause affecting the censorium, they leave as they found it. This cause continuing in spite of their bitters, their stomachics, their purgatives, and analeptics, the same symptoms constantly recur. The wretched patient growing every hour more irritable and peevish, he flies at length to quacks. Their well-attested and infallible remedies hurry on the bad symptoms with double rapidity;—he returns to physicians, goes back to quacks, and occasionally tries the family nostrums of many an old lady. His constitution being worn by fretfulness and by drugs, he at length despairs of relief, and either sinks into a fixed melancholy, or roused by indignation, his good genius having whispered in his ear "fuge medicos, et medicamina," he abandons the seat of his disappointments—tries to dissipate his misery by new objects, and a different climate;—consults no practitioners of any country, sect, or denomination; and forms a fixed resolution to swallow no more drugs; from which happy epoch, if the case be not quite desperate, he has the best chance of dating his recovery.

POWER OF CURING DISEASES.

The experience of ages has proved, that the great and ultimate effect of the art of medicine—the *power of curing diseases*, is more effectually attained by diligently observing the course and symptoms of distempers, and the effects of the means used for their

relief, than by the most plausible reasonings on their supposed nature and causes. Yet the latter has proved more attractive to many ingenious men of the profession, and, for a reason sufficiently obvious, in a particular manner to such as are employed in lecturing to students.

M. DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULD,

Was a man of humanity and candour. Unseduced by the advantages enjoyed by those of his own rank, he felt, with generous sympathy, for the distressed situation of others; he beheld, with satisfaction, the overthrow of the old arbitrary system of government, in hopes of seeing one more agreeable to justice erected in its stead.—A friend to monarchy, as well as freedom. M. de la Rochefoucauld, had in his contemplation a monarchy of a milder aspect than his country had ever enjoyed—more limited in its nature, but with sufficient power in the prince to defend his prerogatives, and sufficient means in the people to resist tyranny; more agreeable to humanity, more conducive to the general happiness, not only of the people, which is infinitely the most important object, but also of the monarch himself, if he happens to be a man of sense.

The Duke of Rochefoucauld, on the 20th of June, did all in his power in the first place to prevent, and afterwards to discover, and bring to punishment, the instigators of the scandalous irruption of an armed multitude into the king's palace.

Disgusted with a series of crimes, which he could neither prevent nor punish, and finding that his pre-

sence in Paris was neither of use to his country, nor to the king, the Duke of Rochefoucauld withdrew from the capital, to his villa in Normandy, from thence on account of his health, he soon after went to the medicinal waters of Forges, where he was during the dreadful periods of the massacres in September, and where a commissioner arrived with an order to arrest and conduct him to the capital. This commissioner was a man of more humanity than those usually employed on similar occasions; he readily agreed to the proposal of accompanying the Duke, in the first place, to his own house, at Roche Guiyon, with a view that the agitation which existed at Paris, might have time to subside, before he should arrive. Most unfortunately, a battalion of national guards arrived at Gisors, where he had stopped with his family, among whom some of the Paris assasins were mixed. These villains, immediately shewed a disposition to murder the Duke, while he walked to his carriage, under the protection of the mayor of Gisors, the commissioner, and some of the national guards; but he was, notwithstanding, followed by the assassins, loading him all the way with abusive language, till one of them having found means of coming very near the Duke, threw a stone with such force, that striking him on the temple, it killed him on the spot, and some of the wretches, on seeing him fall, immediately cried out, "Vive la Nation." Were it composed only of such wretches, who would not join in sentiment with those who wish it washed from the surfaco of the globe?

PERSECUTION,

Or ill-usage, on account of particular opinions, is to make the persecuted cling more cordially to them, and feel augmented aversion against those of their persecutors, while kind and gentle treatment renders men open to argument, and disposed to the renunciation of error, the moment they are convinced that their opinions are erroneous. It is only since the Jews were treated with mildness, and particularly since they began to be caressed and entertained by men of high rank in this country, that any of them could be convinced of their delusion, persuaded that the Messiah had already appeared in the world, and that some of their distinguishing ceremonies were no longer necessary. This observation, strikes the minds of some people so forcibly, as to convince them, that creating a few Jews, soon after their conversion to Christianity, grandees of Spain, or peers of Great Britain, would do more to the abolition of circumcision, than all the racks of the Inquisition.

SPIES,

Are a set of wretches who, dispised even by those who hire them, attend coffee-houses and public meetings, on purpose to catch unguarded expressions, to pervert and to betray. In vain do such characters endeavour to screen themselves from hatred, by pleading their utility, and the support they give to government. These pleas may be

urged with more force in favour of hangmen, but cannot render the profession less disgraceful.

REPUBLICAN CRUSADES.

It seems that the French have now relinquished the system of them, if they ever seriously entertained it, and have pretty generally adopted the principles of one of their countrywomen, who, in conversation with an Englishman, who asserted that it would be absolutely necessary for the French nation to restore monarchy, before they could obtain peace, replied, "Monsieur, nous ne volons plus de roi—c'est notre affaire, laissez nous tranquille. Mais vous aimez les rois; à la bonne heure, prenez en une douzaine si vous voulons—on vous laissera tranquilles."

FREEDOM

Would be a greater blessing to a people who have been long in servitude, if it could be given by degrees: when it is obtained too suddenly, instead of being salutary, it is sometimes noxious;—like victuals served up in profusion to men half famished, the consequence of which is often surfeit, and sometimes death.

NERVOUS SYSTEM.

The sum of our knowledge upon it is, that the brain is the seat of thought, and origin of all sen-

sation and motion; that every sensation is conveyed thither, every idea formed there, and the power of every motion proceeds from thence through the nerves to the muscular parts of the body.

THE ISLAND OF MURANO

Is about a mile from Venice; it was formerly a very flourishing place, and still boasts some palaces which bear the marks of former magnificence, though now in a state of decay.

The island is said to contain 20,000 inhabitants. The great manufactories of looking-glasses are the only inducements which strangers have to visit this place. Instead of being cast, as in France, and England, the Murano mirrors are all blown in the manner of bottles. It is astonishing to see with what dexterity the workman wields a long hollow cylinder of melted glass, at the end of an iron tub, which, when he has extended as much as possible by blowing, and every other means his art suggests, he slits with a sharp instrument, removing the two extremities from each other, and folding back the sides: the cylinder now appears a large sheet of glass, which being once more introduced into the furnace, is brought out a clear, finished plate.

This manufacture formerly served all Europe with looking-glasses; the quantity made here is still considerable; for although France and England, and some other countries, make their own mirrors, yet by the natural progress of luxury, those countries which still get their mirrors from Murano, use a much greater quantity now than formerly; so

that on the supposition, that the Murano manufacturers have lost three fourths of their customers, they may still retain half as much trade as they ever had. It is surprising, that, instead of blowing, they do not adopt the method of casting, which seems a much easier process, and by which larger plates may be made. Besides mirrors, an infinite quantity of glass trinkets *(margaritini)*, as they are called, of all shapes and colours, are made here. Women of the inferior ranks wear them as ornaments, and as rosaries: they also mould this substance into many whimsical forms, by way of ornamental furniture, to houses and churches. In short there are glass baubles enough made here, to bribe into slavery half of the inhabitants of the coast of Guinea.

ROMAN LADIES

Have a languor in their countenances, which promises as much sensibility as the brisk look of the French, and without the volubility of the latter, or the frankness of the Venetian women, they seem no way averse to form connections with strangers. A young Englishman of distinction, was presented to a beautiful young lady at one of the assemblies. In the course of conversation he happened to say, that he had heard she had been married very lately. She answered with precipitation, "Signor Si—ma mio marito é uno Vecchio.* She then added, shaking

* Yes, my Lord—but my husband is an old man.

her head, and in a most affecting tone of voice, " O santissima Virgine quanto è vecchio*."

HAPPINESS.

A GENTLEMAN was proposing one day to a French woman living in a retired part of the country, to make a trip to Paris. " For she must be tired of so much solitude."—" Have I not my husband?" answered she.—" Your husband is no company," rejoined he, " Your husband, you know, is yourself."—She answered, " Ah! Monsieur plus " on s'éloigne de soi même, plus on s'écarte du bon- " heur."

CREDULITY.

AN English traveller, witness of a grand procession, at a village near Turin, where four men walking before the rest carried a box which was said to contain the bones of St. John, enquired from a sagacious looking old man, if all the saint's bones were there; he assured him, that not even a joint of his little finger was wanting. " Because," continued the traveller, " I have seen a considerable number of bones in different parts of Italy which are said to be the bones of St. John." The old man smiled at the Englishman's simplicity, and said, the world was full of imposition! but nothing could be more certain, than that those in the box were the

* O holy Virgin, how exceeding old he is!

true bones of the saint; he had remembered them ever since he was a child—and his father, when on his death-bed, had told him on the *word of a dying man*, that they belonged to St. John, and no other body.

GEORGE THE SECOND.

THE memory of that monarch is greatly venerated in Hanover. I have heard his contemporaries relate a thousand little anecdotes* concerning him, which at once evinced the good disposition of the king, and their own gratitude. He was naturally of a very sociable temper, and entirely laid aside, when at Hanover the state and reserve which he retained in England.

Not only the personal friends of that monarch speak of him with regard; the same sentiments prevail among all ranks of people in the electorate. Nothing does more honour to his character, or can be a less equivocal proof of his equity, than his having governed these subjects, over whom he had an unlimited power with as much justice and mode-

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* The following is a proof of the lively sensibility of that Monarch: George II. was at Drurylane Theatre, where the Culloden dispatches were presented to him, from the Duke of Cumberland, his darling son. The instant his Majesty had opened them, he started up, while tears streamed from his eyes; and in an ardent ejaculation, thanked God, and announced the victory. Garrick in a moment caught the transporting sound. The orchestra by his orders struck up—"God save Great George our King;" and the whole audience, in a wild enthusiasm, joined the chorus. What a delightful moment for the Monarch!

ration as those whose rights are guarded by law and a jealous constitution.

CATHOLICISM AND PROTESTANTISM.

" By what powerful arguments, Colonel were you persuaded to adhere to the Protestant religion?" said the clergyman.

" By this powerful argument," replied the Colonel, " that I was born in Berlin, and bred at Königsberg."

" That answer smells of infidelity, Colonel, and implies that you consider religion merely as an affair of geography, and of little or no importance in the world," said the clergymen.

" It implies more than I intended, then; for although I do think that nine hundred and ninety-nine in a thousand of mankind are determined in the religion they profess, by the place of their birth and education, I do not infer from thence, that religion is of no importance; on the contrary, I am convinced, that those who cherish religion, perform the relative duties of life in the most conscientious manner."

" So you put all religions on the same footing?" said the clergyman.

" By no means, I speak of the Christian Religion only—which, if I am not mistaken, contributes greatly to render mankind better and happier even in this life."

" You speak of the reformed Religion only, I psesume," said the Clergyman; " for as to the absurd tenets of the Roman Catholic creed, it is im-

possible for you or any man of sense to respect them."

"I speak not of the creeds, which since the Christian æra, have been composed by the fathers of either church;" replied the colonel: "my observations regard only the precepts given, and the example set, by the author of Christianity himself, and in which both churches are agreed. The good effect which a due impression of those divine precepts has upon the mind seems, I confess, very evident to me whether the individuals on which it operates are Roman Catholics or Protestants."

"The spirit of those who profess them are very different, however," resumed the Minister. "When did the Protestants display the same spirit of persecution that the Papists have so often done?"

"Let us remember," replied the Colonel, that "the church of Rome was established in power, when the first reformers began to attack its doctrines; that an attack on its doctrines endangered the power and riches of its clergy; that it is natural for mankind, when they have been long in possesion of power and wealth to be exceedingly unwilling to relinquish them; let us recollect that all established governments think they have a right to use severities against revolting subjects, whatever good grounds those subjects have had for revolting,—and"

"But remember," interrupted the Clergyman, "the perfidy and cruelty displayed by the Roman Catholics, in the massacre of St. Bartholomew—think of the shocking reign of the gloomy bigoted Philip, and the enormities of his unrelenting general, the duke of Alva."

" I do think of them with horror," said the Colonel; " and I have no mind to palliate such dreadful instances of human wickedness and delusion. I only meant to hint that those ought not to have credit for not displaying the same spirit who were not in possession of the same power. It is fortunate for the clergy of Holland, Switzerland, some parts of Germany, and other countries in Europe, that, considering their want of power and wealth, there is little danger of their degenerating from the spirit of moderation and humanity."

" I doubt much whether it is a fortunate circumstance," replied the Clergyman; " for although riches, power, and pomp, have a mischievous effect, when prostituted to the unworthy, yet they are suitable to the character we bear of the ambassadors of heaven, and might give more weight to our admonitions."

" Power and wealth are the great corrupters of the human heart; and might spread their baneful influence even to the ambassadors themselves: a great accession of power and riches might gradually inspire them with pride and ambition, and render them at last little better than so many cardinals and popes."

" Never, never," cried the Clergyman; " the spirit of Protestantism is too averse to any such alteration."

" The spirit of human nature, however, has a mighty tendency that way," replied the Colonel.

LAOCOON*.

NOTHING can be conceived more admirably executed than this affecting groupe; and it enters few

* This famous groupe was found in 1506, under the Pontificat of Julius II. at Rome, on the Esquiline Mount, in the ruins of the palace of Titus Plinius, who speaks of it with admiration, and had seen it on the same scite where it was found. It is to that celebrated writer that we are indebted for the knowledge of the three famous Rhodian Sculptors who have executed it. They were called *Agesander*, *Polydorus*, and *Athenodorus* Agesander was probably the father of the two others; they lived in the first century of our æra.—Laocoon, son of Priam, and priest of Apollo, instigated by a sincere love for his country, strongly opposed the introduction of the *Wooden-horse*, within the gates of Troy. This horse contained the Greeks armed for her ruin. To undeceive his fellow-citizens Laocoon dared to throw a dart against the fatal machine. Incensed at his temerity, the gods, enemies of Troy, resolved to punish him. One day, while on the sea-shore, Laocoon crowned with laurel, was offering a sacrifice to Neptune, two monstrous serpents sprung from the waves, attacked him and his two sons, entangled them in their folds, and this unfortunate father expired in the most cruel agony: Such is the subject of this much admired subject of antique sculpture; we know not whether this groupe was attempted from Virgil's description of the death of Laocoon, or the description taken from the groupe; but it is evident from the great resemblance, that one of these must have been the case.—The poet mentions a circumstance which could not be represented by the sculptor: he says, that though every spectator sought his own safety in flight, the father was attacked by the serpents while he was advancing to the assistance of his sons.—

> " —— Auxilia subeuntem ac tela ferentem."
>
> " The wretched father running to their aid
> " With pious haste, but vain, they next invade."

This deficiency in the sculptor's art would have been finely supplied by the improvement proposed in the following critical judgment.

heads that it could be in any respect improved. But Mr. Lock, a man of a refined taste and great sensibility, has observed that had the figure of Laocoon been *alone* it would have been perfect. As a man suffering the most excruciating bodily pain with becoming fortitude, it admits no improvement; his proportions, his forms, his actions, his expression are exquisite. But when his sons appear, he is no longer an insulated, suffering individual, who, when he has met pain and death with dignity, has done all that could be expected from man; he commences father, and a much wider field is opened to the artist. We expect the deepest pathos in the exhibition of the sublimest character that art can offer to the contemplation of the human mind: a father forgetting pain, and instant death to save his children. This sublime and pathethic idea, the artist either did not perceive, or despaired of attaining. Laocoon's sufferings are merely corporeal; he is deaf to the cries of his agonizing children, who are calling on him for assistance. But had he been throwing a look of anguish upon his sons, had he seemed to have forgotten his own suffering in theirs, he would have commanded the sympathy of the spectator in a much higher degree. On the whole Mr. Lock is of opinion that the execution of this groupe is perfect, but that the conception is not equal to the execution.

NEGRO SLAVES.

A cruel West-India Planter and an humane Physician.

"They are," said Z—— "the most villianous race alive."

" They certainly are the most unfortunate," said the Physician.

" Let them perform their task as they ought," replied the other, and they will not be unfortunate."

" Why, it is not a slight misfortune," said the Doctor, " to have such tasks to perform."

" They are in a better situation than when they were in their own country."

" That would be difficult to prove," said the physician ; " but were it certain, I should think it a bad reason for treating them ill *here*, merely because they had been very ill treated *there*."

" Negro Slaves in general, all over the West-Indies," said Z—— " are in a better condition than the common people in most countries in Europe. I have heard this asserted a thousand times."

" If it were so," said the physician, " it would convey a dreadful idea of the condition of Europeans, but the thing is impossible, Sir."

" How impossible !" said Z——.

" Because even if slaves were in general fed and cloathed as well as you are yourself, yet while it is in the power of their master to impose what task he pleases, and punish their faults according to his humour, their condition must be infinitely worse than that of the cottager, whom nobody can abuse with impunity, and on whom the cheering spirit of liberty smiles as he reaps the fruit of his own industry."

" You have certainly," said Z—— " borrowed those sentiments from an Englishman ; some of those enthusiastic fools who are pleased to bear the insolence of mobs, and to sacrifice many of the conveniencies of life to the empty shadow of freedom."

" But, to return to the slaves—are they not my

property? Have I not a right to oblige them to labour for my profit?"

"While I admit that, Sir, I most sincerely wish it were otherwise exercised."

"Lenity," cried Z—— "to a parcel of rascals, a gang of pilfering dogs, downright thieves! Why, as often as they can, they steal the very provisions intended for my own table!"

"You cannot be much surprised at that Sir, when they are pinched with hunger."

"You would have them pampered with delicacies, forsooth, and never punished for any crime!"

"No, Sir; but I would certainly allow them a sufficient quantity of wholesome food. Conscious of many failings in myself, I would not be relentless or unforgiving against untutored slaves."

"Poh! poh!---This is not the way of dealing with negroes; nothing is to be made of them by lenity; they are the laziest dogs in the world."

"Consider, Sir, how natural it is after hard labour, to wish to prolong the intervals of rest."

"Rest!" cried Z—— "they will have rest enough in their graves."

"Well, Sir," replied the physician, shocked at this brutal remark, "it would be fortunate for some people if they could promise themselves the same."

"But, Doctor," said Z—— taking no notice of the last observation, "can you really imagine that such treatment as you seem to recommend, would render slaves of equal benefit to the proprietors of West-India estates?"

"My own experience convinces me that the master who treats his slaves with humanity and well-directed kindness, reaps more benefit from their labour,

than he who behaves in a contrary manner. We naturally endear ourselves to those to whom we impart pleasure, and men in general serve with more alacrity and perseverance from love than fear."

"Besides, how infinitely more pleasing is it to be considered as the distributor of happiness, than the inflictor of pain! Pray accept from me this advice gratis. Alter entirely your conduct towards your slaves; scorn not those who demand justice and mercy; treat them with much more indulgence, and sometimes with kindness."

THE CONNOISSEUR.

VERY early in life, I resided above a year at Paris, and happened one day to accompany five or six of my countrymen to view the pictures in the Palais Royal. A gentleman who affected an enthusiastic passion for the fine arts, particularly that of painting, and who had the greatest desire to be thought a connoisseur, was of the party. He had read the lives of the painters, and had the *Voyage Pictoresque de Paris* by art. From the moment we entered the rooms he began to display all the refinements of his art. He shook his head at some pictures, tossed up his nose at others; commended a few, and pronounced sentence on every piece as he passed along.

We at length came to the St. John, by Raphael, and here this man of taste stopped short in an extacy of admiration.—One of the company had already passed it without minding it, and was looking at another picture, on which the connoisseur bawled out—"Good God, Sir? what are you about?" The ho-

nest gentleman started, and stared around to know what crime he had been guilty of.

" Have you eyes in your head, Sir?" continued the connoisseur: " Don't you know St. John when you see him?"

" St. John!" replied the other, in amazement.— " Aye, Sir; St. John the Baptist, in propria personæ."

" I don't know what you mean, Sir," said the gentleman, peevishly.

" Don't you?" rejoined the connoisseur; then " I'll endeavour to explain myself. I mean St. " John in the Wilderness, by the divine Rafaelle " Sanzio da Urbino, and here it stands by your side. " Pray, my dear Sir, will you be so obliging as to " bestow a little of your attention on that foot? " Does it not start from the wall? Is it not perfectly " out of the frame? Did you ever see such colour- " ing? They talk of Titian; can Titian's colouring " excel that? What truth, what nature in the head! " To the elegance of the antique, he has joined the " simplicity of nature."

We stood listening in silent admiration, and began to imagine we perceived all the perfections he enumerated; when a person in the Duke of Orlean's service, came and informed us, that the original, which he presumed was the picture we wished to see, was in another room; the Duke having allowed a painter to copy it. That which we had been looking at, was a very wretched daubing done from the original by some obscure painter, and had been thrown with the other rubbish, into a corner, where the Swiss had accidentally discovered it, and had it hung up

merely by way of covering the vacant space on the wall, till the other should be replaced.

How the connoisseur looked on this trying occasion, I cannot say. It would have been barbarous to have turned an eye upon him. I fully determined to be cautious in deciding on the merit of painting; perceiving that it was not safe, in this science, to speak even from the book.

POPULACE.

It is much easier to lead the populace of any country into disorders of any kind, than to bring them back to order, and respect for law; because the populace of all countries have a natural taste for noise and riot. When the outcry is "Vive le Roi" when marrowbones and cleavers are most noisy, when tallow-chandlers bellow the loudest for illuminations, the real source of the commotion is often mistaken.

> Is it for thee the lark ascends and sings?
> Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings.
> Is it for thee, the linnet pours his throat?
> Loves of his own, and raptures swell the note.

THE VENETIANS

In general are tall and well made. Though equally robust, they are not so corpulent as the Germans. The latter also are of fair complexions, with light grey, or blue eyes; whereas the Venetians are for the most part of a ruddy brown colour, with dark eyes. You meet in the streets of Venice

many fine manly countenances, resembling those transmitted to us by the pencils of Paul Veronese, and Titian. The women are of a fine style of countenance, with expressive features, and a skin of a rich carnation. They dress their hair in a fanciful manner, which becomes them very much. They are of an easy address, and have no aversion to cultivating an acquaintance with those strangers who are presented to them by their relations, or have been properly recommended.

The common people of Venice display some qualities very rarely to be found in that sphere of life; being remarkably sober, obliging to strangers, and gentle in their intercourse with each other.

The Venetians in general may be painted as a lively ingenious people, extravagantly fond of public amusements, with an uncommon relish for humour, and yet more attached to the real enjoyments of life, than to those which depend on ostentation, and proceed from vanity.

Some writers have described the manners of the Venetians as more profligate than those of other nations.—That they are more given to sensual pleasures than the inhabitants of London, Paris, or Berlin, I imagine will be difficult to prove. But as it is the custom to go about in masks*, an idea prevails, that the manners are more licentious here than elsewhere. For my own part, it is not a piece of white or black paper, with distorted features, that I suspect, having often found the most complete

* This custom did not exist when I visited Venice, in 1791.—F. P.

worthlessness concealed under a smooth smiling piece of human skin.

SPANIARDS.*

THE character, and manners, of the inhabitants of different provinces, vary more from each other in

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* PICTURE OF THE SPANIARDS.

I winged my way to the habitation of the proud Spaniard; I there saw dullness dressed in the specious garb of self-importance; assuming the celestial semblance of generosity; and jealousy dipping her destructive poniard in the tears of captive beauty. Often did I compress my slender form to enter the latticed window, where the blackest and finest eyes on this terrestrial sphere gazed dejectedly on the chain of wedded tyranny; while the soft sigh of despondency, stealing over the fevered lip of love, repelled and drew me on at pleasure.—*Mrs. Robinson.*

The following very humorous contrast between the manners, dispositions, habits, &c. of the French and Spaniards, is to be found in a little work, published after that famous inter marriage which overcame the enmity of the courts of France and Spain, though it could not that of the two nations:—

"A Frenchman," says the writer, "entering his friend's house, "will immediately ask for some refreshment; a Spaniard would "rather perish with hunger and thirst. A Frenchman salutes a "lady by kissing her; a Spaniard on presenting a lady his hand, "will cover it with his cloak and retreat back several paces to "bow to her at a hundred steps distant.—The French have a "lively apprehension, hating idleness, and reducing their knowledge into practical use; but they do not penetrate deeply "into any matter. The Spaniard, on the contrary, is fond of "abstract and abstruse speculation, and dwells continually on "one object. The French are afraid of believing too much; the "other of believing too little. The former will dispatch the "weightiest business in the midst of noise and tumult, amidst "the levity of assemblies or gaieties of the table; whilst the

in Spain than in other countries of Europe; owing probably to the Spanish provinces having formerly being distinct kingdoms: this accounts also for the hatred which they reciprocally have for each other, which in some is as violent as ever it could have been, even when they were in a state of war.

The inhabitants of Estramadura, Andalusia, and Mercia, are thought more lively than the rest of their countrymen. The natives of the southern provinces are the most industrious; those of Castille and Arragon are lazy, proud, vindictive, amorous, and despising trade and industry.

The complicated system of fraud and oppression, by which the vast majority of the inhabitants of Spain are kept in slavery and ignorance, was formed by degrees, and contrived by abler hands than those who now carry it on; many of whom are as ignorant and superstitious, as the populace they are employed to deceive. The bulk of the clergy of Spain, secular and regular, may be included among those agents; they are certainly sunk in ignorance and superstition, far beneath the clergy of any other country in Europe; and, on that very account,

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"grave Spaniard cannot bear the buzzing of a fly to disturb his "fixed attention. In love, the one is light and talkative; the "other constant and secret. The Spaniard will disguise his "poverty under a thousand pretences, and invent as many "fictions to persuade you his appearance is owing to the ne-"cessity of concealing his person; whilst the Frenchman will "press his wants upon you with the most persevering importu-"nity."

This contrast of humours and manners, the author we have cited, who is a Spaniard, seems inclined to attribute to the difference of climate: in the one country, settled and constant; in the other, every varying, as the genius of its inhabitants.

carry on the plan the more successfully; for, as Terence well observed, "Men act better, who being "deceived themselves, perform *ex animo omnia, ut "fert natura*, than those who are pre-instructed, "and perform *de industria*."

Spain, no doubt, was at one time, the nation of most importance in Europe, not only in point of riches, but likewise of military fame: to this, may in some degree, be imputed that stately reserve and pride, which belongs to the national character; and as in many other instances, remain after the cause which produced them no longer exists.

The common people in most countries admire their sovereign, as the most powerful in the world. In Spain it is a common opinion, not only that their monarch is the greatest prince, but also that the court of Spain is the most magnificent in Europe. "Solo Madrid es corte;" is a common saying. Those who are of that opinion, after being a little acquainted with the court of Madrid, must think magnificence the dullest, and most melancholy thing in the world.*

* The Spanish *etiquette* has been carried to such lengths as to make martyrs of their kings. One cannot help smiling in reading the following instances:—When Charles the second received the compliments of the grandees, who kisses hands on occasion of his ascending the throne, one in the excess of his zeal ventured to use the word *friend* in his compliments of felicitation. The grave young monarch, starting from him, and swelling with authority, exclaimed—*Los Reyes no tienen sus vassalos por amigos, sino por servidores*. Kings have not their *vassals* for friends, but for servants.—An elegant monarch lamented the misfortune of *kings*, that they could have no *friend*. Charles must have thought differently.—When Isabella, mother of Philip II. was ready to

POLITICAL CONVULSIONS.

It has been observed, that great occasions, and hazardous situations, have a tendency to create and develope talents; and of course that times of revolution, and important struggles in states, are the most productive of *great men.** It is asserted by some, however, that the French Revolution forms a contradiction to the general observation, inasmuch as, although it has occasioned a long and severe struggle, and given rise to very great crimes, yet it has not produced one man who can be with propriety called *great*, even allowing that wickedness did not preclude from the title.

Without entering into that discussion, it must be acknowledged that, if the French revolution has not given rise to any *great men*, it has had an effect more extraordinary, and unexpected; having entirely overset, and annihilated the *greatness* of more men than any revolution ever did. To enumerate instances would be equally superfluous and invidious.

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be delivered of him, she commanded that all the lights should be extinguished; that if the violence of her pain should occasion her face to change colour, no one might perceive it. And when the midwife said—"Madam, cry out, that will give you ease."—She answered in good Spanish—"How dare you give me such advice? I would rather die than cry out."

We may justly exclaim with our English Satirist—

"Spain give us pride—which Spain to all the earth
"May largely give, nor fear herself a dearth!

* The following elegant definition, or rather description, of a *great man*, will enable the reader to judge, if the political convulsions in France, have produced any one, and if the present Usurper deserves this appellation, which has been rather prema-

RAGE FOR HERALDRY.

After having made a considerable fortune by the exercise of his profession in the capital, a cer-

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turely given to him by his admirers, or enthusiasts. " Qu'un " homme s'éleve au sommet de la fortune, c'est un phénomene " que le vulgaire contemple avec admiration; mais le sage n'est " point ebloui: il decouvre les taches de ce prétendu corps lu- " mineux, & son eclat n'est qu'un phosphore passager. *Un* " *grand homme*, un homme né pour la gloire est celui qui a tou- " jours un objet illustre dans sa conduite, & qui y rapporte ses " plus nobles affections, les plus belles actions de sa vie. La " vie d'un *grand homme* est en quelque sorte comme un drame " representé devant les nations attentives. Pour que l'ouvrage " soit digne d'admiration, pour qu'il passe á la posterite, il ne " suffit pas d'y trouver de belles scenes, des developemens heu- " reux, il faut que tout tende au denouement, que tout s'y rap- " porte au but principal, & qu'il interesse surtout par son en- " semble. Un homme peut faire des actions éclatantes, mais " s'il n'a pas un but déterminé, sa gloire est l'ouvrage de la " fortune & non de son propre genie; c'est un illustre aventurier " mais non un héros. Il ne faut pas seulement, voir les actions " d'un prince ou d'un général pour connoitre leur gloire; il " faut voir l'ensemble de leur vie politique: aussi la postérité " seule peut proclamer le nom d'un heros, & ce n'est que dans " son oraison funebre qu'on peut annoncer au monde qu'il étoit " un *grand homme*."

TRANSLATION.

" If a man rises to the summit of elevation and fortune, " most men contemplate that phenomenon with admiration; " but the wise is not dazzled; he discovers the spots of that pre- " tended luminous body. A *great man*, a man born for glory " is the man who has always in view a great and important ob- " ject in his conduct, and who connects with it its noblest senti- " ments, the most distinguished actions of his life. The life of " a *great man* is, in some respects, like a drama acted in pre-

taylor retired to the province in which he had been born, on purpose, as he himself declared, to enjoy *otium cum dignitate*; for this taylor had been several years at a grammar-school, and still remembered some sentences of Latin. He resolved that the coach, in which he and his family arrived at the place of his residence in the country, instead of a cypher, should have in future for its ornament a coat of arms. He chose for a crest a large pair of scissars expanded: gratitude, he said, dictated this; because they were the chief instruments of his fortune. For his motto he chose the words "Vincere aut mori." On being told that those words might be thought more suitable to a soldier, than to a man of his profession; he said that he belonged to a military family; for his father had been haut-boy to a regiment, and that he, himself, in his youth, had felt some inclination for being a soldier, which he was prevented from indulging by the unexpected breaking out of a war. When his wife understood what had been decided, she declared that a mere crest

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"sence of attentive nations. To be worthy of admiration, and "to pass to posterity, it is not enough to find in the work grand "scenes, and successful situations; every thing in it must also "tend to the unraveling of the plot, and relate to the principal "object. The whole of it must excite a powerful interest. A man "may atchieve splendid actions; but if he has not a determin-"ed object, his glory is but the offspring of chance, and not of "his own genius. He is an illustrious adventurer, but not a he-"ro. To appreciate justly the merit of a prince, or of a gene-"ral, it is not sufficient to know their actions. We must also "contemplate the whole tenor of their political life. Thus pos-"terity alone can with truth proclaim the name of a hero; "and it is only in his funeral oration, that one may announce to "the world, that he was a *great man*."

and motto was little better than a cypher, and would look scandalously naked, which was what she could not bear. The husband consulted the curate respecting some additional device. The curate, who was somewhat of a wag, observed, that although scissars were made of cold iron as well as swords, yet some people might think, that there was not a sufficient correspondence between the crest and the motto. It would be therefore of importance to contrive such ornaments, (supporters for instance) as would link them a little better together. "I have no particular objection to supporters," said the taylor, and I am sure they would delight my wife." "Would you choose men or beasts?" said the Curate. "I think one of each would be best;" answered the taylor:—pray what beast would you advise me to?"—"A lion, by all means," said the curate; "because being the most powerful beast of the forest, he suits with *vincere* in your motto." "That it does to a hair!" exclaimed the taylor; but I cannot conceive what kind of *man* will suit with *mori*." "A dead man, to be sure," said the curate. "On my conscience, that is true," cried the taylor. The arms were ordered directly.—A pair of scissars expanded, with a lion and a dead man supporting them. The taylor's wife was delighted.—Great was the importance which swelled his own heart, when he remarked the admiration with which the villagers contemplated the emblematic painting on his coach, or when the import of the motto was explained to the gazing multitude, by the school-master, or some other of equal learning.

Why that disdainful smile at the vanity of this poor taylor? The story is told of yourself, under

another name. Let some who ridicule this motto and lion, recollect how little their own vain pretensions, low pursuits, debasing habits, and the whole despicable tenor of their lives, accord with the emblems or mottos of their coats of arms. Let them remember that, if truth and propriety were always observed in those articles, instead of lions, eagles and other noble animals, many of them would have asses, hogs, peacocks, or dung hill cocks, for their supporters: and let them also remember, that the respect which is still paid to some of them, proceeds entirely from a regard to the memory of men that are dead.

REPUBLICAN GOVERNMENT.

It seems, at first sight, natural that monarchs should be stimulated by ambition, and the desire of extending their dominions in a stronger degree than the governors of republics: because an hereditary monarch is more identified with the state; and the king may suppose the extension of dominion an increase to his own personal grandeur and wealth: whereas the office of chief magistrate in republics is transitory; and it can be of little importance to him, even in idea, whether he belongs to a nation consisting of twenty five millions of individuals, or of forty millions; his personal grandeur will be much the same. The extension of a state's domains adds nothing to the importance of the inhabitants. The national pride of individuals is high in small republics as in great kingdoms. No-

body can doubt that a citizen of Athens, was as proud of being an Athenian, as a Persian was of belonging to that vast empire. Experience, however, proves, that the governors of republics are more apt to be actuated by restless ambition, and the ardour of conquest, than the generality even of kings.

The plan of the Roman republic, was universal conquest; yet when they were pursuing it, they announced themselves the protectors of the Grecian states, and of all free nations, thus they created a pretext for intermeddling in the government of every country.

The French republic has evidently imitated, and imitates now, the encroaching policy of the Roman republic. The decree, "That the French nation "would assist that party in every country which "contended for liberty;" in other words, "would assist those in every country who strove to overset the government;" has been often attempted to be explained away; but the conduct of the Directory has sufficiently shewn that they acted to the spirit of that decree. If the French republic manifested that disposition, in spite of misfortune and repulse, was it not expected that it would proceed in that system after the rapid success of their arms, and under the government of Buonaparte? Does he not follow the same footsteps of his predecessors? Does he not endeavour to excite revolt against the established government of every nation, whatever that government may be? Does he not assist the insurgents on the pretence of supporting the cause of liberty, but with the expectation of subduing the country, by the means of the divisions he incites. Yet for

one nation to assert a right of interfering in the internal government of another, is laying a foundation for unceasing war. It will be resisted, we trust, with indignation in this country, because it cannot be put in practice but in a country of determined slaves.

THE INVALID.

"You have a pension from Chelsea Hospital?" said Mrs. B——.

"Yes, that I have," cried the soldier; "and it is regularly paid, although I do no manner of duty."

"You were wounded, perhaps?"

"I was that, through the body, at the battle on the heights of Abraham, where General Wolfe was killed, please your ladyship; but he had the satisfaction of knowing that the enemy fled before he expired; and well he deserved such a death, for he was an excellent officer."

"You could do no more duty as a soldier, after being so wounded?" said Mrs. B——.

"Every bullet, your ladyship knows," replied the soldier, "has its commission; that which went through my body had not a commission for death, but only for wounding; and so I recovered, and did my duty the following winter in the action near Quebec, where General Murray commanded."

"I hope, you was not wounded there also?"

"Yes, I received a shot in my shoulder, which disabled me from using my firelock; and what is more provoking, it was at the beginning of the ac-

tion, and I had only fired three times; and so being of no farther use, I was sent back to the hospital, and I saw no more of the battle, which I should have been glad to describe to your ladyship, if I had remained."

"You were long recovering of this last wound?" said Mrs. Barnet.

"Very long, please your ladyship, for the bone was hurt; I was sent home, and recommended to Chelsea, which I obtained, and am an out-pensioner; but although I suffered a good deal for several months at first, yet, thank God, I at last had some intervals of ease, and there was not a great deal of pain, except when a little bit of bone was about to throw off —Now, it seldom troubles me; but although I have not all the use of my arm, I could still make a shift to draw a trigger against the French or Spaniards, if there was occasion."

"Have you nothing to maintain you and your wife, but the small pension from the hospital?" said Mrs. Barnet.

"O! yes," answered the soldier; "I can do a little work as a gardener, to which I was originally bred, that is, when my shoulder is not very painful; and my wife is a very careful and industrious woman, and still able to gain a little also, and so we have great reason to be thankful, being, by the king's bounty and goodness, enabled not only to maintain ourselves, but also to entertain a friend sometimes, which, I confess, we were just doing now; for as your ladyship knows life is but a roughish journey, at best, so Margery and I love to *strew the way over with flowers*, as the song goes."

" And pray," said Mrs. Barnet, smiling, " what kind of flowers were you strewing just now ?"

" Anon ?" cried the soldier, not quite understanding the question.

" May I ask," resumed Mrs. Barnet, " what the present entertainment with which you regale your friend, consists of ?"

" It consists," replied the soldier, " of a loaf of very good brown bread, an excellent Suffolk cheese, and a can of gin and water. Would to the Lord, that every worthy honest heart in this wide world, were as well provided for !"

" I am sure," said Mrs. Barnet, with a smile of benevolence to the soldier, " that a heart so easily satisfied as your's, ought not to know want."

" I hardly ever did, Madam," said he, " particularly since we settled at this place, for we have our hut for almost nothing; bread, cheese, and small-beer, are tolerably cheap, and the gin is excellent: if your ladyship has occasion for any, I can recommend that of the Hog in Armour on this heath, for as wholesome Hollands as any in England."

" I am much obliged to you," said Mrs. Barnet, laughing; " but pray what company have you with you ? you seemed very happy and merry when I came."

" We have no other company, please your ladyship," replied the pensioner, " but a poor soldier, who I happened to meet on the road, poor fellow, he seemed faint with the heat, and the weight of his knapsack; and so, as it was just about the time of our dinner, I invited him to share with Margery and

me; we all fell to accordingly, and I doubt if many people have made a better dinner than the soldier and I; for we were both very hungry, and, as I said before, every thing was good of its kind; as for Margery, she eats no great matter, and hardly ever takes above one draught of gin and water; but I confess the stranger and I were beginning to get a little merry, when your ladyship arrived."

CICISBEO.

The custom at present reigning in Italy is, that this obsequious gentleman visits the lady every forenoon at the toilet, where the plan for passing the evening is agreed upon; he disappears before dinner, for it is usual all over Italy for the husband and wife to dine together tête-a-tête, except on great occasions; as when there is a public feast. After dinner the husband retires, and the Cicisbeo returns, and conducts the lady to the public walk, the conversatione, or the opera: he hands her about wherever she goes, presents her coffee, sorts her cards, and attends with the most pointed assiduity, till the amusements of the evening are over; he accompanies her home, and delivers up his charge to the husband, who is then supposed to resume his functions.

Even when there is the greatest harmony and love between husband and wife, they must separate every evening;—he to play the cavaliero servente to another woman, and she to be led about by another man. Notwithstanding this inconvenience, the

couples who are in this predicament are certainly happier than those whose affections are not centered at home. Some very loving couples lament the cruelty of this separation: yet the world in general seem to be of opinion, that a man and his wife, who dine together every day, and lie together every night, may, with a proper exertion of philosophy, be able to support being asunder a few hours in the evening.

The Cicisbeo in many instances is a poor relation, or humble friend, who, not being in circumstances to support an equipage, is happy to be admitted into all the societies, and to be carried about to public diversions as an appendage to the lady. Many of those gentlemen in their appearance, and bodily infirmities, carry the clearest refutation, with respect to themselves, of the scandalous stories of an improper connection between cavaliero serventes, and their mistresses. There are also Cicisbeos of a very different stamp, whose figure, and manners, might be supposed more agreeable to the ladies they serve, than to their lords.

Whether the connection between them is supposed innocent or criminal, most Englishmen will be astonished how men can pass so much of their time with women. This, however, will appear less surprising, when they recollect that the Italian nobility dare not intermeddle in politics; can find no employment in the army or navy; and that there are no such amusements in the country as hunting or drinking. In such a situation, if a man of fortune has no turn for gaming, what can he do? Even an Englishman, in those desperate circumstances, might be driven to

the company and conversation of women to lighten the burthen of time *.

FRIENDSHIP AND DEVOTION.

In a lady's house at Vienna, I happened to take up a book which lay upon the table—a small picture of the Virgin Mary on vellum fell from between the leaves; under the figure of the Virgin, there was an inscription, which I translate literally:

" This is presented by —— to her dearest friend
" —— in token of the sincerest regard and affection;

* Dr. Moore has here given us a description of the *Italian male Cicisbeo;* an amiable unknown female writer, has thus noticed a very important class of ladies in France, who may not be improperly denominated *female Cicisbeos:* " Before the Revolution, a " woman of fashion, when relinquishing the adorations claimed " by beauty, devoted herself to the instruction and advance- " ment of some young man of personal qualifications and un- " certain fortune. She presented him to the world and pane- " gyrised him into fashion. By her exertions, he was promoted " in the army, and a career begun under such auspices often ter- " minated in a brilliant establisment.—In the less elevated " circle, a female cicisbeo is usually of a certain age, of an active " disposition, and great volubility, and her functions are more " numerous and less dignified. Here the grand object is to ob- " tain for him the solid advantages of what she calls *un bon parti,* " (a good match). To this end she frequents the houses of wi- " dows and heiresses, vaunts the docility of his temper, enlarges " on the solitude of widowhood, or the dependence and insig- " nificance of a spinster; and these prefatory encomiums usually " end in the concerted introduction of the Platonic *ami.* Be- " sides these principal and important cares, a female cicisbeo of " a middle rank, has various subordinate ones—such as buying " linen, choosing the colour of a coat, &c. &c.—These useful " females are equally common in more humble situations. A

" begging, that as often as she beholds this figure " of the blessed Virgin, she may mix a sentiment of " affection for her absent friend, with the emotions " of gratitude and adoration she feels for the mother " of Jesus."

There seems to be something exceedingly tender and pathetic in blending friendship with religious sentiments, and thus, by a kind of consecration, endeavouring to preserve the former from the effects of time and absence.

RECIPE AGAINST ENNUI *.

As I stood, the other day, on the quay of the Louvre, contemplating a battalion, which was con-

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" woman in France, whatever be her condition, cannot be per- " suaded to resign her influence with her youth; and the *bour-* " *geoise* attaches her *clève*, by knitting him stockings, forcing " him with *bons morceaux*, and frequent regales of coffee and " *liqueurs*.

" You must not conclude from all this that there is any gal- " lantry implied, or any scandal excited—the return for all these " services is only a little flattery, a philosophical endurance of " the card-table, and some skill in the disorders of lap-dogs. " There are in England, as well as in France, many notable " females of a certain age, who delight in what they call ma- " naging, and who are zealous in promoting matches among the " young people of their acquaintance; but for one that you " meet with in England there are fifty in France."

* The oppressive sensation and the cause of Ennui, were never better described, than by the elegant French poet Desmahis:

Ce sommeil fatiguant de l'ame
Né de la gêne & du loisir,
De nos jours use plus la trame
Que la douleur ou le plaisir.

ducting some Swiss to the Abbaye, a man who seemed at least seventy years of age, entered into conversation with me: a girl of about ten or eleven held him by the arm. He praised the appearance of the men; and the young girl was delighted with the rough caps, and immense moustaches of the grenadiers.

"Mademoiselle is your daughter," said I.

"No," answered he; "this poor little girl has lived with me several years. She was quite destitute, and I took her from charity. People are often at a loss how to amuse themselves, particularly towards the decline of life. I have had a great deal of pleasure, for my own part, in teaching this little girl mathematics."

A young gentleman who was present, burst into laughter; and the old man perceiving that I could with difficulty refrain, "I see," said he, good-humouredly, "that you do not credit what I tell you; but it is literally true. This little girl is a very apt scholar, as you shall see."

"Tell me, my dear, what are the three angles of any triangle equal to?"

"Two right angles," answered she.

"Exactly," said the old man; "and pray what is the cube root of eight?"

"Two," answered the girl.

Of the dull soul oppressive sleep,
Born of constraint and too much leisure
More on the stretch life's thread you keep
Than either anguish or than pleasure!

It is the observation of a learned physician in this metropolis, that many persons incur disorders that lead often to death by mere *Ennui*.

" And what is the cubic number of four?" resumed he.

She immediately replied, " sixty-four."

Having enjoyed our surprise a little, the old Frenchman took his leave of us in high spirits, and walked away with the girl holding his arm. I mention this rencontre merely for its singularity: it proves that although the French are less subject to *ennui* than any other people, yet they are extremely inventive of expedients to prevent it. Of all the contrivances for that purpose I ever heard of, the one I have just mentioned is the most singular.

CLEMENT XIV.

Was a man of moderation, good sense, and simplicity of manners; and could not go through the ostentatious parade which his station required, without reluctance and marks of disgust. He knew that the opinions of mankind had undergone a very great change since those ceremonies were established; and that some of the most respectable of the spectators considered as perfectly frivolous many things which formerly had been held as sacred. Ganganelli was an enemy to fraud and hypocrisy of every kind. But, however remiss he may have been with regard to the etiquette of his spiritual functions, every body acknowledges his diligence and activity in promoting the temporal good of his subjects. He did all in his power to revive trade, and to encourage manufactures and industry of every kind. He built no churches, but he repaired the roads all over the Ecclesiastical State; he restrained the malevolence of

bigots, removed absurd prejudices, and promoted sentiments of charity and good-will to mankind in general, without excepting even heretics. His enemies, the Jesuits, with an intention to make him odious in the eyes of his own subjects gave him the name of the *Protestant Pope*. If they supposed that this calumny would be credited, on account of the conduct above mentioned, they at once paid the highest compliment to the pope, and the Protestant religion.

VANITY

Is a very comfortable failing; and has such an universal power over mankind, that not only the gay blossoms of youth, but even the shrivelled bosom of age expand, and display strong marks of sensibility under its influence.

HEROIC BENEVOLENCE.

Prince Leopold, nephew of Frederick the great, and brother to the present reigning Duke of Brunswick, in the spring of the year 1785, being witness to a devastation occasioned by the overflowing of a river, unmoved by the entreaties of those who endeavoured to dissuade him from so hazardous an enterprize, embarked in a small boat with three watermen to relieve the inhabitants of a village surrounded by the waters. But before he reached them the boat was drove with violence againt a tree, and

overset; the three boatmen were saved. This amiable prince alone, being carried down by the impetuosity of the current, perished in the sight of those he attempted to preserve, displaying in his death an heroic instance of that benevolence, which had appeared conspicuous through the whole of his life *.

HUMANITY.

A CIRCLE of people from the adjacent hamlets, surrounded a seaman as he lay on the ground.

Sir Matthew Maukish and his lady stopped their carriage, and enquired what was the matter.

"It is a poor sailor," said one of the crowd, "who has been overturned and sadly bruised by a gentleman in a phaeton."

"Why did not the fellow get out of the gentleman's way?" said Sir Matthew.

"He tried to do so; but it was not in his power to run fast enough, being as how, he had a wooden leg," said one of the group.

"A wooden leg!" cried Sir Matthew; "how came he by a wooden leg?"

"His real leg was carried off by a cannon bullet, in a sea fight," answered the same person.

"A sea fight!" repeated Sir Matthew; "what the devil took him into a sea fight?"

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* That ingenious artist, Mr. Northcote, who so successfully painted the wonderful escape of Captain Inglefield, has since, with equal, if not superior energy, finished a picture representing the death of Prince Leopold, of Brunswick.

" He went to fight for his king and country," answered another (a pensioner from Chelsea hospital), " as was his duty "

" Yes, yes," said Sir Matthew, " that was his duty, to be sure; we must all fight for our king and country; but he ought to have got out of the gentleman's way, for all that; he ought to have stepped a little aside, to let him pass."

" Why, please your honour," said the pensioner, " the gentleman drove so d——d fast, that the poor fellow could not get out of his way more than of the bullet's; if he had time, he would have stepped a little aside, to let them both pass."

" Well, in my opinion," rejoined Sir Matthew, " the gentleman was to blame, and if he were here I should tell him so."

" The poor man seems much bruised, and unable to move," said the pensioner.

" Poor creature," cried Lady Maukish, in a very sympathising tone, " he is much to be pitied."

" That he is," echoed several voices from the crowd.

" Well, but," resumed Sir Matthew Maukish, addressing the crowd, " why do you not carry this bruised man into some of your houses, and put him to bed, and give him a cordial, and take care of him till he recovers?"

" Why, Lord! your honour," cried one of the people, " none of us have spare beds; most of us lie two or three in a bed already."

" Ah! the odious creatures," cried Lady Maukish.

" I'll tell you, neighbours," said one who was well acquainted with the character of Sir Matthew, " we

had best carry this poor man to Sir Matthew Maukish's house; he will certainly order him to be taken care of, and he is much more able than any of us, to maintain him till he recovers."

"Drive on," cried Sir Matthew, putting his head hastily out of the coach window.

"Why do you not drive on, Sirrah?" squeaked Lady Bab from the other window.

"Ah, the odious creatures!" said the old soldier, mimicking Lady Bab's voice.

"The devil drive you both, for a couple of hard hearted niggards," cried the person who knew Sir Matthew and his lady.

"What a pity, to let a man lie alone, on the cold ground!" said a young woman.

"Especially a fellow Christian!" added an old one, who stood by her.

"Christian or Turk," said the Chelsea pensioner, "since nothing better can be done, if some of you will help me to carry him into my hut, I'll take the best care of him I can, and I know my wife will make him welcome.—How fare you now, old boy?" continued he, addressing the seaman, who seemed to recover.

"Thank you, thank you, brother," replied the seaman; "only a little damaged in the larboard-side, and in the stern; but I hope to live to repay your consort and you for all your kindness; and if I chance to meet the fresh-water spark who ran foul of me, mayhap, I shall repay him also."

"I thank you for your humanity to that poor sailor," said a lady present.

"There is, in what I do, no great matter of humanity," replied the soldier; "an old soldier can-

not let a wounded sailor lie on the ground, when he has a hut to give him shelter in; one who could not act such a part, would deserve to be drummed out of the army, instead of enjoying his Majesty's bounty, as I do, God Almighty bless him!"

SCOUNDREL.

If a French coach-man or fish-woman quarrel with a foreigner, they will make no scruple to give him the worst name they can think of; but after they have called him a scoundrel, or whatever other abusive name occurs, they do not add, by way of aggravation, *Italian* scoundrel, *German* scoundrel, or *English* scoundrel; whereas, those who deal in this kind of rhetoric in England, are never contented with calling a foreigner, whom they abuse, a scoundrel, because possibly the bye-standers might imagine him only an English scoundrel, and of course, merely on a level with honest men of other nations; they therefore add the name of the country the man comes from, by way of consummating his infamy.

LES NONCHALANS.

An absurd affectation of indifference, or what the French call *nonchalance*, has prevailed of late years. A few insipid characters in high life, whose internal vacancy leads them to seek amusement in public places, and whose insensibility prevents them from finding it, have probably brought this appearance of a want of all enjoyment into fashion. Those who

wish to be thought of what is called the *ton*, imitate the mawkish insipidity of their superiors in rank, and imagine it distinguishes them from the vulgar to suppress all the natural expressions of pity, joy, or admiration, and to seem upon all occasions, in a state of complete apathy.—Those amiable creatures frequent public places, that it may be said of them, *they are not as other men are.* You will see them occasionally at the play-house, placed in the boxes, like so many busts with unchanging features; and while the rest of the audience yield to the emotions excited by the poet and the actors, those men of the *ton* preserve the most dignified serenity of countenance; and except, that they from time to time pronounce the words *pshaw!* and *stuff!*—One would think them the express representatives of the Pagan Gods, who *have eyes but do not see, and ears but do not hear.*

DUELS, AND METHOD OF PREVENTING THEM *.

It seems surprising to many people, that no means have been found for putting an end to duels.

The absurdity of the custom has been illustrated a thousand ways without effect.

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* Some plagiarist or another has very lately taken the following sentiments of Dr. Moore, and dressing them up with those of another author of equal celebrity, has prepared a very long essay which has just been inserted in all the public newspapers. The motive, however, is equally Christianlike and noble, and in such a case *plagiarism*, instead of being condemnable, is praise worthy.

" You have injured me, Sir, and therefore I insist upon your taking an equal chance of putting me to death."——Or,

" You have given me the lie, Sir. I could easily prove, indeed, that I spoke truth; but as that is nothing to the purpose, I will not take the trouble: but what I do insist upon, is, that you shall, by way of reparation, do your utmost to shoot me through the head."—What can be more absurd than all this? Nothing.—But its not quite a fair statement of the case. The following seems nearer the truth:

" Sir, you have insulted me in such a manner, as will make the world think meanly of me, if I do not resent it. If I have recourse to the laws of my country, the world will think in the same manner of me. Though I may despise both you and the insult, I cannot regulate the opinions of the world; but I will show that I do not value life so much as I dread disgrace; and I will give this proof, at your risk, who have put me under the necessity."

No severity of law can prevent those from challenging their insulter, to whom the shame of bearing an insult, appears more dreadful than the utmost vengeance of law. Accordingly the severest laws have not suppressed the practice of ducking.

But if a court were instituted for the express purpose of investigating the circumstance which give rise to every duel, with power to punish him who, from wantonness, pride, or malignity, had to the conviction of the court, behaved in such a manner as would justify a gentleman for having recourse to the only means in his power to efface the affront, perhaps such an institution would have a more powerful

effect in preventing duels, than attaching the punishment to the challenger, or survivor, who possibly may be the least guilty.

If such an institution did not entirely abolish the practice of duelling, it would assuredly render it less frequent.

It would also render men more cautious of giving offence, and would bring to public notoriety and shame, all those pests of society who are continually involved in quarrels, whether from an overbearing spirit to insult others, or from a childish disposition to take offence without cause *.

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* " A soldier's sword," observes a sentimental female writer, " should not be drawn but in the service of his prince, and defence of his country. If, then, it be drenched to the hilt in " Blood, it returns in crimson glory to the scabbard; but when " drawn—when stained with friend's Blood—oh! through all " the varying scenes of life's busy drama, it hangs suspended by " a single hair over the soul, while unavailing sorrow and bitter " regret lays waste all the faculties of the duellist's body. 'Tis " that which marks his haggard frown, and robs him of rest."

The necessity of preventing this horrid practice, which is so frequently resorted to under false principles of honour, becomes indeed every day more evident. Since the first edition of this work went to press in December 1802, we have witnessed no less than three melancholy instances in which as many of the bravest characters in the kingdom have forfeited their lives, viz. the ever to be lamented Colonel Montgomery, Lieutenant Reilly, and another officer, whose name we cannot recollect. But notwithstanding these events, some writers have of late strenuously insisted that we can enact no laws sufficient to restrain the inclination to avenge a supposed insult—what a ridiculous assertion!——Indeed, the prevalence of the practice at present seems fully to prove the assertion in the GUARDIAN, Vol. I. No. 20, that " a *Christian* and a *Gentleman* are made inconsistent appellations of the same person."

WHAT remains of the old town gives no favourable idea of what it was before the earthquake, in 1785, the streets being narrow, windy, and nasty. In planning the new town, care has been taken to preclude many of the inconveniencies of the old. The new built houses are larger, the streets wider, and more regular than those of the old; and in various places they lead into squares, of which the old town was destitute. The most extensive and most magnificent square is *that*, one of whose sides is formed by the palace of inquisition.

Some of the most disgusting customs, that are the source of the nastiness with which the streets of Lisbon are covered, still continue. Boots may protect the feet of the street-walker from the filth of the streets; but it is necessary to be in a close carriage, to have the head equally secure from that which is thrown from the windows *.

Several of the new streets, though planned, are not entirely built; many vacancies are still to be seen. They would never be cleaned was it not ab-

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There is a very pleasing contrast between the *professed* and the *Christian* duellist, in a story on the subject of duelling, contained in a new novel, abounding in anecdotes, and intitled, *The Strolling Player*.

* We are informed that the police of Lisbon has now in contemplation, to lay down common sewers, and drain away all impurities into the Tagus, instead of suffering the above nauseous practice, by which means every one who frequents the theatres, is exposed on his way home to receive upon his shoulders a most unwelcome species of unction, if not very attentive to watch the movements at each balcony he passes under.

solutely necessary to do it, previous to the ceremony of processions. The lanes, and narrow streets, are never cleaned; in consequence of which some are almost choked up *.

The houses in general, previous to the earthquake, 1755, had the melancholy appearance of prisons with small windows, very often without glass, from which those within could see the passengers in the street; but could not be seen by them: on this account they were called *Zelosios*, or jealousies; their peculiar structure being supposed to have originated from the jealousy of husbands. Indeed they are in some respects emblematic of that passion, as it formerly manifested itself among the Spaniards and Portuguese; and still appears among the Turks, who seem to have no regard to what the inclinations of their women are, provided they can by walls, and locks, and eunuchs, secure their persons to themselves.

The houses since the year 1755, and particularly those lately built, have large and convenient windows, and are in general four or five stories high.

There are no agreeable public walks belonging to Lisbon, though no spot in Europe unites so many requisites for forming an extensive and delightful walk, as the banks of the Tagus, near that city †. A

* Several hundred men are at the present time daily employed removing the mounts of rubbish; and every beast of burden is embargoed, or put into requisition, to carry them off. Regular scavengers are also appointed.

† The only public promenade is a garden, called *Salitre*, which is resorted to by a few ladies in the evening. It contains but one grand walk in the centre; the rest is all monotonously di-

scheme for this purpose, was once in agitation, but it was dropped on account of the strange indifference of the inhabitants for so desirable an object.

The Portuguese women are extremely indolent. Their chief employment and common amusement is sitting at the window, and beholding the passengers, who are now permitted to behold *them* also.

There is a great number of domestics in the usual establishment of a family in tolerable circumstances, at Lisbon: those domestics are poorly paid, taudrily clothed, scantily fed, and as insolent as their masters. Some of them are employed by the intendant of police as spies. Were it the object of a government to vitiate the national character, and depress the national spirit, it could not use a more effectual means, than by encouraging, and rewarding, domestic spies; the infallible consequence of which is, to tear asunder all the bonds of mutual confidence among men, to spread distrust, hatred, and terror, into every breast, to make them tremble at the sight of the most subaltern agent in office to render men unhappy, and to deprive them of every claim to be otherwise.

The common people in Lisbon, seem to be more oppressed and miserable, than in any other country in Europe: Their misery is apparent in their dejected looks, in their meagre bodies, covered with rags and nastiness. Those willing to work, are not paid for their labour sufficient to maintain them, and many

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vided into regular little plats of uniform shrubbery, more dull and *tamely* that any Dutch potatoe-garden on the banks of the canal *Von Utrecht*.

of them are kept from starving by soups, chiefly consisting of the washings of the plates of convents, after the monks have dined.—Is it surprising that they thieve, rob, and sometimes assassinate*?

The influence of the monks is greater in Portugal, than in any Roman Catholic country in Europe. There are not great many families in Lisbon of which some monk or other has not the chief direction.

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* The new and active establishment of a vigilant police, hitherto unknown in Lisbon, is at present, we are informed, the theme of universal praise, and has operated so total a change, that a person acquainted with that metropolis, only a year ago, would scarcely recognize it again. Till now, the neglect of all the municipal regulations, adopted in other European towns, was proverbial here, and the danger of assassination such, as to prevent people from walking the streets after dark. But the system is now completely altered, and lately several offenders have been punished with death. The practice of smuggling too, which was openly carried to a great length, has been equally repressed. The city is lighted throughout, every evening. To conduct the useful reform of the police, a legion of eight hundred men have been raised, including two hundred cavalry. They have posts established throughout the whole city, and particularly on the water-side, where they put a great check upon smuggling. At night, numerous patroles of that legion parade the streets, and call every suspicious person to account, assuming various disguises to come upon them unawares; by this means, they have purged the city of many hordes of miscreants with which it used to be infested; at the commencement of their institution, the vagabonds against whom it was directed, thought to have intimidated the corps, as they had formerly done. But on the first rencontre, the desperadoes, finding that this legion would not be trifled with, and that they fired upon their assailants without ceremony, it procured them immediate respect, and ever since, a soldier of the legion has become an object of terror to the rabble.

Religious processions form the grand and most interesting amusement of the inhabitants of Lisbon *, and few things can convey a stronger presumption of the insipidity of their usual style of life than their finding any amusement in those dreary spectacles, which consist of a multitude of men of all conditions, dressed in robes of different colours, with a white stick in each of their hands, slowly following the statue of some Saint, with bands of music at intervals, and the whole closed by the monks, of whom the foregoing Saint is the patron.

To these ceremonies the inhabitants of Lisbon flock in crowds, and behold them with admiration.

The ladies, in particular, spend several days, previous to such solemnities, in preparing their richest

* The fashionable world are at present entertained at Lisbon with an Italian opera, upon the most liberal establishment, not surpassed by any theatre on the continent in the vocal department. The dancing, though capital, is not equal to the Parisian display of excellence in that graceful art; but the amateurs in general, who have heard Mrs. Billington, affirm, that in point of singing, she is not superior to Signora Catalani. She and Signor Crescentini, (whose powers are already known on the London Stage) are at present the rage at Lisbon; they attract a numerous assemblage at every performance, and receive emoluments almost as enormous as in England, independent of rich presents from the nobility and fashionable dilettanti

Besides the grand opera, there are two other theatres at Lisbon, and one at Belem; these are upon the Sadler's Wells principle, and tolerable good feats of activity are displayed there; but the dramatic department is barbarously vitiated on the Portuguese stage, not for want of theatrical talents, for there are some very respectable ones, but from the wretched medley of Bartholomew-fair buffoonery, blended even in the most serious historical representations.

attire; and on the morning of the happy day, having exhausted all the arts of the toilet, to draw forth their charms, they place themselves at the windows and balconies by which the procession is to pass, perhaps several hours before it does pass, and there exhibit a much more brilliant and agreeable spectacle than they behold.

On the festival of St. Anthony of Padua, his statue is carried in procession, superbly dressed in robes of silk, embroidered with gold, and studded with diamonds and precious stones borrowed from the most opulent families of Lisbon. As those jewels are supposed, after having touched the statue of the saint, to acquire the power of preserving the person who wears them from various diseases, it is not surprizing that their proprietors should be exceeding willing to lend them.

What should induce the ladies to assist so patiently at those processions has in some degree been explained. The assiduous attendance of the men with their cloaks and white sticks must be imputed entirely to superstitious motives. A notion prevails, that by following some of those processions, in that manner during seven successive years, a man secures himself from the hazard of dying in a state of reprobation.

There is little variety at Lisbon: one week is like the whole year, and the whole year like the first week.—After what I have written you will not be surprised that I did not find the climate * so effectual

* Medical men are now so much convinced of the mildness of climate of South Devon, which is more particularly felt in winter, that they recommend it to their patients as much as Lisbon; and essentially to those who are afflicted with asthmatic and pulmonary complaints.

a remedy for my old complaint of *ennui* as for my cough *.

THE MILANESE AND SWISS PEASANTS.

Why are the inhabitants of the rich plains of Lombardy, where nature pours forth her gifts in such profusion, less opulent than those of the mountains of Switzerland? Because freedom, whose influence is more benign than sunshine and zephyrs, who covers the rugged rock with soil, drains the sickly swamp, and clothes the brown heath in verdure; who dresses the labourer's face with smiles, and makes him behold his increasing family with delight and exultation; freedom has abandoned the fertile fields of Lombardy, and dwells among the mountains of Switzerland†.

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* This sickly disposition perhaps, prevented our traveller from visiting and mentioning two objects worthy to be seen in Lisbon, 1st. The noble aqueduct extending upwards of two leagues. It is an impressive and stupendous monument, and almost worthy of the title inscribed on the architrave of its frontispiece, near the grand reservoir:—*Regni ornamentum, urbis prodigum.* This beautiful edifice under the grand arch of which a frigate might pass in full sail, supplies the whole city with water, which it conveys from the rock of Lisbon, and must be acknowledged one of the most stupendous efforts of human industry.—2ndly. There is to be seen at Bellem, a Botanical Garden, and a museum, which is open to the public: it contains an extensive collection of tropical birds and reptiles from the Portuguese colonies, fossils, and rich minerals, but blended and crowded too much together, for want of due space to exhibit them.

† It dwells there no more.—Swiss liberty presented a too striking contrast to the chains with which the lawless French Di-

FRENCH AND ENGLISH PEERAGE.

THE privileges possessed, and the superiority assumed by the noblesse of France, over the inferior orders were evils of greater magnitude than they may seem to those Englishmen who judge by the impression which the privileges and conduct of the nobility of their own country make on the minds of their countrymen.

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rectory had loaded that nation, to let it remain unalterable.—They were afraid, lest the sight of a neighbouring people, happy by a true, wise, and reasonable liberty, might awaken, in the enslaved French, the energy necessary to break the oppressive chains of their Directory. That Directory then, under the fictitious pretenceof restoring and thes ecuring to the Vaudese country certain rights; of freeing Switzerland from the Bernese oligarchy, and its supposed aristocracy, that Barbarous Directory decreed, that Helvetia should renounce the laws, which, for so many centuries, had secured her happiness; that she should accept a form of Government which tyranny alone could authorise the Rulers of France to dictate; they decreed that French armies should carry all the horrors of war among people who were ignorant of their existence.—Methinks I see their warriors blindly slaves to their orders, climbing up the craggy and lofty rocks which once secured the tranquility of that good people.—Methinks I hear them thundering their decrees. "Die or obey the Directory who sends us to slaughter you."—Brave but mistaken French grenadiers! What are you doing?—Desist!—These warriors were long your friends, your fellow soldiers—are you going to strike them? They only wish for tranquility, and you come to disturb it. They constantly proved themselves your defenders, and you come to attack them. They have never ceased to supply your wants; and you come to plunder their property. Their neutrality has been the protection of your own land, and as a reward for it, you come to invade their territory!—Ah! Do not dishonour bravery by employing it so basely—*Liberty, equality, feli-*

The precedency and distinctions which the nobility enjoy in common society in England are never refused unless when arrogated; and therefore, are never or seldom assumed, but always granted.

The privileges of the British nobility, when compared with those of the noblesse of France, before the revolution, will in general be found at once more valuable and less invidious: they consist in the hereditary share they have in the legislature; not in their forming a part of the pageantry of a court, or in having their lands exempt from taxation. The Peers of Great Britain are few in number; and strongly connected with the Commons, by intermarriages, friendship, and the reciprocal power of being of service to each other.

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city, are as the vanguard of those numerous armies which your rapacious rulers send among those nations whose plunder they have decreed. But these are mere high sounding words.—— You are strangers to their true meaning; you know by name those invaluable and heavenly gifts the Helvetians have long known—long have they enjoyed their endearing blessings, before you came amongst them. Profound Peace, true Freedom, real Happiness, have fled from their mountains at your approach.—They have fled, perhaps, alas! for ages to come.—At the present moment, has not despotism again forced a new constitution on the brave and formerly free people of Switzerland? Whatever may have been the secret motives of each Director in respect to Helvetia, when in 1796 they ordered the entrance of their armies into that country, they afterwards pleaded as an excuse for their atrocious violence, that they were in perfect ignorance of the nature of the territory; and believed they were doing right in changing the form of its Government. When a German placed the real civil and religious state of Switzerland under the view of the philanthropic La Revilliere Lepaux; he is said to have exclaimed: "Then perhaps, I have been contributing to do them "an injury all this time!" But knowledge and repentance came

The situation of the French noblesse with respect to the commons, or as they call them *roturiers*, was very different. The privileges of the former were in many instances vague, unascertained by positive laws, and depending merely on ancient usage.

The importance and consideration at court of a British Peer depend in a great measure on his influence and popularity in the country. The importance of a French nobleman depended entirely on court favour, and dwindled into nothing at the frown of his sovereign.

A British Peer has a strong motive to cultivate the good-will of all the inhabitants around his estate; whereas a French Marquis or Duke had no motives but the sentiments of benevolence or humanity to behave with attention and kinnness to the peasantry.

Letters of noblesse were not difficult to be obtained in France; and the exuberant plantation of nobility was there very extensive and cumbersome. In that country the airs of superiority, which they were apt to assume, were more difficult to repress, and were apparent in every place.—The Government and customs of England do not tolerate that degree of inso-

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too late.—Will the present Government of France follow the same tyrannical conduct?—that Government, from whom we hear nothing but pretensions to grand views, justice and humanity! —Were it to persevere in oppressive violence—it ought to excite a double indignation, as it will certainly provoke a vigorous resistance in Switzerland at the first opportunity.—Should the powers of Europe crouch before the mandates of Consular government, and tamely look on, and see it dictating constitutions to other countries by an armed force?—Had this been attempted in the time of Louis XIV. or Louis XVI. what would the rest of Europe have said? Would they have stood the mute spectators of the scene?—*The Swiss Editor.*

lence, that was formerly displayed, with impunity, by the noblesse in France, and still continues in other countries of Europe.

BRUNSWICK

Is situated in a plain, on the banks of the Ocker. The houses in general are old, but many new buildings have been erected of late, and the city acquires fresh beauty every day.

Fortifications have been the cause of much calamity to many towns in Germany, having served not to defend them, but rather to attract the vengeance of enemies. But the fortifications at Brunswick were of great utility in the seven years war, and on one occasion, they saved the town from being pillaged, and afforded Prince Frederick, an opportunity of performing an action, which I imagine gave him more joy than twenty victories*.

* This happened in the year 1761.—Mareschal Broglio, had sent a body of 20,000 men, under Prince Xavier of Saxony, who took posession of Wolfenbuttle, and soon after invested Brunswick. Prince Ferdinand anxious to save his native city, ventured to detach 5000 of his army, small as it was, under his nephew, Frederick, assisted by General Luckner, with orders to harass the enemy, and endeavour to raise the siege. The young Prince, while on his march, sent a soldier with a letter to the governor, which was wrapped round a bullet, and which the soldier was to swallow, in case of his being taken by the enemy. —He had the good fortune to get safe into the town.—The letter apprised the commander of the garrison of the Prince's approach, and particularised the night and hour, when he expected to be at a certain place near the town, requiring him to favour his entrance. In the middle of the night appointed, the

The academy of Brunswick has been new-modelled, and the plan of education improved, by the attention, and under the patronage of the Hereditary Prince*. Students now resort to this academy, from many parts of Germany, and there are generally some young gentlemen from Britain, who are sent to be educated here.

Such of them who are intended for a military life, will not find so many advantages united at any other place on the Continent, as at the academy of Brunswick. They will be here under the protection of a family, partial to the British nation: every branch of science is taught by masters of known abilities.—The young students will see garrison duty regularly performed, and may, by the interest of the Prince, obtain liberty to attend the reviews of the Prussian troops, at Magdebourg and Berlin.—They will have few temptations to expence, in a town where they can see no example of extravagance—have few opportunities of dissipation, and none of gross debauchery.

The country about Brunswick, is agreeable; you are particularly pleased to see some gentlemen's seats near this town; a sight very rare in Germany, where, if you avoid towns and courts, you may travel a great extent of country, without perceiving houses

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Prince fell suddenly on the enemy's cavalry, who unsuspicious of his approach, were encamped, carelessly within a mile of the town. They were immediately dispersed, and spread such an alarm among the infantry, that they also retreated with considerable loss. Early in the morning, the young Prince entered Brunswick, amidst the acclamations of his fellow-citizens, whom he had relieved from the horrors of a siege.

* Now the reigning Prince.

for any order of men between the prince and the peasant.

PARIS

(Under the Tyranny of Robespierre.)

INSTEAD of that gay metropolis, the ingenuity, the taste, and even the absurdities of whose inhabitants afforded instruction, entertainment, and laughter, to the rest of Europe, Paris seems now to be the abode of terror and cruelty, from whence the neighbouring nations are menaced with devastation and ruin!

Who could have imagined, that a nation so fond of amusement and pleasantry, would have been the abode of so much misery?

It were to be wished, that France could with truth, say to the rest of Europe, what Scarron, the husband of Madam Maintenon, said to his relations, weeping round his death-bed:—I shall never make you weep, so much as I have made you laugh.

THE SAILOR.

"I'LL give you a shilling, my lad," said I, "if you'll tell me who the lady is who came out of that cottage, and stepped into the chaise."—She had struck me by the loveliness of her face, as well as by the elegance and symmetry of her person.

"I would give you half-a-crown myself to know who she is," answered the sailor.

"I know your generosity as well as your taste, my honest fellow; and you will oblige me by accept-

ing this half guinea to drink the woman's health, you admire so much."

"Thank your honour," replied the sailor. "All the information I can give you concerning the lady who has just set sail, is, that I am sure she is an English woman."

"How can you be sure even of that?" said I.

"Because all your foreign women, were they ever so handsome' have something of an outlandish look, which this lady has not," replied the sailor.

"You have seen a great many foreign women, perhaps," resumed I.

"I have sailed round the world."

"You must, then, have had great opportunities.—And pray, where did you see the handsomest?"

"Why, please your honour, taking them all in all," rejoined the sailor, "I do not know but the handsomest women I ever saw, that is to say out of England, was during a voyage up the Mediterranean, where I chanced to get a glimpse of some Greek girls belonging to an old Turk."

"To an old Turk!"

"Yes, very old, please your honour. One might have thought he had no more use for so many girls, than a dog hath for a side pocket, as the saying is. But the sight I had of them, had like to have cost me very dear."

"Those Greek girls, came nearest in beauty to the lady who is just gone, you think?" said I.

"No, please your honour—Nell Smith, of Liverpool, comes nearest in the article of face, which is all I can speak to, in respect of Nell."

" You think, then, that Nell Smith, herself, is not quite so handsome as that lady."

" I cannot, in conscience, say she is," replied the sailor! " though, for my own part, I would prefer Nell, for old acquaintance sake.

MANHEIM,

Is reckoned one of the most beautiful cities in Germany. The streets are all as straight ar arrows, being what they call *livrées au cordeau*, and intersect each other at right angles. This never fails to please at first, but becomes sooner tiresome than a town a built with less regularity. When a man has walked through the town for half a forenoon, his eyes search in vain for variety; the same objects seem to move along with him, as if he had been all the while a-ship-board.

They calculate the number of inhabitants at 24,000, including the garrison, which consists of 5000 men. This town, has three noble gates, adorned with basso relievos very beautifully executed. You can walk walk round the ramparts with easein the space of an hour. The fortifications are well contrived, and in good order, and the town acquires a great additional strength from being almost entirely surrounded by the Neckar and the Rhine, and situated in a flat, not commanded by any rising ground. Yet, perhaps, it would be better that this city were quite open, and without any fortification. An attempt to defend it might prove the destruction of the citizens houses and the electoral palace. A palace is injudiciously situated when built within a fortified

town, because a threat of the enemy to bombard it, might induce the garrison to surrender.

The electoral palace is a most magnificent structure, situated at the juncture of the Rhine and the Neckar.—The cabinet of natural curiosities, and the collection of pictures, are much vaunted.

THE GERMAN PRINCES,

Are minute observers of form. The same establishment for their household, the same officers in the palace, are to be found here, as in the court of the most powerful monarch in Europe. The difference lies more in the salaries, than in the talents requisite for these places; one pay-master for the forces, has greater emoluments in England, than a grand marechal; a grand chamberlain, two secretaries of the state, and half-a-dozen more of the chief officers of a German court, all taken together.

The sovereign princes in Germany, have an unlimited power over their people; and may sell the persons of their subjects, or employ them in any other way they think proper. If you ask the question in direct terms, of a German, he will answer in the negative, and will talk of certain rights which the subjects enjoy, and that they can appeal to the great council, or general diet of the Empire, for relief. But after all his ingenuity and distinctions, you find that the barriers which protect the peasant from the power of the prince, are so weak, that they are hardly worth keeping up, and that the only security the peasant has for his person and property, must proceed

from the moderation, good sense, and justice of his sovereign*.

THE SENTINEL.

August 15, 1792.

I WENT this morning to see the Temple*—Great misfortunes interest the mind, like great virtues. The cruel reverse the royal family of France now experience, has seldom been absent from my thoughts. Being informed, that there was a particular spot behind the building, from which I had a great probability of having my curiosity gratified, I went there in company with two gentlemen, and a valet de place.

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* To the honour of German princes, it must be said that, happily, this unlimited power has been in general found to be placed in equitable hands, who have employed it entirely for the good of their subjects, by whom they are beloved.

* This building, originally belonged to the order of Knights Templars, which arose in the time of the earliest Crusades, and was destroyed with the most shocking circumstances of cruelty, on incredible pretexts, in the year 1313, by the avidity and revenge of Philip the Fair, with the concurrence of Pope Clement V. who was then in France. The ground which belongs to the temple, is surrounded by a high wall, on part of which are a kind of battlements. This wall also incloses a garden belonging to the principal body of the building; a great many houses, and separate buildings have been added, which are inhabited by tradesmen, who enjoy particular privileges. Before the revolution, the whole was an asylum for debtors.—Now, in its towers are detained, those who are accused of high-treason. The buildings which filled its inclosure, have been, in part, demolished, and some streets have been opened, which communicate with those of *La Corderie*.

A person whom I accidentally met on the spot, pointed out two windows in the tower, which he said belonged to the apartments of the King and Queen, and at which they were sometimes seen.

While I stood looking at the windows, one of the national-guards, who was a sentinel near the place came up, and addressing me, said, " Vous prolongez vos observations un peu trop, Monsieur; passez votre chemin s'il vous plait." (You prolong your observations a little too much, Sir; you had better be gone.)

Before I had time to speak, the valet de place said, " Ces messieurs sont des etrangers--des Anglois." (These gentlemen are foreigners--they are English.)

The sentinel replied, " Ici je ne connois personne," (at this place I make no distinction,) and then repeated what he had said.

" Mais, Monsieur, pourquoi;" (but why?) resumed the valet.

" Pourquoi!" said the centinel, a little fiercely, " parce qu'ille faut," (because it must be so.)

I checked the valet, and we did what the soldier required; for to borrow an expression of Dr. Johnson, *the request was reasonable, and the argument cogent.*

The situation of that unfortunate family is so affecting, that it might awaken the feelings of the most callous-hearted statesmen, and incline them to measures of mildness, and even generosity.

FRENCH FINANCES.

MANY imagine that it will be a long time before the finances of France can recover the extraordiary drains they have of late undergone*: it must be remembered, however, that her resources are prodigious, of which nothing can afford more convincing proofs than the rapidity with which, on former occasions, she acquired riches and prosperity, after being exhausted by civil dissentions or foreign wars.

She revived from all the disasters of the bloody civil war of the league, with wonderful quickness, and acquired new dignity and unprecedented prosperity under Henry IV.

A very short time after the civil dissentions and war of the Fronde, her greatness and wealth excited the jealousy, and resisted the force of several powerful states which combined against her.

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* Had Dr. Moore been inclined to sacrifice truth to interested views, and his judgment to his ambition; a hireling of courts and ministers, he could have darkened the political picture of the French finances; and thus he would have infallibly obtained titles and pensions as well as some of his profession, or as that modern prophet in politics, that knight-errant, who, Don Quixote like, annually signs the bankruptcy of the French Treasury, and with his indefatigable quill gives the death-blow to the French Republic.—But such was not Dr. Moore's character; and he has gained and deserved what is infinitely more precious than titles and pensions, an unsullied reputation of moderation, sagacity, and love of truth: he lived cherished for his unassuming modesty, sought after for his wit, ingenuity, and knowledge of the world, beloved for his benevolence, and respected for his unshaken integrity: he has died deeply and sincerely lamented by a respectable family, and a numerous circle of friends, and regretted as an interesting, sensible, and sagacious writer.—F. P.

The sudden recovery from the disastrous condition to which France was reduced at the two epochs above mentioned, was partly owing to the talents of the two princes who reigned immediately after them.

The first, (Henry IV.) being blessed with benevolence and genius, had at once the inclination to raise his country from the calamitous state in which she was, and the power to execute it—he was in reality a great king.

The second, (Louis XIV.) has been called the best actor of a great king that ever lived.

VEVAY

Is a pretty little town, containing between three or four thousand inhabitants. It is sweetly situated on a plain, near the head of the lake of Geneva, where the Rhone enters. The mountains behind the town, though exceedingly high, are entirely cultivated.

The principal church is detached from the town, and situated on a hill which overlooks it. From the terrace, or church-yard, there is a view of the Alps, the Rhone, the lake, with towns and villages on its margin.—Within the church the body of General Ludlow is deposited. That steady Republican withdrew from Lausanne to this place, after the assassination of his friend Lisle, who was shot through the heart, as he was going to church, by a ruffian, who had come across the lake for that purpose, and who, amidst the confusion occasioned by the murder, got safe to the boat, and escaped to the Duke of Savoy's territories on the other side, where he was openly

protected. This was a pitiful way of avenging the death of a monarch, who, whether justly or not, had been publicly condemned, and executed.

There is a long Latin epitaph on Ludlow's monument, enumerating many circumstances of his life, but omitting the most remarkable of them all. He is called, *patriæ libertatis defensor, et potestatis arbitrariæ propugnator acerrimus, &c.**. But no nearer hint is given of his having been one of king Charles the First's judges, and of his having signed the sentence against that ill-fated prince.

However fond the Swiss in general may be of liberty, and however partial to its assertors, it is presumable that those who protected Ludlow did not approve of this part of his story, and on that account a particular mention of it was not made on his tomb.

PASQUINADE†.

When the city of Paris erected an equestrian statue in honour of Louis XV. (a statue which was

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* A defender of the liberty of his native country, and a determined opposer of arbitrary power, &c.

† This word is synonymous with lampoon, and takes it's origin from the statue of Pasquin at Rome, which with that of Manforio has served as vehicle for the keenest satire in a land of a most uncontrouled despotism. The statue of Pasquin is of marble greatly mutilated, it stands at the corner of the palace of the Ursinos; and it is supposed to be the figure of a gladiator: That of Manforio is placed in another quarter of Rome; it lies at its whole length; according to some it represents, *Panarium Jovum*, according to others, the river *Rhine* or *Var*. To

begun by Bouchardon, and finished by Pigal); an inscription for it was handed about; it was in Latin, and very short:

STATUA STATUÆ.

*The statue of a statue**.

No danger is sufficient to restrain the Parisians from writing and spreading such Pasquinades, which are greatly relished by the whole nation.

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one or other of these *statues* are affixed during the concealment of the night, those satires or lampoons, which the authors wish should be dispersed about Rome without any danger to themselves.—An anonymous author has given the following account of the statue of Pasquin—a satirical shoemaker of that name, who lived at Rome, amused himself with rallying very severely those who passed by his shop. He soon became famous; and had he had time to *publish*, he would have been the *Peter Pindar* of his day. But his genius seems to have been satisfied to rest on his shop board. Sometime after his death there was found under the pavement of his shop, this statue of an ancient gladiator. It was soon set up, and by universal consent, was inscribed with his name. They attempt to raise him from the dead by frequently reviving his spirit, and rendering the statue worthy of the name it bears.

* Many other epigrams were handed about:

Bouchardon est un animal,
Et son ouvrage fait pitié.
Il place les vices à cheval;
Et met les vertus à pied

Voila notre Roi comme il est a Versailles,
Sans foi, sans loi, & sans entrailles.

Both are too severe: wicked inclinations, and cruelty of temper did not belong to Louis the fifteenth.

MONT BLANC*.

At the sight of its hoary majesty, I remembered the following lines:

So Zembla's rocks, (the beauteous work of frost)
Rise white in air, and glitter o'er the coast;
Pale suns, unfelt at distance roll away,
And on th' impassive ice the lightnings play;
Eternal snows the growing mass supply,
Fill the bright mountains, prop th' incumbent sky;
As Atlas fix'd, each hoary pile appears,
The gather'd winter of a thousand years.

THE WORK-HOUSE BOY.

Mrs. —— "Pray who are the parents of this charming boy?"

Old woman.—"The Lord above he only knows. He is no relation of mine—I never saw him in my life, till this here blessed day, when I received him from the overseers of the work-house, to take him to my own house in the country. They told me he was brought there, when he was only a few months old, by a poor woman, who said she was not his mother: who was his mother, is difficult to tell, and still more who was his real father, as your ladyship well knows, for they have never been found out; but it stands to reason, that he must have had both, for I never heard of any body who had neither

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* It is the highest mountain of the ancient world—whose height is reckoned to be of 15,666 feet, above the level of the sea.

father nor mother, except Michael Hisendeck, of whom the parson of our parish preached last Sunday; but Michael lived in the Bible days, which is different from these here times: so this boy's parents must be persons unknown; but be who they will, I suspect that they were no better than they should be; in which case it is pretty clear that this here boy, saving your ladyship's presence, is neither more nor less than an unnatural child; for if he had been born in the natural way of marriage, it stands to reason, that his parents would have owned him long ago."

Mrs. —— affected with the condition of this boy, who began life under such unfavourable auspices said; "are you not sorry, my dear, to leave home?"

"No," answered he, "I don't care."

"Is there not somebody at home whom you are sorry to leave?" resumed she.

"No," replied the boy, "I am not sorry to leave any body."

"What, not those who are good to you?" rejoined she.

"Nobody was ever good to *me*," said the boy.

Mrs. —— was touched with the child's answers, which strongly painted his helpless lot and the cruel indifference of the world. The tear stood in her eye.

"My poor little fellow," said she, after a short pause, "was nobody ever good to you! have you no friend, my dear?"

"No, for old Robin the soot-man died last week."

"Was he your friend?"

"Yes, that he was," replied the boy; "he once gave me a piece of ginger-bread."

DR. SANGRADO.

"DR. T——" said a citizen's lady, "has an excellent method of cure: he orders no medicine but what is warm and comfortable to the stomach; and the regimen he prescribes, consists of nourishing soups and jellies, which he says, support the system, and not hot water and bleeding, like Dr. Sangrado, who starves his patients."

"Who is Doctor Sangrado?"* said Sir Robert.

"I know nothing farther about him," replied she, "for I never employed him myself; but I suppose he is some Scotch Doctor; for none could have a prejudice in favour of starving, but those who are accustomed to it from their infancy."

EULOGY ON PORT WINE.

"I NEVER knew," said Mrs. B—— "that port wine was so much relished at the universities."

"Relished!" cried W—— whom the claret he had drank after dinner had put in a gay mood, "that it is," continued he, "most of the students over and above all their other improvements, acquire at the universities a decided taste for port wine."

It is the best taste they can acquire," said Mrs. B—— "for it is not only the cheapest, but also the wholesomest wine they can drink. I have always found it so; I have never been troubled with any

* Is it not surprising that the literate city knight had not read Gil Blas?

complaint since I took to port, except the gout, and now and then a fit of indigestion."

W—— "Do you not think those sufficient?"

B—— "Certainly; and more than sufficient.—Yet they are not owing to port, but to the cursed claret and burgundy, which I drank in my youth, and the reason is plain."

W—— "I will thank you for the reason, for plain as it is, I cannot see it?"

B—— "The reason is, because they are weaker and colder on the stomach."

W—— "Those then who have confined themselves all their lives to water, should have the gout oftener and more severely than others."

B—— "I know nothing about water drinkers, Mrs. W——; I kept no such company; but this I do know by experience, that genuine port-wine never injured the health of man, woman, or child."

W—— "Port-wine does not inspire those light airy fancies, which your thin sparkling French wines produce; but solid, substantial, and weighty conversation."

B—— "I always found it so. Besides it keeps my gout fixed to my feet, and has never allowed it to mount to my head. Who can prove to me, that I should not have had it there long ago, if I had drank as much of your d——d washy claret, as I have done of port?"

W—— "Port-wine inspires politics as copiously as the streams of Castalia did poetry."

B—— "As for my part, I never taste any stream whatever; but I have been told that the greatest politician in the kingdom, drinks nothing but port-wine."

W.—— "How could he otherwise have stood so long against opposition?"

B—— "I suspect that the leading members of opposition, deal too much in your frisky French wines, and in that stream you mentioned."

W—— "You think, perhaps, they had better apply to the great politician you mentioned, for a portion of his port."

B—— "That is my real opinion."

W—— "It must be owned, that a very great many people in this country are of the same opinion."

IDEOTS.

THE morning of the day on which we departed from the Prieurè, in the valley of Chamouni, I observed a girl of a very singular appearance, sitting before the door of one of the houses. When I spoke to her, she made no answer: but an elderly man, who had been a soldier, informed me that this girl was an ideot,* and had been so from her birth.

He took me to two other houses in the village, in each of which there was one person in the same melancholy situation; and he assured me, that all over the valley of Chamouni, in a family consisting five or six children, one of them generally speaking, was a perfect natural.

This was confirmed by some others, to whom I afterwards mentioned it; I was told at the same

* In the Valais, where they are also very numerous, they are called *Cretins*.

time, that the parents, so far from considering this as a misfortune, looked upon it as an indication of good luck to the rest of the family, and no unhappiness to the individual, whom they always cherish and protect with the utmost tenderness.

I asked my soldier, if any of his own family were in that situation? "Non, Monsieur," answered he, "et aussi j'ai passé une vie bien dure*."

"Don't you think those poor creatures very unhappy?"

"Demande pardon, Monsieur--ils sont tres heurex?†"

"But you would not like to have been born in that state yourself?"

"Vous croyes donc, Monsieur, que j'aurois éte bien attrapé?‡"

"Attrapé!—Certainly, don't you think so too?"

"Pour cela non Monsieur; je n'aurois jamais travaillé.§"

To one who has through life been obliged to work hard for a bare subsistence, labour appears the greatest evil, and perfect idleness the greatest blessing. If this soldier had been brought up in idleness, and had experienced all the horrors and dejection which attend indolent luxury, very possibly he would be of a different opinion.

* No, Sir; thus I have lead a very painful life.

† I ask your pardon, Sir; they are very happy.

‡ You believe, then, Sir; that I would have been very sorry for it.

§ Certainly not, Sir; for I would never have been obliged to work.

BENEVOLUS,

Who was uncommonly fond of music, was dressing to go to an opera, which was much admired, when he heard a murmuring of voices, in the passage below his chambers; on inquiry, he was told that it was occasioned by a workman who had dropped half a guinea that he had just received for his week's wages, which could not be found; and on which his own maintenanance, and that of his wife and child, depended. It immediately struck Benevolus that he could afford to give the man the half-guinea by staying from the opera that night. He accordingly sent him the money and staid at home.

On another occasion, Benevolus having been prevailed on to promise to dine at a tavern with some young men, of whose company he was fond, was solicited for charity at the tavern-door by a woman with an infant suckling at each of her breasts, and two half-naked children following her. "For heaven's sake, a penny;" said the poor woman, "to purchase some bread!"—"We are very hungry," cried the children. Benevolus thrusting his hand in his pocket found he had just a guinea, and no other money of any kind.—"Good heaven!" thought he, "I am going to throw away the greatest part of this on a dinner, and it will maintain this poor woman and her children a fortnight!" He slipped the guinea into the poor woman's hand, and returning directly to his chamber, sent an apology to the company, and dined with more delight on a mutton-chop than he had ever experienced from the most luxurious dinner.

"Had your mother followed my advice, and married a Peer, then, my dear, you would have been of noble blood by both your parents."—Thus writes my aunt. Hem! egad I am not quite sure how that might have turned out; let me consider,—My present mother's son would not in that case have been the son of my late father; nay, he might not have been a son at all; and then the Lord only knows what would have become of me: I might for what I know, instead of a boy, have been a girl. I should not have relished that; for although I should have been probably a very pretty girl, and although women are better off now than in the days of yore, yet I fancy I am better as I am. Formerly it was a terrible bore to be a woman; now, to be sure, they have a good deal more liberty; they jaunt about every where as freely as the men; but still I don't think I should ever have been brought to like being a woman; I could never have learnt to keep my seat on horseback with both legs on the same side, like a woman. Between friends, I do not think I should ever have been so disinterested and affectionate as a woman; I am convinced I never should have been modest like a woman. Then there is the bearing of children—ah, that is the very devil! It is clear I am much better as I am; and upon the whole, my dear aunt, I am better pleased that my mother did not follow your advice.

THE FARNESE HERCULES*

Has long been admired as an exquisite model of masculine strength; yet, admirable as it is, it does not please all the world. The women, in particular, find something unsatisfactory and even odious in this figure; which, however majestic, is deficient in the charms most agreeable to them, and which might have been expected in the son of Jupiter and beauteous Alcmena. A lady whom I accompanied to the Farnese palace turned away from it in disgust. I could not imagine what had shocked her. She told me, *after recollection*, that she could not bear the stern severity of his countenance, his large brawny limbs, and the club with which he was armed; which gave him more the appearance of one of those giants that, according to the old romance, carried away virgins, and shut them up in gloomy castles, than the gallant Hercules, the lover of Omphale. Finally, the lady declared she was convinced this statue could not be a just representation of Hercules; for it was not in the nature of things that a man so formed could ever have been a reliever of distressed damsels!

Without such powerful support as that of the fair sex, I should not have exposed myself to the resentment of connoisseurs, by any expression which they might construe an attack upon this favourite statue; but with their support, I will venture to assert, that the FARNESE HERCULES is faulty both in his form and attitude; the former is too unwieldy

* It has been transported to Naples.

for active exertion; and the latter exhibits *vigour exhausted*. A resting attitude is surely not the most proper in which the all-conquering god of strength could be represented. Rest implies fatigue, and fatigue strength exhausted. A reposing Hercules is almost a contradiction. Invincible activity and inexhaustible strength are his characteristics. The ancient artist has erred not only in giving him an attitude which supposes his strength wants recruiting, but in the nature of the strength itself, the character of which should not be passive but active.

ST. ROCHE.*

How shocked must have been sincere Catholics at what happened lately in the national assembly, (*in September*, 1792). Certain citizens brought to the bar a silver statue of St. Roche. "We have often addressed prayers to our St. Roche (said one of them) against the political plague which makes such ravages in France—he has given us no answer—we imagine his silence may possibly be owing to his form; and therefore bring him to you, that he may be converted into specie; hoping that, in this new

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* That statue of St. Roche had been taken by those Vandals in the church of that name, situated in the second *arrondisement*, (jurisdiction) of the city of Paris. It is a building in a good style of architecture, erected in 1673 by Le Mercier, and finished by Robert Cote in 1736. It contains at present a few pictures, and some statues worthy of notice.

shape, he will better contribute to drive the pestiferous race of our enemies out of France."*

FRENCH GALLANTRY.

I met B— at a French house, where we had both been invited to dinner. There was an old lady of quality present, next to whom a young officer was seated, who paid her the utmost attention. He helped her to the dishes she liked, filled her glass with wine or water, and addressed his discourse particularly to her.—"What a fool," says B—, "does that young fellow make of the poor old woman! If she were my mother, d—n me, if I would not call him to an account for it.†

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* *St Roche* was usually invoked in times of plague and famine; as appears by the following humorous French verses:

Tourmentés de la faim,
Ménacés de la peste,
Bon St. Roche, nous ne craindrons rien
Si vous etes notre soutien:
Mais n'amenez pas votre chien;
Nous n'avons pas du pain de reste.

† "French gallantry", says a charming writer, "may differ in the manner from that practised in England, but it is far from having any claim to superiority. The gallantry of an Englishman is a sentiment; that of a Frenchman, a system. The first, if a lady happens to be old or plain, or indifferent to him, is apt to limit his attentions to respect or utility; now the latter never troubles himself with these distinctions, he is repulsed by no extremity of years nor deformity of feature; he adores with equal ardour both young and old. I have seen a youthful beau kiss with perfect devotion a ball of cotton dropped from the

UNREASONABLE INCREDULITY.

I was present when a member of the French Convention informed that assembly, that being in the commission for examining certain letters in the German language which had been intercepted, he had found one from a corporal in the Prussian army to his wife in Silesia. In this letter, he said there were many expressions of conjugal love, and parental affection, while in the same letter the French were painted in the blackest colours. "This poor corporal," continued the member, "has had the perseverance and generosity to save two ducats out of his pay, which he inclosed in the letter to his wife, who, it appears, was then in childbed. I desire to be authorised to transmit the money, with what addition I please, to this honest corporal's wife, with a letter assuring her that the French do not deserve all the ill names which her husband gives them."

I happened to mention this story of the corporal to a Frenchman of my acquaintance.—"Le conte est beau," said he, "il n'y manque que la vraisemblance pour le rendre intéressant."*

"He had the letter in his hand," said I: "how can you doubt it?"

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hand of a lady who was knitting stockings for her grand children. Thus France is to the old what a masquerade is to the ugly—the one confounds the disparity of age, as the other does that of person; but indiscriminate adoration is no compliment to youth, nor is a mask any privilege to beauty."—*A Residence in France*, &c.

* The tale is agreeable, and only needs probability to make it interesting.

" If he had twenty letters," replied the Frenchman, " I must doubt it; because a Prussian corporal is generous in nothing but in *coups de batons*; and it is not in the nature of a man, who is distributing these from morning to night, to have tender affections of any kind.

The incredulity of my French acquaintance I think unreasonable. How often do not such opposite, in appearance, and discordant qualities, inhabit the same breast!

GOITRES,

That swelling of the throat and neck, is thought general among all the inhabitants of the Alps. But in some villages, on these mountains, scarcely is there any body to be seen who has that swelling.

As this disease, then, seems to be epidemical, it cannot, as has been imagined, proceed from the drinking of water impregnated with snow or ice; for this beverage is common to all the inhabitants of the Alps, and of other mountains.

If the water be in reality the vehicle of this disease, we must suppose it impregnated, not only with dissolved ice and snow, but also with some salt or other substance, possessed of the noxious quality of obstructing the glands of the throat; and we must also suppose, that this noxious substance is to be found in no other inhabited place but the Alps.

THE JACOBIN CLUB, 1792,

Holds its meetings in the convent of Jacobins in the rue St. Honoré,* and assumed the name of *Société de la Révolution*, and afterwards that of *Amis de la Constitution*; but they were generally called simply Jacobins.

The hall in which the Jacobins meet, is fitted up nearly in the same style with that of the National Assembly. The tribunes, or pulpit from which the members speak, is opposite to that in which the president is seated; there is a table for the secretaries, and galleries for a large audience of both sexes. Men are appointed who walk through the hall to command, or rather solicit silence, when the debate becomes turbulent, usually with very little effect: the bell of the president, and voices of the huissers are equally disregarded in stormy debates: it is doubtful if Æolus himself, who

" Luctantes ventos tempetatesque sonoras
" Imperio premit,—

Could at once silence certain turbulent members, when

* A decree of the National Convention, in the year 3, suppressed the horrid and famous Jacobin club, and destined its scite for a market. A Latin poet has composed the following *quatrain*, after the manner of Santeuil. Government should cause it to be inscribed on the gates of that market.

" Impia tortorum longos hic turba furores,
" Sanguinis innocui non satiata, aluit.
" Sospite nunc patriâ fracto nunc funeris antro,
" Mors ubi dira fuit, vita salusque patent."

" His indignantes magro cum murmure—
" Circum claustra fremunt.

This society originated in a small number of deputies from Britanny. Many deputies from other provinces, the most zealous for liberty, soon joined them; and even some of the same disposition, who were not deputies, were admitted into the society. A great number of the most distinguished for talents of the assembly, as well as of the citizens of Paris, were gradually elected members; and the number has been above 1400.

Societies of the same name and nature are established all over France, which hold a regular correspondence with the parent society at Paris. There are at least ten thousand societies of this kind at Paris.

The avowed business of this society is to deliberate and debate on subjects of government, and watch over the general interests of liberty.

This society, by diffusing the spirit of freedom, and keeping the people of France steady to its cause, was of service, while the constitution was forming, but proved its destruction after it was formed. When it became bloody, the most distinguished members in point of character and talents soon withdrew from it. The Jacobin faction produced all the disorders. Organized like an empire, and blindly governed by some ambitious men, it formed a distinct corporation in the middle of the French nation, whose power it usurped, and whose representatives it subdued.

Let us suppose a society as numerous as that of the Jacobins, with some members of both houses of Parliament in it, established in Palace-yard, and

that every question of a public nature was debated and decided in this club, before it was brought into either house of Parliament, or while it was in agitation there; and let us further suppose that a mob is always ready, at the command of the leading members, to insult those of either house of Parliament, of whose public conduct they disapprove; in this case, what would become of the present constitution of *Great Britain?*

EMPEROR JOSEPH*

Is of a middle size, well made, and of a fair complexion.

His manner is affable, obliging, and perfectly free from the reserved and lofty deportment assumed by some on account of high birth.

He is regular in his way of life, moderate in his pleasures, steady in his plans, and diligent in business. He is fond of his army, and inclined that the soldiers should have every comfort and necessary consistent with their situation. He is certainly an œconomist, and lavishes very little money on useless pomp, mistresses, or favourites. It is, I suppose, on no better foundation than this, that his enemies accuse him of avarice.†

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* Joseph II. was born in 1741,—in 1764, he was chosen king of the Romans, and the year following succeeded his father on the Imperial throne.—He died in 1790.

† The following are some instances of his generosity:—While in France, he entered one morning into a small coffee-house, and asked for a dish of coffee. While he waited for it he walked up and down the coffee-room, when the daughter of the

His usual dress is a plain uniform of white faced with red. When he goes to various places near Vienna, he generally drives two horses in an open chaise, with a servant behind, and no other attendant of any kind. He very seldom allows the guard to turn out as he passes through the gate.

Nobody ever had a stronger inclination to judicious inquiry. He is fond of conversing with ingenious people of whatever rank or country. Of all the means of knowledge this is perhaps the most powerful.

He is convinced, that unless a king can contrive to live in some societies, on a footing of equality, and can weigh his own merit, without throwing his

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house, a very pretty girl, came down stairs. The Emperor wished her a good day, and said to her father, that it was time for her to be married.—"alas," replied the old man, "if I had a thousand crowns, I could marry her to a handsome man who is fond of her;" but the chocolate is ready. The Emperor having drank, and paid, asked for pen, ink and paper. The girl ran to fetch them. The Emperor gave her an order on his banker for six thousand livres,—at Vienna, where he walked in the same manner as he did in Paris, a child of nine years of age addressed him thus: "Sir, I have never begged; but my mother is dying. I must have twenty-pence to get a physician. We have not twenty-pence, oh! if you would give us twenty-pence." The Emperor gave it, and asked the name and place of abode of the sick person. As soon as the boy was gone, the Emperor put on a cloak belonging to one of his attendants, went to the poor woman's house, prescribed for her, and retired. The child comes in a minute after, with his twenty-pence and the Doctor. The woman surprised, said she had already had a visit, and shewed the recipe. The doctor looked at it, and sees a note, with the signature of his Imperial Majesty, for a pension to her of fifty ducats.

guards and pomp into the scale, it will be difficult for him to know either the world or himself.

He mixes with the company without ceremony or distinction; and converses in the most familiar manner with those who surround him.

There are people who having heard of the emperor's uncommon affability, and of his total contempt of pomp and parade, of which the bulk of mankind are so much enamoured, have asserted that the whole is affectation: but if the whole tenor of any person's words and actions is to be considered as affectation, I do not know by what means we are to get at the bottom of his real character.

Surely this monarch is much happier in his noble condescension, and must acquire a more perfect knowledge of mankind, than if he kept himself aloof from his subjects, continually wrapt up in his own importance, and the Imperial fur.*

* The following anecdote of this prince is not generally known, but is equally worthy of being recorded.—In one of those excursions which the Emperor Joseph II. frequently took *incog*, he proceeded to Trieste. On his arrival he went into an inn, and asked if he could be accommodated with a good room: he was told that a German bishop had just engaged the last, and that there were only two small rooms, without chimnies unoccupied. He desired a supper to be prepared. He was told that there was nothing left but some eggs and vegetables, the bishop and his *suite* having bespoke all the poultry. The Emperor requested the bishop might be asked, if he would allow a stranger to sup with him. The bishop refused, and the Emperor supped with one of the bishop's almoner's, who was not admitted to his master's table. He asked the almoner what he was going to do at Rome? My Lord, he replied, is going to solicit a benefice of 50,000 livres, before the Emperor is informed of its being vacant. They changed the conversation. The Emperor wrote a letter to the Chancellor of Rome, and another

ST. LOUIS DU LOUVRE.

Its original name was St. Thomas du Louvre, and a painting of the martyrdom of St. Thomas, archbishop of Canterbury, is still one of its ornaments. The roof falling into decay, was renewed in the year 1740, when the church obtained the new name of St. Louis, I know not for what reason, unless it was that the former was thought ominous; for beside the murder of the Saint, whose name it originally bore, three of the prebendaries were crushed to death by the fall of the old roof in the year 1739.

Now it is the church of an assembly of Protestants. Thus, (what is extraordinary) they worship God according to the forms of their own religion, in a Roman Catholic church, built on the spot where the massacres of St. Bartholomew began, and near that whence Charles IX. fired on his Protestant subjects.

The principal ornament of this church is the mausoleum of Cardinal Fleury, who is represented expiring in the arms of Religion. Louis XV. ordered this magnificent tomb to be erected in honour of his old preceptor and prime minister; but the monarch's affection abated as the expence increased, and became so cool before the work was finished, that it was thought the tomb would never have been completed, had not the Duke de Fleuri, and other

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to his ambassador. He made the almoner promise to deliver both letters, agreeably to their address, on his arrival at Rome. He kept his promise. The Chancellor presented the patent for the benefice to the astonished Almoner.

relations of the family, joined in defraying the expence, and animating the artists. Thus what was begun by gratitude, was finished by vanity.

On a part of the wall of this church, where a Saint formerly stood, is the following inscription:

Le devoir d'un citoyen.
Adorer—Dieu.
Respecter—la Nation.
Obéir—à la Loi.
Paix avec surveillance,
Liberté sans licence.
Egalité sans indécence.
C'est la veritable science *.

The poetry of these lines is certainly not very admirable; it were much to be wished, however, for the happiness of France, that she could obtain what is expressed in the second; as for *science*, she had no natural business among them, and must have been dragged in by her unruly relation *indecency*.

GLACIERS.

Some people are so fond of them, that not satisfied with their present size, they insist positively,

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* The duties of a citizen.
To—adore God.
To respect—the Nation.
To obey—the Law.
Peace with watchfulness.
Liberty without licentiousness.
Equality without indecency.
Such is true science.

that they must necessarily grow larger every year; and they argue the matter thus:

The present existence of the glaciers, is a sufficient proof, that there has, at some period or other, been a greater quantity of snow formed during the winter, than the heat of the summer has been able to dissolve. But this disproportion must necessarily increase every year, and, of consequence, the glaciers must augment; because any given quantity of snow and ice, remaining through the course of one summer, must increase the cold of the atmosphere round it in some degree; which being reinforced by the snows of the succeeding winter, will resist the dissolving power of the sun, more the second summer than the first, and still more the third than the second, and so on. The glaciers, therefore, must grow larger, by an increasing ratio every year, till the end of the time. For this reason, the authors of this theory regret, that they themselves have been sent into the world so soon: because, if their birth had been delayed for nine or ten thousand years, they should have seen the glaciers in much greater glory, Mont Blanc being but a Lilliputian at present, in comparison of what it will be then.

However rational this may appear, objections have been nevertheless suggested, which I am sorry for; because when a theory is tolerably consistent, well fabricated, and goodly to behold, nothing can be more vexatious, than to see a plodding officious, fellow, overthrow the whole structure at once, by a dash of his pen, as harlequin does a house with a touch of his sword, in a pantomime entertainment.

Such cavillers say, that as the glaciers augment in size, there must be a greater extent of surface

for the sun-beams to act upon, and of consequence, the dissolution will be greater, which must effectually prevent the continual increase contended for.

But the other party extricate themselves from this difficulty, by roundly asserting, that the additional cold occasioned by the snow and ice already deposited, has a much greater influence in retarding their dissolution, than the increased surface can have in hastening it: and in confirmation of their system, they tell you, that the oldest inhabitants of Chamouny*, remember the glaciers when they were much smaller than at present. For my own part, I will take no share in this controversy, the merits of which I leave to the reader's judgment.

THE MERCHANT,

Does not, like the soldier, receive wages from his sovereign; nor like the lawyer and physician, from his fellow-subjects; his profession is in its nature the most independent. His wealth often flows from foreign sources, and he is under no obligation to those from whom it is derived. Men who have received a liberal education, and have adopted li-

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* This valley in Savoy, which stands near the celebrated *Mont Blanc*, is about six leagues in length, and an English mile in breadth. It is bounded on all sides by very high mountains. Between the intervals of these mountains, on one side of the valley, the vast bodies of snow and ice, which are called glaciers, descend from Mount Blanc, which is their source. At present, their surface is from a thousand, or two thousand feet above the valley.

beral sentiments, previous to their engaging in any particular profession, will carry these sentiments with them through life: and perhaps there is no profession in which they can be exercised with more advantage and ability than in that of a merchant. In this profession, a man of the character above described, while he is augmenting his own private fortune, will enjoy the agreeable reflection, that he is likewise increasing the riches and power of his country, and giving bread to thousands of his industrious countrymen. The habit which he is in of circulating millions, makes him lay less stress on a few guineas than the proprietors of the largest estates; and we daily see, particularly in countries where this profession is not considered as degrading, the commercial part of the inhabitants giving the most exalted proofs of generosity and public spirit *.

But in countries where nobody, who has the smallest claim to the title of a gentleman, can engage in commerce without being thought to have demeaned himself, fewer examples of this nature

* The British merchants have always shewn themselves full of the sentiment of the most spirited patriotism and unbounded generosity in relieving the distresses of their countrymen. In that truly-respectable and justly-respected class of men, I could name one deservedly the uppermost amongst them, whose name never fails to begin the list of every benevolent subscription; who by his tendered rewards, has protected the fair sex from the cruel hand of a designing monster; and who has lately extended his munificence to the benevolent institutions of other countries.—This eulogy cannot be suspected of flattery, for it proceeds from the lips of a man, who, by misrepresentation, or errors of judgment, has lost a protection with which he was honoured; but whose heart will never refuse to spirited and exalted virtue, the tribute of praise it deserves.—*F. P.*

will be found: and in every country it must be acknowledged, that those who have not had the advantage of a liberal education; who have been bred from their infancy to trade; who have been taught to consider money as the most valuable of all things, and to value themselves, and others in proportion to the quantity they possess; to such people money becomes a more immediate and direct object of attention, than to any other class of men; it swells in their imagination, is rated beyond its real worth, and at length, by an inversion of the Christian precept, considered as the one thing needful.

THE LARKS.

An amiable boy of about twelve years of age, met a man in the fields near his home, with four or five dozen of larks: the boy having amused himself by looking at them fluttering about in the basket, asked the man what he intended to do with them? and being told that he was going to sell them, "what will become of them then?" said the boy. "They will be roasted and eaten, to be sure," said the fellow. On which the boy began to bargain for the birds, merely for the pleasure of saving their lives, and giving them their liberty. He produced all the money he had, and offered it for the birds; but the man refused, saying he was sure of getting more from a gentleman who was very fond of roasted larks. "Roasted! poor little pretty creatures!" cried the boy, looking compassionately at the birds through the basket, "pray, good friend, let me have them; I will bring you more money, when I receive

my next month's allowance."—" I'll be hanged, if I trust you," said the fellow, " get along," giving the boy a rude push: but as he had hold of the cover of the basket, it was raised by the push so much, as to allow one-half of the birds to fly away; when the man endeavoured to force down the cover, the boy kept his arm between it and the edge of the basket, until all the remainder escaped. The boy's arm was severely squeezed, and his face much bruised, for the man continued to beat him after the struggle; and he would have suffered more, had not a servant who had been witness to the whole scene interfered. His face and eyes were so much swelled and inflamed, and he was so feverish next day, that the man absconded: but the benevolent boy getting well in a few days, stopped the prosecution that was intended, and went and paid to the man's wife, out of his allowance, the full price her husband had demanded for the birds.

Certainly the singing of the lark will now not only please the benevolent youth's ear, but also convey delightful sensations to a compassionate heart like his. Some may think this reflection enthusiastic; for there are people, who consider that benevolence as frivolous, and beneath the dignity of a manly mind, which extends to such inconsiderable animals. But how can any person think so, who believes that the benevolence of the supreme being, extends to man, a creature infinitely more beneath him, than birds are beneath men? Birds seem the happiest of animals, and larks amongst the happiest of birds; they rise on exulting wings the earliest in the morning; and they sing in cheerful notes from

morning to night. Who can say there is more enjoyment in the life of man than in that of the lark. Our benevolent boy has the pleasure to reflect, that he saved the life, and prolonged the enjoyments of creatures, each of whom has perhaps a happier existence than the generality of mankind. Can there be any comparison between the pleasure he will have in hearing such creatures rejoicing in the sky, with that which an epicure feels when he sees them in a dish! Gracious Heaven!

THE VERSENARY OF GENERAL QUEBEC.

"WHO is Nick the old soldier?" asked Mr. ——.

"He is a poor Chelsea pensioner," answered an old woman, "who lives with his wife in that there cottage. He is liked very much in these here parts, please your honour, because he is always ready with his joke, and tells us stories of the wars, and General Wolf, and General Quebec, and such like great commanders;—but after all he is but a poor devil with hardly a whole rag to his back, except upon Sundays and upon the versenary of General Quebec."

"What's that?" said Mr. ——.

"Good Lord! does your honour not know the versenary of General Quebec?" cried she.

"Not I."

"Well, that is curious," said the old woman; "but we all know it in these here parts, by the means of the old Nick. Good Gracious, I wish your honour but saw him at the versenary!"

"Why, what the devil is the versenary?"

"I'll tell you particularly, please your honour," said she, "if your honour will only have a little patience."

"Well, well; let us hear."

"Why, then, your honour must know, that the versenary of General Quebec comes round, like Christmas, only once a year, and then old Nick appears in all his glory, with his red scarlet coat on his back, and his tierce cock'd laced hat on his head, and a uniformal sword by his side; and then he struts away to the ale-house, where he usually meets three or four old soldiers, who comes there to keep the versenary along with him; and so they drinks the healths of all the old commanders who were killed abroad: and they begin to tell stories about the wars, and describe how the battles were won by the English, and lost by the French and Spaniards; for your honour knows, that the French and Spaniards never beat the English in their lives, though they are two to one. And then old Nick gives a full and true account of how General Wolf was killed, and General Quebec taken prisoner; and then they desire blind George, who was once a grenadier, and now sells ballads, to sing the *British Grenadiers*, which he does; all about Mars, the God of War, and all the other gods descending upon spears*, and then they all join in the chorus, and beat the grenadiers' march

* To understand this, it may be necessary to insert one stanza of the song to which the old woman alludes:

Great Jove, the God of thunder, and Mars, the God of war;
Neptune with his trident, and Apollo in his car,
And all the gods celestial, *descending from their spheres*,
To view with admiration, the British grenadiers.

with their tongues, and they are all as drunk as lords, and then I always helps Margery to carry Nick home—and then—and then—is the versenary of General Quebec, please your honour."

VARIOUS REMEDIES FOR AN INFLUENZA.

A COUNTRY apothecary, in the course of conversation, told a gentleman that he had been visiting three or four patients in a neighbouring village, who were ill of an influenza.

"Pray," said the gentleman, "how do your medical gentlemen treat that complaint?"

"Why," replied the apothecary, "there is no saying how the physicians treat it; for some of them order one thing, and some of them another; but the surgeons generally *bleed* for it; and as for us apothecaries—we *drench*."

"Ay, that's natural enough," said the gentleman, smiling; "but you know I once studied physic myself, and have some general notions on the subject: so when this epidemic began among my servants and tenants, I ventured to prescribe barley-water for them."

"Barley water!" cried the apothecary, with disdain; you might as well have ordered them water-gruel!"

"I might so; for which reason I gave them the choice: and what do you think was the effect?"

"Why, barley-water and water-gruel could have no effect," said the apothecary.

" It is indeed difficult to ascertain what is the effect of many things that are prescribed; but I can at least tell you what was the *consequence*."

" That is the same thing," said the apothecary.

" Not quite," replied the gentleman; " though, in the practice of physic, the one is often mistaken for the other."

" Well, what was the consequence?"

" Why, they all recovered!"

The apothecary having remarked that there was a great difference in constitutions, took his leave abruptly.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH THEATRICAL AUDIENCE.

CONSIDERING the natural gaiety and volatility of the French nation, one may be surprised at their fondness for tragedy, especially as their tragedies are barren of incident, full of long dialogues, and declamatory speeches; and modelled according to the strictest code of critical legislation.

The most sprightly and fashionable people of both sexes, flock to these entertainments, in preference to all others, and listen with unrelaxed gravity and attention. One would imagine that such a serious, correct, and uniform amusement would be more congenial with the phlegm and saturnine dispositions of the English, than with the gay, volatile temper of the French.

An English audience love shew, bustle, and incident in their tragedies; and have a mortal aversion

to long dialogues, and speeches, however fine the sentiments, and however beautiful the language may be.

In this, it would seem, that the two nations have changed characters. Perhaps it would be difficult to account for it in a satisfactory manner. I shall not attempt it. A Frenchman would cut the matter short, by saying that the Paris audience has a more correct and just taste than that of London; that the one could be amused and delighted with poetry and sentiment, while the other could not be kept awake without bustle, guard, procession, trumpets, fighting, and murder.

KARLSCRUCH*

Is built on a regular plan. It consists of one principal street of above one English mile in length. This street is at a considerable distance in front of the palace, and in a parallel direction with it. All the other streets go off at different angles from the principal one, in such a manner as that whichsoever of them you enter, walking from it, the view is terminated by the front of the palace. The length of these smaller streets is ascertained, none of them being allowed to encroach on the spacious area, which is kept clean before the palace.

The principal street may be extended to any length, and as many additional streets as they please

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* It is a town in the territories of the Margrave of Baden Durlach, which lie along the banks of the Rhine, immediately opposite Alsace. Rastadt, a small, and not very populous town, is the capital of this prince's dominions. His palace, however, is sufficiently large.

may be built from it, all of which, according to this plan, will have the palace for a termination. — The palace is very magnificent; and built in good taste.

The houses of this town are all as uniform as the streets, being of an equal size and height; so that one would be led to imagine that none of the inhabitants, are, in any considerable degree, richer or poorer than their neighbours There are indeed, a few new houses, more elegant than the others, belonginging to some of the officers of the court, built at one side of the palace; but they are not, properly speaking, in the town.

THE NUN.

While at Calais, I went to the convent of Benedictine Nuns. When I was introduced into the parlour, I sent word I desired to speak to a particular nun, who I knew had been acquainted with my relation. A nun of very genteel and interesting appearance, came to the grate.

I saw she had been crying, though she attempted to look cheerful. After a short conversation, I asked her what was the cause of her sorrowful countenance. She was unable to speak for some time; but when she had recovered herself a little, she said, that, by a decree of the constituent assembly, when convents were thrown open, those nuns who chose to withwithdraw were allowed, and permission was at the same time given to those who were of a contrary opinion to remain in the convent. In consequence of which, she and and twenty-four of their number,

had chosen to pass the remainder of their lives in the convent, that they were happy in each other's society, and in their being free from all cares, except the important one of their salvation.—But now we are thrown back into a world which we have denounced, which we wish to forget, and for which we have no relish: *Ah, Monsieur! nous sommes bien à plaindre;* (alas, Sir, we are much to be pitied).—She continued crying and sobbing for some time! and then wiping her eyes, with a look of composure and resignation, she said, "but it is the will of God, and it becomes us to submit."

Some readers will suspect that the young nun only affected sorrow. All that I can say is, that if she did, she was the best actress I ever beheld, and the most disinterested; for more appearance of natural grief, I cannot conceive.

I had hitherto considered the opening of convents as the giving liberty to the most unhappy of mortals, the miserable victims of avarice and superstition. But the foregoing conversation proves, that when religious impressions are deeply engraven on the heart, they become a source of happiness, which compensates for many deprivations, and throws a constant consoling ray of light into situations, which to the general eye of the world seem quite hopeless and gloomy. Those who do not confine such impressions to cells or convents, where they can be of little use to any *except to the possessor*, but carry them into society with all the energy of active virtue, are certainly the happiest of mankind *.

* It has usually been a maxim in all civilized states, that when the general welfare necessitates some act of partial injustice, it

COURAGE AND HUMANITY.

On the bloody Tenth of Agust, after the Swiss who defended the Thuilleries, began to give way, and when those ill-fated soldiers, assailed on all sides, were slaughtered without remorse, a citizen of Paris,* had the humanity and the courage to protect one of them, whom he saw overpowered by numbers.

Having torn this poor Swiss from the hands of his assailants, he conducted him over the bodies of his countrymen to the bar of the national assembly.—"Here (cried the generous Frenchman), let this brave soldier find protection—I have saved him

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shall be done with the utmost consideration for the sufferer, and that the required sacrifice of moral to political expediency, shall be palliated, as much as circumstances will admit, by the manner of carrying it into execution. But the French legislators, in respect to the nuns, as in most others, being truly original, have disdained all imitation, and have been rarely guided by such confined motives. They have banished the religious females from their convents, with a mixture of meanness and barbarity which at once excites contempt and detestation. The most implacable revenge, the most refined malice, the extremes of avarice and cruelty, have been wrought in France into tragedies, and displayed as acting under the mask of religion, and the impunity of a cloister; while operas, and farces, with ridicule more successful, have exhibited convents as abodes of licentiousness, intrigue, and superstition. Thus, at the moment the nuns were thrown upon the world, they were painted as monsters unworthy of its pity or protection. It is the cowardice of the assassin, who murders before he dares to rob.

* What a contrast between the character of this man, and that of those blood-thirsty Marseillois, who, in cool blood, assassinated all the unarmed Swiss they met in the streets of Paris!

from the fury of my fellow-citizens, whose enemy he never was, and only appeared so through the error of others; that is now expiated, and oh! let him in this hall find mercy!"

Having expressed himself thus, he threw his arms round the neck of the soldier; and overcome by fatigue of body and agitation of mind, he actually fainted in the arms of him whose life he had saved.

The spectators could not but be affected by this scene, when the man had by their care, recovered his recollection, he begged that he might be permitted to carry the Swiss to his house; for he said it would be a happiness to him, to lodge and maintain during life, the person whom he had the good fortune to snatch from death.

MARIE CHARLOTTE CORDAY*

Was a beautiful† young woman of an unblemished character, distinguished for dignity of sentiment and benevolence of heart; but who had never

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* Miss Corday was a native of St. Saturnin in the department of the *Orne*, and had from her earliest years been carefully educated by an aunt who lives at Caen. Before she was twenty she had decided on taking the veil, and her noviciate was just expired when the constituent assembly interdicted all religious vows for the future. She then left the the convent, and resided entirely with her aunt The beauty of her person, and particularly her mental accomplishments, rendered her an object of much admiration. She spoke uncommonly well, and her discourse often turned on the ancients, and on such subjects as indicated that masculine turn of mind which ultimately proved her destruction.

† In her way to execution, she excited a very strong and singular passion, in a young man of the name of *Adam Lux*, a

given cause of suspicion of a disturbed understanding, nor until she struck a poinard into the heart of Marat, any indication of a violent temper.

She was not prompted to this rash action by any personal indignity offered to herself, by rage, by love, by jealousy, by religious enthusiasm, or any of those sentiments which alone have been thought capable of urging women to such deeds. She saw her country in calamitous circumstances; she dreaded their increase from the wickedness of one man whom the law could not reach; she was convinced that by killing him, she would be of more service to her country than by all the exertions of a long life." —"I killed one man," she declared at her trial, to "save a hundred thousand." She formed her design coolly, without entrusting any mortal with her intention: She undertook a long journey to accomplish it. She weighed all its consequences: She calculated on death, and in a more dreadful shape than that in which she afterwards met with it; she expected to be torn in pieces by the mob, or that her body would be dragged through the streets. The idea of these horrors did not shake the steadiness of her mind. She looked for no recompence but in the reflection of having prevented the death of thousands. She was allowed an advocate to assist at her trial. M. Chaveau, when the evidence was finished,

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Commissary from Mayence. He published a few days after her death, a pamphlet, in which he proposed raising a statue to her honour, and inscribing on the pedestal, "*Greater than Brutus.*" He was sent to the prison of *La Force*, where he talked of nothing but Charlotte Corday—a few days after his imprisonment he was executed as a Counter-revolutionist.

pronounced the following brief speech to the Jury:*
" L'accusée avoue avec sang-froid l'attentat qu'elle
" a commis ; elle en avoue la longue préméditation ;
" elle en avoue les circonstances ; en un mot, elle
" avoue tout, et ne cherche pas même à se justifier.
" Voila, Citoyens Jurés, sa défense toute entiere.
" Ce calme imperturbable, et cette entiere abnèga-
" tion de soi même, qui n'annonce aucun remords,
" et pour ainsi dire, en presence de la mort même;
" ce calme, et cette abnègation sublime, sous un
" rapport, ne sont pas dans la nature ; ils ne
" peuvent s'expliquer que par l'éxaltatiod du fana-
" tisme politique qui lui a mis le poignard à la
" main, et c'est à vous, Citoyens Jurés, à juger de
" quel poids doit être cette considération morale
" dans la balance de la justice."

The Jury unanimously found her guilty. Sentence of death was pronounced. She then addressed M. Chaveau to this effect. " Sir, you have spoken in
" my defence in delicate and generous terms ; it was
" the only style proper for me. I thank you. It
" has inspired me with esteem for you, of which I

* The prisoner acknowledges the act of which she is accused ; she acknowledges, that she has long premeditated it; she acknowledges the various circumstances; in short, she acknowledges the whole accusation, and takes no pains to justify herself. In this, Gentlemen of the Jury, lies her entire defence. This astonishing calmness, this total self-de. ial, which betrays no remorse, even in the very presence of death ; this calm and this abnegation seem not to be in nature ; they cannot be accounted for but on the supposition that political fanaticism put the poinard into her hand ; and it belongs to you, Gentlemen of the Jury, to determine what weight that consideration should have in the scale of justice.

" will give you a proof. The judges have informed " me that my goods are confiscated. I am indebted " for some things at the prison. I charge you to " acquit that debt."

A little before her execution, a confessor was introduced to her, and offered his services; she thanked him, and expressed a sense of obligation to those who had sent him; but said she had no need of his services.*

When the officers entered her chamber to conduct her to death, she mildly begged to be excused for a few minutes until she had finished the letter she was then writing to her father.†

The populace, in spite of their prejudice in favour of Marat, were so struck with her undaunted deportment, that they did not, according to their custom, insult her as she was carried to execution.

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* She concluded her letter to her father, with this verse of Corneille:

" Le crime fait la honte et non pas l'échaffaud." She displayed great heroism in the way to execution. The women who were called furies of the guillotine, and who had assembled to insult her on leaving the prison, were awed into silence by her demeanour, while some of the spectators uncovered their heads before her, and others gave loud tokens of applause.

† The wretch who acted as the executioner of this brave woman, after her head was off, took it up, and holding it out to the multitude, with brutal exultation, slapped her twice on the cheek. Even the monsters who had condemned her to death, considered this as so inhuman an act, that they sentenced the villain to twelve years imprisonment in irons.

The heroic female was buried near to the grave of the unfortunate Louis XVI. in the Church-yard of St. Magdelaine. This was occasioned by her having been executed in the same section.

She occasionally smiled as she passed; and by that alone shewed that she paid them any attention. On the scaffold, her face displayed the bloom of health, and the serenity of a mind undisturbed.*

Assasination can in no case be entirely justified; but this seems the least culpable, and most disinterested instance that can be imagined; and the whole behaviour of MARIE CHARLOTTE CORDAY exhibits a benevolence of intention, and heroic firmness of mind, that perhaps have never been surpassed by woman or by man.

ITALIAN PEASANTRY.

IN travelling through Italy, one is agreeably disappointed in finding the state of the poorer part of the inhabitants less wretched, than from the account of some travellers, one would imagine it was. There is to be seen far more poverty than misery. Even the extremities of indigence are accompanied with less wretchedness here, than in many other countries. This is partly owing to the mildness of the climate, and fertility of the soil, and partly to the peaceable, religious, and contented disposition of the people. The miseries which the poorer part of mankind suffer from cold, are, perhaps, greater than those derived from any other source whatever. But in Italy the gentleness of the climate protects them from this

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* Her refusal of the assistance of a *constitutional* priest at the scaffold, strengthens the opinions of many, that her former habits had some share in the choice of her victim, for Marat was the avowed persecutor of priests and religion.

calamity nine months of the year. If they can gather as much wood as to keep a moderate fire during the remaining three, and procure a coarse cloak, they have little to fear from that quarter. Those who cannot get employment, which is often the case, and even those who do not choose to work, receive a regular maintenance from some convent: with this, and what little they can pick up otherwise in a country where provisions are plentiful and cheap, they pass through life, in their own opinion, with more satisfaction than if they had a greater number of conveniences procured by much bodily labour. What they do gain is never wasted in intemperance, but spent in their families on the real necessaries, and comforts of life.

THE FRENCH IN 1779—AND IN 1792.

The French are accused of insincerity, and of being warm in professions, but devoid of real friendship.

Our countrymen, in particular, are led into this opinion, from the manners in general being more obsequious in France than in England.

What Frenchmen consider as common good manners, many Englishmen would call flattery, perhaps fawning.*

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* In a work published many years ago, intitled "*Sentimental and descriptive Tour*," &c. we read the following observations:—

"The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried
"Link into thy soul with hooks of steel!"

"Would the *expression* of friendship do, what hooking there would be at Paris!—how many chains and how many links!—

Their language abounds with complimental phrases, which they distribute with wonderful pro-

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every man is *the friend* of every man wherever an approach to equality admits the appellation.—The sharper of quality, addresses the credulous dupe with *mon ami*; *mon ami* is bandied to and fro between the parasite and his epicurean; whilst from the lips of *la petite maitresse* to her protector, it flows even to satiety. In fine, wherever there are characters interested and *professing*, the heart is sure to be assailed with this expression of regard.—Just heaven! shall what comprehends all that is great, all that is honourable, "whatever is of good report," shall this be prostituted by worthlessness?—Are my head, my heart, my arm, ready to perform to every honourable necessity of another? Then, rank me *friend*.—Fashioners and refiners of language, if it be possible, lock up this sacred epithet, beyond the reach of knaves and fools; or, if this may not be, provide a substitute and declare it obsolete.

"It may not be unworthy of remark, that the French have not in their language any word equivalent to our *acquaintance*.*

"This alone, might prove the duplicity of the nation; they are lavish in bestowing an epithet, which their own feelings convince them, has no meaning at all annexed; whilst the usage of every other nation, ancient or modern, by the adoption of inferior names, evinces that they had an abstract idea of such a character, however rarely it might appear in existence.

"How the *vos amis* could have crept into any tongue, is to me unaccountable:—many words in languages have no plural—there may be *honest fellows*;—there may be *acquaintances*;—there may be *intimates*;—(wordlings, pardon me!) there can be but *one friend*."

Although full of energy, delicacy, and sentiment, is not this too severe a satire against the French, and destitute of that philosophical moderation, and discriminating sagacity, which characterise Dr. Moore's observations!

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* Do not the French words *connoissances*, and *liaisons*, answer to the English expression, *acquaintances*? Is then the above expression founded on truth?

fusion and volubility; but they intend no more by them, than an Englishman means when he subscribes himself your most obedient humble servant, at the conclusion of a letter.

A Frenchman not only means nothing beyond common civility, by the plentiful shower of compliments which he pours on every stranger, but also he takes it for granted, that the stranger knows that nothing more is meant. If any man takes these expressions in a literal sense, and believes that people are really inspired with friendship, or have fallen in love with him at first sight, he will be very much disappointed, especially if he expects strong proofs of either.*

Yet he has no right to accuse the French of insincerity, or breach of friendship—Friendship is entirely out of the question. They never intend to convey any other idea than that they were willing to receive him on the footing of an acquaintance; and it was the business of his language-master to have informed him of the real import of their expressions.

It may be said, perhaps, that this superfluity of compliments, which the French make use of, is a proof that they have less sincerity than their neighbours. By the same rule we must conclude, that

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* I fear that what a French gentleman once said to me of the Parisians, is applicable to the general character of the nation, "*Ils sont tous égoistes,*" and they would not do a benevolent action at the risk of soiling a coat, or tearing a ruffle.—Their cautious disposition, makes them consider either misfortunes or benefits, only as their personal interest is affected by them.

the common people of every nation, who use few complimentary phrases in their discourse, have a greater regard to truth, and stronger sentiments of friendship, than those in the middle and higher rank. But this is, what I imagine would be difficult to prove.

It is certainly something to be treated with civility and apparent kindness; and I think that a stranger may fairly avail himself of every conveniency arising from the obliging manners of the French. He may perceive that his *Parisian friend*, while he loads him with civilities, is making a display of his own proficiency in the science of politeness; and that his *stooping*, is with a view to *conquer*, why should he repine at a victory which is accompanied with so many conveniencies to himself? why quarrel with the motive, while he feels the benefit of the effect?

Politeness and good manners, may be traced in France, though in different proportions, through every rank, from the greatest of the nobility to the lowest mechanic. This forms a more remarkable and distinguishing feature in the French national character, than the vivacity, impetuosity, and fickleness, for which the ancients as well as the modern inhabitants of this country have been noted.—The man of power, is courteous to his dependents, the prosperous to the unfortunate, the very beggar, who solicits charity, does it, *en homme comme il faut;* and if his request be not granted, he is sure, at least, that it will be refused with an appearance of humanity, and not with harshness or insult. There are exceptions to these, as to all general re-

marks on the manners and character of any nation. —But in general, good manners prevail in France.*

* We think proper here to oppose to this too precipitate, and perhaps more flattering than true picture of the French, drawn by Dr. Moore, the judgment of a fair writer, who, by a longer residence in France, may have been better enabled to appreciate the French character, leaving to our impartial, and enlightened readers, to say where the truth lies.

" It is observable, that we examine, less scrupulously, the pretensions of a nation to any particular excellence, than we do those of an individual.—I can conceive no other cause, but that, for our having acquiesced in the claims of the French, to pre-eminent good breeding, in an age, when, I believe, no person acquainted with both nations, can discover any thing to justify them. If, indeed, politeness consisted in the repitition of a certain routine of phrases, unconnected with the mind or action, I might be obliged to decide against our country; but while decency makes a part of good manners, or feeling is preferable to a mechanical jargon, I am inclined to think the English have a merit more than they have hitherto ascribed to themselves—An impertinence, is no less an impertinence, because it is accompanied by a certain set of words, and a people who are indelicate to excess, cannot properly be denominated a *polite people*.

A French man or woman, with no other apology than *permettes-moi* (give me leave) will take a book out of your hand, look over any thing you are reading, and ask you a thousand questions as to your most private concerns; place themselves between you and the fire, and take hold of your clothes to guess what they cost, and they deem these acts of rudeness sufficiently qualified by—*Je vous demande bien des pardons*, (I ask you a thousand pardons.) Nothing is more common than to hear physical derangements, disorders, and their remedies, expatiated upon the parties concerned, amidst a room full of people, and that with so much minuteness of description, that a foreigner, without being very fastidious, is, on some occasions, apt to feel very unpleasant sympathies. The conversation in most societies, partakes of indecency, and the manners of an English female, are in danger

Loyalty, or an uncommon fondness for, and attachment to, the person of their prince, is another striking part of the French national character.

They consider him as their friend, though he does not know their persons; as their protector, though their greatest danger is from a *lettre de cachet;* and as their benefactor, though they are oppressed with taxes.

They magnify into importance, his most indifferent actions; they palliate and excuse all his weaknesses, and they impute his errors or crimes to his ministers or evil counsellors. If he happens to be a little indisposed, all Paris, all France is alarmed.

They are so delighted and dazzled with the lustre of monarchy, that they cannot bear the thoughts of any qualifying mixture, which might abate its violence, and render its ardour more benign.

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of being contaminated, while she is only endeavouring to suffer without pain, the custom of those she has been taught to consider as models of politeness.—In short, it would be impossible to enumerate, all that in my opinion, excludes the French from the character of a well-bred people.—So little are they susceptible of delicacy, propriety, and decency, that they do not even use the words in the sense we do, nor have they any others expressive of the same meanings.

"But if they be deficient in the external form of politeness, they are infinitely more so in that politeness which may be called mental. The simple and unerring rule of never preferring one's self, is to them more difficult of comprehension, than the most difficult problem in Euclid: in small things as well as great, their own interest, their own gratifications, is their leading principle; and the cold flexibility which enables them to clothe their selfish system, in *fair form*, is what they call politeness."—— "*A Residence in France, by a Lady, prepared for the Press by J. Gifford, Esq.*"

They consider the power of the king, as if it were their own power. They are proud of it. They are proud that there is no check or limitation to his authority.

N. B. Dr. Moore thus delineated the character of the French in 1779; *how altered, and even opposite, is the picture he drew in* 1792, *of the same people!**

What a contrast does the French present now!—They seemed anciently proud to think that they possessed loyalty, if not exclusively, at least in a higher degree than any other people. Hitherto the French populace had been as much accustomed to applaud their king, whatever his character was, as often as he appeared in public, as the ancient Egyptians were to worship whatever the priests presented to them, whether in a form of a crocodile or a calf. But no sign of applause, not so much as a single *Vive le Roi*, when the king of France arrived at the Thuilleries. Although the streets were crowded with people, they maintained a sullen silence. The French now, at least all of them that remain in France, are solicitous to declare that they never possessed an enthusiastic loyalty. They disavow this sentiment, now that the power of the most mild and equitable monarch is abridged. It is then pretty clear, on what that boasted loyalty was founded, and how far it was disinterested.

Long before the French had any wish to become republicans, and to affect roughness of manners as

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* Dr. Moore, thus accounts for the alteration in an advertisement he prefixed to the ninth Edition of his *View of Society in France*, &c. published in 1800 :—

suitable to that character, many of them had lost a great part of that decorum and politeness for which the nation in general was distinguished *. They have been accused of paying so great an attention to politeness, that they neglected morality. Nothing, now that the royal family are prisoners, shocks a stranger more than the unrelenting and indelicate style in which the Queen is spoken of. They are now in danger of neglecting politeness, without pay-

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" The late revolution in France," says that judicious writer, " has been considered as a proof, that an erroneous idea of the sentiments of the French nation on the subject of government, is conveyed in this work. It ought to be remembered, that in an interval of ten years, nations of a more steady character than the French, have changed their political sentiments and conduct.

" A traveller, who passed through England, in the year 1649, would give a very different account of the general bias of political opinions, from what would be given by another who lived in the same country at the year of the restoration, and yet both accounts might be just.

" What a very opposite turn did the national sentiment again take towards the end of the reign of Charles the Second, when Russel and Sydney suffered; and afterwards when the seeds of liberty, which those patriots had sown, came to maturity, and produced the revolution!

" Opinions, as well as manners, are continually varying; all that an observer can do is to catch them *living as they rise*, and describe them as they are; not as they will be when they alter and die.

" Those who are acquainted with what the prevalent manners and opinions of the French, were when these letters, and the *Journal* first appeared, will perhaps do the author the justice to say, that the view he has given, is pretty accurate."

* During the interval between the return of the king from Varennes, and his acceptance of the constitution, an officer of the national-guards played at fives one day with the Dauphin, to amuse the child, in the presence of the queen. The officer,

ing more attention to morality ; † and of losing every attribute of courtiers, except that of abandoning the unfortunate.

A fickleness of disposition may be considered as the general characteristic of the populace of every nation ; but it certainly belongs in a stronger degree, and more particularly to the French. They have displayed it in a manner striking with respect to their favourites, * and their taste for governments.

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striking the ball obliquely, it had very near hit her; on which, by way of apology, he politely exclaimed: " *Eh, mon Dieu ! ma boule va tout de travers, comme l'ancien regime.*"

† " The boasted philosophy of the French," says the unknown writer of *A Residence in France, &c.* " is become a horrid compound of all that is offensive to heaven, and disgraceful to man ; their boasted politeness, a ferocious incivility—their social elegance, and exclusive science in the enjoyment of life, are now reduced to suspicious intercourse.

" If ever the character of a people were repugnant to amity, or inimical to connection, it is that of the French for the last three years, (since 1789). In this short space, they have formed a compendium of all the vices which have marked a many preceding ages:—the cruelty and treachery of the league—the sedition, levity, and intrigue of the Fronde ; with the licentiousness and political corruption of more modern epochs."

* *La Fayette* the hero of the revolution, was abandoned with the same levity with which he had been adopted, and sunk in an instant, from a dictator to a fugitive.—*Necker* was an idol of another description. One was for decreeing him a statue, another proposed him a pension, and a third, hailed him the father of the country.—But Mr. Necker knew the French character, and before he could have received the first quarter of his pension, or the statue could have been modelled,' he was glad to escape, probably not without some apprehension for his head. The reign of *Mirabeau* was some time longer. He lived with popularity—died with his reputation—was deposited in the pantheon, *apotheosised* in form—But the God of the French cannot

The extreme sensibility and vivacity* of the French, prompt them too often to decide on sud-

be called immortal—his deification is soon after suspended—his memory put in sequestration—and his ashes removed from the Pantheon.

* " We mistake," says the author above cited: " their volubility for vivacity; for in their public offices, their shops, and in any transaction of business, no people on earth can be more tedious—they are slow, irregular, and loquacious; and a retail English Quaker, with all his formalities, would dispose of half his stock in less time than you can purchase a three sols stamp from a brisk French commis.

" The French pique themselves on being more subject to that human weakness called *feeling* than any other people in the world; all their writers abound in pathetic exclamations, sentimental phrases, and allusions to *La sensibilité Francaise;* you can scarcely hold a conversation with a Frenchman without hearing him detail, with an expression of features not always analogous, many very affecting sentences. He is *desolé, déspéré,* or he has *le coëur sensible, le coëur sérré, ou le coëur navré.* But I think that one of the distinguishing features in the French character is *sang-froid.* They not only bear the calamities of their friends with great philosophy, but are nearly as reasonable under the pressure of their own. The grief of a Frenchman is always ready to accept of consolation, and join in amusement. If you say your relation is dead, they reply coldly, " *il faut se consoler;*" or, if they visit you in an illness, " *il faut prendre patience;*" or tell them you are ruined, with a more commisserating tone, they confess: " *c'est bien malheureux;—mais enfin que voulez vous?*"

" Perhaps this real *sang-froid,* and these pretensions to sensibility, are a natural consequence one of the other. It is the history of the beast's confession—we have only to be particularly deficient in any quality to make us solicitous for the reputation of it; and after a long habit of deceiving others, we finish by deceiving ourselves.—I think this French sensibility is to genuine feeling, what their paste is to the diamond—it gratifies the vanity of the wearer and deceives the eye of the superficial observer, but is of little use or value, and when tried by the fire of adversity quickly disappears."

den impulses without taking time to weigh and deliberate. They never reflect during the first impression. They receive it with astonishing sensibility; but these impressions are effaced *, and give way to others of different nature, with a rapidity as extraordinary as the acuteness with which they were first felt; which makes the French appear in the eyes of their neighbours, sometimes in the light of children, and sometimes as that of madmen. But when in consequence of that, it is imagined that they will be easily taken advantage of, they display on a sudden, and when least expected, a maturity and soundness of judgment more surprising than all the rest †.

Tête-a-tête, or in a very small circle, the French are generally as calm ‡, and generally more ingenious

* "The French are volatile and material; they are not very very capable of attachment to principles. External objects are requisite for them even in a slight degree; and the momentary enthusiasm that is obtained by affecting their senses, subsides with the conclusion of a favourite air, or the end of a gaudy procession." *A Residence in France*, &c.

† Under the externals of levity, the French are a very prudent people, and they may be sometimes deceived through a deficiency of judgment, but I believe not often by unguardedness: and in a matter of interest, a *petit maitre* of five and twenty might *tout en bandinage* (all in the way of pleasantry) maintain his ground against a whole synagogue.—This disposition is not remarkable only in affairs that may be supposed to require it, but extends to the minutest objects; and the same œconomy which watches over the mass of a Frenchman's estate, guards with equal solicitude the *menu* property of a log of wood, or a hen's nest." *Ibid.*

‡ The French consider as a matter of triumph, and as a peculiar advantage which their national character enjoys over the English, that smoothness of manner and guardedness of expression which they call *amiable*, and which they have the faculty of at-

than their neighbours; but a numerous assembly of Frenchmen almost always become turbulent*.

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taining and preserving distinctly from a correspondent temper of the mind. It enables them to deceive even without deceit, a Frenchman may be an unkind husband, a severe parent, or an arrogant master, yet never contract his features, or asperate his voice; and for this reason, is in the national sense, *un homme bien doux*. His heart may become corrupt, his principles immoral, and his disposition ferocious—yet he shall still retain his equability of tone and complacent phraseology, and be *un homme bien aimable*.

" I do not pretend to decide whether the English are virtually more gentle in their nature than the French; but I am persuaded this *douceur* on which the latter pride themselves, afford no proof of the contrary. An Englishman is seldom out of humour without proclaiming it to all the world: the most forcible motives cannot always prevail on him to assume a more engaging external than that which delineates his feelings. An Englishman displeased, is in short neither *un homme bien doux*, nor *un homme bien aimable*; but such as nature has made him, subject to infirmities and sorrows, and unable to disguise the one, or appear indifferent to the other. Our country has doubtless, produced many examples of depravity, but scarcely any instance can be produced where a ferocious disposition was not accompanied by corresponding manners;—or where men who would plunder and massacre, affected like the French revolutionaries, to retain at the same time, habits of softness, and a conciliating physiognomy."

* If according to the eloquent Athenian, *action* is the first, second, and third points in eloquence, the French must be reckoned a very eloquent people. They assent with a *shrug*; and the *shrug* is part of action. They dissent with a *shrug*; and even mark the various degrees of assent and dissent by *shrugging*.—The worst of it is, that this mode of argumentation is unanswerable, at least by an Englishman. You advance an opinion, the French *shrugs*, every power of reasoning is discomfited: it is in vain to rally The operation of the dissenting *shrug* is unremitting. A Frenchman thoroughly trained in the fields of controversy, will convey more in five minutes, by dint of ele-

As for *mauvaise honte* there is no such thing in France; I wonder how they came by the expression.

With whatever complacency the French contemplate themselves*, the very lowest show no positive hatred to foreigners. They imagine that it is an honour to be born in France; but they do not think it a disgrace to be born elsewhere, as the people of the same rank in England do.

Perhaps it is characteristic of the French more than of any other nation, to blend sentiments of gaiety with those of atrocity, although every idea belonging to the latter ought to exclude all tendency to the former. Instances of this unnatural mixture are not unusual in the writings of Voltaire, and many shocking proofs of it occur in the course of the French Revolution †.

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vated shoulders, eyes closed, forehead wrinkled, and the *etcteras* of grimace, than the generality of Englishmen could explain by words in as many hours.

* It is a common remark, that though a Frenchman may suppose the merit of his countrymen to be collectively superior to that of the whole world, he seldom allows any individual of them to have so large a portion as himself.

† Volumes might be filled with the proofs of the truth of this remark—we have selected the following anecdote, as strikingly characteristic of the levity and ferociousness which we meet in the French.—A woman of seventy-five, deaf, blind, and deprived of the use of her hands, was brought before the atrocious revolutionary tribunal sitting at the Abbaye.—The president asked her as usual, "if she had not conspired against the state?"—The poor woman gave him to understand by signs, that she could not hear, and a cryer of the court was ordered to go near enough to make her comprehend the question, and to repeat it.—"How is it posible," returned the prisoner, "that in this state of infirmity, and deaf as I am, I should conspire against the Republic?"

I am strongly inclined to think that their sudden transition from a government of rigid controul to one indulgent, will have some bad effect on the conduct and mind of a people of so much levity of character*. It proved to them a consolation in the gloom of despotism, it may be pernicious in the sunshine of liberty. They have reared its pillar with such rapidity and to such a height, that it seems to have rendered them more giddy than ever.

When we take into consideration the delightful climate and cheering productions of that fine and fertile country. When we recollect that enviable cheerfulness and gaiety of the inhabitants †, which

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"*Citoyens.*" (cried the President, turning towards the Jury) *cette femme conspire sourdement.*—The Jury laughed aloud, and applauded this abominable pleasantry, and the woman was condemned and executed—It was certainly in consequence of that cold ferocity, he had observed in the French character, that an English gentleman detained in a *maison d'arrêt*, being asked by a Republican commissary, why he was there, replied, "Because I have not the *misfortune* to be a Frenchman."

* This prophecy has been, by the events which have followed, but too strongly and unfortunately verified.

† "I have always thought with Sterne;" says the fair writer of *A Residence in France*, &c. "that we were mistaken in supposing the French a gay nation. Every one who understands the language, and has mixed much in their society, must have made the same observation. It is true they laugh much, have great gesticulation, and are extravagantly fond of dancing; but the laugh is the effect of habit, and not of a risible sensation: the gesture is not the agitation of the mind operating upon the body, but constitutional volatility.—See two Frenchmen at a distance and the vehemence of their action, and the expression of their features, shall make you conclude they are discussing some subjects, which not only interest, but delight them. Enquire and you will find they were talking of the weather, or the price

taught them to banish ennui, to relax the stiff features of formality, to enliven gloom, and render joy more joyful; when we reflect on these, and on the unexampled calamities into which so many millions of human creatures, so formed, are involved; we must acknowledge that the sum total of human

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of a waistcoat.—In short, we mistake that for a mental quality which, in fact, is but a corporeal; and though the French may have many good and amiable points of character, I do not conclude *gaiety* in the number. I appeal to those who have at all studied the French character, not as travellers, but by a residence amongst them, for the support of my opinion."

After having thus presented to our judicious readers the two contradictory evidences of Dr. Moore, and of the interesting writer of *A Residence in France*, relating to our gallic neighbours, we will abstain from deciding between such respectable authors, and leave to that impartial jury, the public, to give a verdict.

"Non nostrum est tantas componere lites."

But may not this contrariety of opinions between two authors of such eminent merit and great perspicacity, result from their different situations when observing that country?—Dr. Moore travelled in France as a man of science, and letters: he was *fêted* from one house to another, among that class of people who are every where alike. As soon as he appeared in society, his reputation, as an author, may have set all the national and personal vanity in it afloat. One was polite for the honour of his country; another brilliant, to recommend himself; and have an honourable insertion in his repertory of fame. Thus he passed from the literati, and fashionable people of one metropolis, to those of the next. Thus the manners of the intermediate classes, which are less obtrusive, were not within his notice.—But the writer of *A Residence in France*, having been some years domesticated in that country, having lived with its inhabitants, and seen them without disguise, may, by means of long and familiar intercourse, have been enabled to estimate more justly the French national character.

happiness destroyed by the French Revolution, is great indeed.

THE COXCOMB.

THE minuteness and accuracy with which he attends to all the variations of dress, as they appear on the great leaders of fashion are astonishing. As soon as he has made any new discovery, whether in the height of the cape of the frock, the cut of its sleeve, or in the length of the breeches, he communicates it to his taylor, by whose rapid industry, although a mere copier, he sometimes passes for the original inventor. And as boots and buckskin breeches are essential articles in a British fop's wardrobe, he is profusely provided with both; indeed none of the most eminent collectors of the age, surpass him in the variety of switches, horse-whips, shoe-buckles, shirt-pins, seals, and watch-chains which adorn his museum. The hair-dresser with the help of the sportsman's calendar, and Harris's List, clear him without a great deal of yawning of two hours immediately before dinner; after which he is seldom at a loss, having the play-house or opera till eleven at night, and Ranelagh or the tavern till three in the morning, when he is not engaged to some ball or private dance, to which he receives invitations, which, with the cards of his visitors, are attentively placed on his chimney: such as are graced with titles, being conspicuously mustered in the front, while the lower order occupy the center and rear ranks.

THE INTEMPERATE YOUTH.

HAVING early lived with friends and companions of that description, he has gradually been seduced into frequent intoxication. He once perhaps, promised better things. He was of an active temper, of a most obliging disposition, with natural quickness, some desire of fame, the most blessed of all dispositions, the source of improvement, and the best preservative against *ennui*.—Now, by the immoderate use of intoxicating liquors, he rises every morning with a confused head, and heart filled with remorse; his nerves unstrung, and his temper unsupportable. For those complaints he seeks a cure in the very source of his disease; and does not recover any degree of ease and good humour, until he has lodged a quantity of strong liquors in his stomach; this proves a most treacherous palliative; all his ailments recur with augmented force the next day, and require an augmented doze to alleviate them. The only comfortable part of his life, (if any part of such a life can be called comfortable) begins some time *after dinner;* after a certain number of glasses, his ill-humour gradually diminishes, and as the bottle continues to circulate, he advances in chearfulness to a certain point, at which his ideas from gay become confused, acquiring every moment more and more obscurity until he is carried in a state of stupor to bed. Thus the immoderate use of spirituous liquors has perverted all the faculties of his mind, blunted all his powers of enjoyment, and hurries him to a premature grave.

CAPTAIN BRAVO.

The following conversation took place between an Irish captain and a young student, while waiting for their adversaries, on the ground fixed for a rendezvous, to settle an affair of honour.

"PERHAPS," said the captain, "this is the first business of the kind in which you were ever engaged."

The young student acknowledged it was.

"Nay, I do not blame you, my dear, because you are still very young; but for my own part, I was twice *out* before I arrived at your age.—The first time, was with a relation of my own, who said he would see my courage tried before he would contribute with the others towards the purchase of my first commission; so I sent him word that I would be happy to give him one proof the very next morning; and when we met, I touched him so smartly in the leg, that he has halted ever since. But all his doubts being now removed, he cheerfully contributed his quota with the rest of my relations, and we have been very good friends ever since.

"Pray what gave you occasion for the second?" said the young student.

"How it began originally, is more than I can tell," answered the captain; all I know is, that a large company of us dined together; we sat long, and drank deep, and I went to bed rather in a state of forgetfulness, and was awaked in the morning from a profound sleep, by a gentleman, who began a long story, how I had said something that required explanation; and also, that I had accidentally given

him a blow, but he supposed I had no intention to affront him; and so he continued talking in a roundabout kind of way, without coming to any point. So I was under the necessity of interrupting him, "upon my conscience, Sir, (said I,) I am unable to declare, with certainty, whether I had any intention of affronting you or not, because my head is still a little confused, and I have no clear recollection of what passed, nor do I fully comprehend your drift at present, but I conjecture that you wish to have satisfaction; if so, I must beg you will be kind enough to say so at once, and I shall be at your service." Finding himself thus cut short, he named the place and the hour. I met him precisely at the time. His first pistol missed fire, but I hit him in the shoulder. At his second shot, the bullet passed pretty near me, but mine lodged in his hip, and then he declared he was quite satisfied. So as I had given a blow the preceding night, and two wounds that morning, upon declaring himself satisfied, I said I was contented.

"You would have thought very hard to please, if you had made any difficulty.

"I thought so myself," rejoined the captain, "and so the affair ended, he being carried home in a coach, and I marching from the field of battle on foot."

"Pray, may I ask, if you ever was in a battle?"

"No," replied the captain, with a sigh, "I never was; I never had that good fortune, though I would give all the money I have in the world, and all the money I am owing, which is at least triple the sum, to be in one to-morrow.

"Provided you had a good cause;" replied the young student.

"I should not be squeamish respecting the cause, provided I had a good battle: that, my dear, is what is the most essential to a conscientious officer, who wishes to improve himself in his profession. I have much reason, therefore, to wish for a war; and at the present juncture, it would be much for the advantage of the nation in general.

"How for the advantage of the nation?"

"Why, because it is dwindling into a country of ploughmen, manufacturers, and merchants," said the captain; "but, thank God, there is now some glimmerings of hostilities: *besides this damned peace has been so violent, that it cannot possibly last much longer.*"

"If so, you will have the pleasure of being in a battle."

"Ay, and I hope of being *after having been in one* also, my dear lad; for you must know that I am pretty fortunate, having already stood thirteen shots, and I never was hit but once."

"Thirteen! what, have you fought thirteen duels?"

"No, no!" replied the captain; "the last shot fired at me completed only my sixth duel."

EULOGY ON THE BRUTE CREATION.

Some people, whether from a high opinion of other animals, or a humble one of human nature, I shall not take upon me to say, have struggled hard

to bring the one as near to the other as they could, or put them quite upon a level, if possible.

By those advocates for the brute creation, we are told, that they are actuated by the passions of fear, of grief, of joy, of anger, and of jealousy, as well as men; that they possess the virtues of fidelity and gratitude in a higher degree.

That the greatest heroes have not surpassed them in courage; that they even display that quality, independent of any advantage to be acquired, and from no apparent motive, but a generous spirit of emulation, and a disdain of turning their backs upon danger.

That they affectionately tend, and carefully provide for their young; and with a prudent attention to their future welfare, they prepare for the scarcity of winter, by carefully heaping up provisions, during the abundance of summer.

That to avoid the inconveniencies and severity of northern winters, they cross vast desarts and seas, in search of more genial climes; and prompted by a predilection, a patriotic attachment, they return at the approach of summer, to their native country.

That they uniformly follow that plan of life which is most suitable to their respective natures, and never misled by vain hopes and fantastic desires, deviate, like man, into the paths which lead to misery and remorse.

That they are not obliged, as men are, to search after remedies for their distempers, by dangerous trials, and laborious experience; but, when by accident they are sick, which is seldom the case, they find their cure at once, by an intuitive faculty, without any trouble.

After acknowledging that men and animals have bodies of matter organized in many respects alike; that the bodies of both are made up of bones, and muscles, and blood-vessels, organs of respiration, circulation, and digestion; that both possess five senses* of the same nature, and a resemblance in many of their appetites and inclinations; after all these concessions, the internal faculties of animals will be found at a prodigious distance beneath those of men.

One race of the most intelligent species never improves upon a former, nor one individual upon another. There is no æra of greater brightness than another in the history of any animal but man; all, from the earliest records of time, to the present moment, is one uniform period of far greater darkness, than any recorded in the annals of mankind.

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* Many of the brute creation possess some of the senses, particularly that of smelling, in greater perfection, than any of the human race; but the touch they have certainly in an inferior degree. Nothing in the external form of man gives him so many advantages over other animals, as the admirable mechanism of his hands. It has been remarked, that brutes are intelligent in proportion to the accuracy of their feelings, or as their extremities approach in resemblance to the human kind. The horse and the bull, whose feet are covered with callous hoofs, are less intelligent than the dog, and the dog is inferior in acuteness to the ape who has a rude kind of hand.

HIGHWAYMEN, AND PISTOLS.

"THESE are as sweet a pair of pistols as any in the three kingdoms;" said an officer, shewing a pair to a friend, "and have done execution before now; at the slightest touch, off they go, as sweet as honey, without either recoiling or dipping. I never travel without them."

"I never heard of highwaymen in this part of the country."

"Nor I," replied the officer, "and if I had I should not trouble myself to carry the pistols on their account—Highwaymen are a species of sharks who are not fond of attacking us lobsters; they know we are a little too hard to crack. No, my dear sir, highwaymen know that soldiers have not much money; and what they have they fight for."

"Since that is the case, how come you to travel always with pistols?"

"Because," answered the officer, "I find them very useful in accommodating any little difference I may accidentally have with a friend, or which one friend may chance to have with another."

THEATRICAL FRACAS.

"I WAS quartered," said an Irish Captain, "in a country town, and I happened to go to *Venice Preserved*, with a friend, who is little hard of hearing, and of course I was obliged to speak to him pretty loud. Just as I was observing to him that the tallest

of the senators of Venice was a trumpeter in our regiment," a shopkeeper cried "Silence!"—"Upon my word, friend," said I, "you give the word of command a little too imperiously,—"You must not disturb the company," answered he—"I am afraid," said I, "that both you and I disturb the company; and so if you will please to walk out with me, we will settle our business quietly ourselves, without disturbing any body." The shopkeeper declined this, and muttered the word *impertinent*. I was reduced to the necessity of pulling off his wig, and throwing it in his face. The shopkeeper called on me the next morning; and as this was acting like a gentleman, I thought it would be ungenerous to refuse putting myself on a footing with him—we met accordingly. The shopkeeper fired his pistol very prettily for a tradesman, for the bullet pierced the corner of my hat; and as I was convinced that on the whole, I had been rather in the wrong, I did not choose to kill the poor fellow, and so I fired my pistol in the air. "Now, friend," said I, "you have damaged my hat full as much as I did your wig; so, if you are satisfied, our dispute may end here, if you are not, you may take another shot." He declined the last, and agreed to the first proposal.

PETRARCH AND LAURA.

Two English travellers, accompanied by a French officer, went to view, during a short residence at

Avignon*, the tomb of Laura†, the celebrated mistress of Petrarch, and of Crillon so distinguished for his bravery during the war of the league, and the reign of Henry the fourth in France.

Speaking of this celebrated Lady, the officer observed, " that whatever other accomplishments Laura possessed, she certainly had no great taste for poetry, otherwise the admired sonnets which Petrarch had composed in her praise would have moved her more, and enabled him at length to have carried his point."

" It is not very clear what his point was;" said one of the English travellers.

" Diable!" cried the officer, with an air of astonishment, " I should have thought *that* the clearest thing in the world."

" Certain historians assert," added the English gentleman, " that Pope Benoit the twelfth, advised him to propose marriage to Laura, which the poet declined."

" That proves nothing," said the officer; " the point he wished to carry might be clear for all that."

" The reason that he assigned for declining the pope's advice," resumed the Englishman, " was lest the familiarities of the married state should abate

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* It is an handsome and large town of the department of *Vaucluse*, capital of the county of that name, situated on the river Rhone. It was under the sovereignty of the Pope, till the year 1791; when its inhabitants united themselves to the French Republic.

† That tomb was, before the revolution, in the church of the Cordeliers, a very fine gothic building, in which there were also some valuable paintings.

the enthusiasm of his admiration, and the ardour of his love."

"*Parbleu*," exclaimed the officer, *voila un animal bien délicat*; "it is," added he, "as if a man was to refuse to eat his dinner, lest it should spoil his appetite."

A POLITE CARD*.

"LADY —— presents compliments to Mrs. —— is extremely sorry she cannot be at her concert next week, being confined with rheumatisms—but is extremely glad that the Signora is to be there; because she will give pleasure to all the amateurs and true lovers that are present; for, as his grace the Duke of Illyria says,

"If music be the food of love, play on."

A SENSIBLE FRENCH PROTESTANT.

"I REMARKED, that it afforded me pleasure to find that Protestants, since the revolution, were better treated in France than formerly.

"It is fortunate for us," said the French Protestant, "that we are not persecuted as in former times; but it is unfortunate for all France, that, along with the spirit of persecution, that of Religion daily diminishes. We are not allowed the ad-

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* Written by a lady of fashion who was very proud of the particular elegance of her *billets*.

vantages and privileges which the Catholics themselves enjoy, from any regard they bear to our religion, but from a total indifference for their own."

"Whatever the cause may be," said I, "the effect is the same with regard to you."

"No," replied he, "the effect might be better, not only with respect to us, but to all France, for the spirit of persecution might have disappeared without an indifference for all religion coming in its place; and in that case there would have been more probability of the true religion gaining ground."

"But although you may not be able to make them converts," I replied, "still you may live happy among them, in the quiet possession of your own religion, and all your other advantages."

"I doubt it much," resumed he, "being persuaded that in a country where religious sentiments are effaced from the minds of the bulk of the people, crimes of the deepest guilt will prevail in spite of all the restraints of law *."

* Subsequent events in France have proved the truth of the remark of this French Protestant.—A mob devoid of religious impressions may be instigated to murder in any cause when their interest is concerned, if they think they can do it with safety; and it cannot be doubted that if religious sentiment had kept any hold of the minds of the directors or executors of the massacres at Paris, they never would have been either the one or the other.

SELFISHNESS.

The indifference with which men look on acts of oppression to which they themselves are not exposed, and the indignation they express against every act of the same nature to which themselves are liable, do not belong exclusively to men of particular professions or countries; it is in human nature.

The levity with which the hardships put on the clergy of France has been spoken of, by many of the laity of this country, is disgusting.

We heard people who professed much public spirit, and uncommon affection for their country, declaim on the utility of applying two thirds of the church livings in England to the extinction of the national debt. When the hardships to which this project would subject the clergy, was stated as a slight objection, they declared it was no objection at all, saying they would still have too much left for men of moderate desires. But when a small reduction of the legal interest of money was hinted as a means which would also facilitate the payment of a debt which seemed to lie so heavy on their minds, these patriots whose money was invested in the funds, exclaimed against such an idea as a flagrant breach of public faith, and the most horrid injustice.

VIENNA,

Properly so called, is not of very great extent; nor can it be enlarged, being limited by a strong fortification. This town is very populous; it is

thought to contain above seventy thousand inhabitants. The streets in general are narrow, and the houses built high *. Some of the public buildings and palaces are magnificent; but they appear externally to no great advantage, on account of the narrowness of the streets. The chief are the Imperial Palace, the Library, and Museum †.

There is no great danger that Vienna will ever again be subjected to the inconveniencies of a siege ‡, yet in case the thing should happen, a measure has been taken, which will prevent the necessity of destroying the suburbs: no houses without the walls are allowed to be built nearer to the glacis than six hundred yards; so that there is a circular field of six hundred paces broad all round the town, which, exclusive of the advantage above-mentioned, has a very beautiful and salutary effect. Beyond the plain, the suburbs are built.—They form a very extensive and magnificent town, of an irregular circular form,

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* "They are all built," wrote L— W— M—e, in 1716, "of fine white stone, and are excessive high, for as the town is too little for the number of people that desire to live in it, the builders seem to have projected to repair that misfortune by clapping one town on the top of another, most of the houses being of five, and some of them six stories."

† "They seem to have been more diligent in amassing, there, a great quantity of things, than in the choice of them. There is a vast quantity of paintings, amongst which are many fine miniatures. There is a large cabinet full of curiosities of clock-work, one was worth observing—a craw-fish with all the motions so natural, that it was hard to distinguish it from life. I must not forget to mention a small piece of load-stone that held up an anchor of steel too heavy for me to lift."—*Lady M— W— M—e's Letters.*

‡ It was threatened with one, in 1796, by the Usurper Buonaparté.

containing within its bosom a spacious field, which has for its centre the original town of Vienna.

Those magnificent suburbs *, and the town together, are said to contain above three hundred thousand inhabitants; yet the former are not near so populous, in proportion to their size, as the town; because many houses of the suburbs have extensive gardens belonging to them, and many families who live during the winter within the fortifications, pass the summer months in the suburbs.

FEMALE ITALIAN BEAUTY.

Beauty doubtless is infinitely varied. A style of face, has been found to prevail in each different nation of Europe. The following is a sketch of the general style of the most beautiful female heads in Italy.

A great profusion of dark hair, which seems to encroach upon the forehead, rendering it short and narrow; the nose generally either aquiline, or continued in a straight line from the lower part of the brow; a full and short upper lip; by the way nothing has a worse effect on a countenance than a large interval between the nose and the mouth; the eyes are large, and of a sparkling black. The Italian eye is wonderfully expressive: some people think it says

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* "I must own," wrote the same fair writer above cited, "I never saw a place so perfectly delightful as the fauxbourg of Vienna. It is very large, and almost wholly composed of delicious palaces. If the Emperor found it proper to permit the gates of the town to be laid open, that the Fauxbourgs might be joined to it, he would have one of the largest and best built cities in Europe."

too much. The complexion, for the most part, is of a clear brown, sometimes fair, but seldom florid, or of that bright fairness which is common in England and Saxony. It must be owned that those features which have a fine expression of sentiment and meaning in youth, are more apt than less expressive faces to become soon strong and masculine. In England and Germany, the women, a little advanced in life, retain the appearance of youth longer than in Italy.

FASHIONABLE DIALOGUE ON CHARITY.

"If one is to be taken in with affecting stories," (thus was speaking one of our modern fops) "one might have one told at the corner of every street in London. Beggars were never so numerous; one would be tempted to think that half the town was starving of hunger; but for my part I make it a rule never to give any thing to a street beggar.

"That is a very good rule," answered another *merveilleux*, "when you are in a carriage, and can drive past them; but how do you do when you are a foot; particularly if you are caught knocking at a door?"

"Why then, indeed," resumed the first, "I am under the same necessity of surrendering my money, as if a pistol were held to my breast. Every idea of charity is equally out of the question in both cases; though in the one the money is demanded for God's sake, and in the other for my own sake.

"I remember," rejoined the second, "being once singled out by a terrible woman with an enormous belly, who stuck to me bawling for charity the whole

length of Piccadilly. Being determined not to give her a farthing, I was quickening my pace to shake her off, when unluckily I met a lady of my acquaintance, and stopped to speak to her. The hideous wretch with the belly, taking advantage of the incident, renewed her clamour so loud and so woefully, that I was afraid she would have been delivered in the open street; and so I was obliged to throw her a shilling which put an end to *her* labour, and *my* pangs at once.

THE BASEST SWINDLER,

Is that one who is indebted to every friend or relation, whom he can prevail on, under any pretence to lend him money. This plan of taking advantage of the partiality of friends and relations is the basest of all kinds of swindling; and if those who practice it, who amount to a considerable number in this virtuous capital, were to declare in plain English the sentiments on which their conduct was founded, each of them would address his friend or relation to the following effect: "Sir, (or Madam,) I know you have a greater friendship or regard for me than any other of my acquaintance. I shall therefore cheat you out of as much money as I possibly can. As you love me too much to proceed with me to extremities I cannot bear the thought of paying you a single sixpence, whatever inconvenience you may suffer from the want of your money."

BENEVOLENCE.

THE recollection of having been of service to a fellow-creature, conveys a pleasing kind of sensation, which it is difficult to describe, but which Shakespeare expressed thus: "It comes over the heart as soft music does over the ear;

——Like the sweet south,
That breaths upon a bank of violets.

It is most fortunate for men to have hearts so framed that they derive pleasure from such recollections. Men of that construction are stimulated to do good to others for their own sake.

Such a motive may seem to degrade benevolence; but it must be acknowledged, that it is the most active and the most certain.

MILAN.

THE ancient capital of Lombardy, is the largest city in Italy, except Rome, but though it is thought rather to exceed Naples in size, it does not contain above one half the number of inhabitants.

The cathedral stands in the centre of the city, and after St. Peter's is the most considerable building in Italy. It ought to be the largest in the world, if what is told, is true, that it is near four hundred years since it was began; and that there has been a considerable number of men daily employed in completing it; but as the injuries which time does to the ancient parts of the fabrick keep them in consent em-

ployment; without the possibility of their work being ever completed, Martial's epigram on the barber Eutrapelus, has been applied to them with great propriety.—That poor man, it seems performed his operations so very slowly, that the beards of his patients required shaving again on the side where he had begun, by the time he had finished the other.

> "Eutrapelus tonsor dum circuit ora luperci,
> "Expungit que genas, altera barba subit."

No church in christendom is so much loaded with ornaments. The number of statues, withinside and without, is prodigious, they are all of marble, and many of them finely wrought. The greatest part cannot be distinctly seen from below, and therefore certainly have nothing above. Besides those which are of a size, and in a situation to be distinguished from the street, there are great numbers of smaller statues, like fairies peeping from every cornice, and hid among the grotesque ornaments which are here in vast profusion.

This vast fabric is not simply encrusted, but entirely built of solid white marble, and supported by fifty columns, said to be eighty-four feet high. The four pillars under the cupola, are tweuty-eight feet in circircumference. By much the finest statue belonging to it is that of St. Bartholomew—however it excites more disgust and horror than admiration. The inside of the choir, is ornamented by some highly esteemed sculpture in wood: from the roof hangs a case of crystal, surrounded by rays of gilt metal, and inclosing a nail, said to be one of those by which our Saviour was nailed to the cross. The treasury

belonging to this church is reckoned the richest in Italy*, after that of Loretto.

The Ambrosian Library is said to be one of the most valuable collections of books and manuscrips in Europe.

In the museum adjoining the library are a considerable number of pictures, and many natural curiosities.

There is no place in Italy, and perhaps in Europe, where strangers are received in such an easy hospitable manner as at Milan.

The company assemble every evening in their carriages on the ramparts, and drive about.—The ladies have no notion of quitting their carriages at the public walks, and using their own legs as in England and France. On seeing the number of servants, and the splendour of the equipages which appear every evening on the ramparts, one would not suspect that degree of depopulation and diminution of wealth which has taken place lately all over the Milanese.

AVALANCHES,

Are formed on the glaciers or ice-mountains, of snow driven by the wind against the highest and most protuberant parts of rocks, where it hardens and adheres sometimes till a prodigious mass is accumulated.

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* Whether it has remained so after the two successive victorious visits of General Bonaparte, we are ignorant; but we are inclined to suppose that its most precious jewels have been employed to adorn his triumphs.

But when these supporters are able to sustain the increasing weight no longer, the avalanche falls at once, hurrying large portions of the loosened rock or mountain along with it;—and rolling from a vast height, with a thundering noise, to the valley, involves in certain destruction, all the trees, houses, cattle, and men which lie in its way.*

Who has not heard a great deal of the havock made by avalanches? The greater part of those who have made a journey to the glaciers, have seen one or more of those avalanches in the very act of falling and have themselves always escaped by miracle. Is it not just as most people who have made a single voyage by sea, if it were only between Dover and Calais, have met with a storm, and very narrowly escaped shipwreck?

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* Ac veluti montis saxum de vertice præceps
Cum ruit avulsam vento, seu turbidus imber
Proluit, aut annis solvit sublapsa vetustas:
Fertur in abruptum magno mons improbus actu,
Exultat que solo, silvas, virosque
Involvens secum.

VIRGIL.

As when, by age, or rains, or tempests torn,
A rock, from some high precipice is borne;
Trees, herds and swains, involving in the sweep,
The mass flies furious from the aërial steep,
Leaps down the mountain's side, with many a bound
In fiery whirls, and smoaks along the ground.

PITT

SEMINARIES OF LEARNING,

As well as particular shops, are sometimes frequented more on account of what they have been, than what they are: so many instances of this might be produced, that it seems to be a prevailing opinion in this island, that talents and genius, like cats, are more attached to particular walls and houses, than the persons who reside within them.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

However its members may be divided by the spirit of party, yet neither the influence of administration, in that house, nor the partiality of opposition, can save dullness from ridicule, nor prevent wit and eloquence from open applause.

SKAITING.

A young, but experienced skaiter, with the graceful rapidity of the *feathered Mercury*, was gliding over the ice, when he saw at a distance some confusion, and heard an exclamation that a young lord would certainly be drowned. He immediately checked his course, and then moved towards the youth, whom he beheld holding by the edge of the ice, struggling to extricate himself, and crying loudly and incessantly for assistance. As the skaiter approached, he begged the young lord to the silent, and then holding

his handkerchief by one corner, he threw the other to him, at the same time extending his arm to the utmost, that he might keep the weight of his own body as far as possible from the broken part of the ice, and that the sound might have the better chance of sustaining the youth, when he should get upon it. At that instant, a sailor, who viewed the scene from the shore, run to the benevolent skaiter, calling "avast, avast, brother; the sliders on which you stand have no hold; that squalling lubber, is more likely to draw you to the bottom, than you to heave him above board, or tow him on ashore; catch fast hold of this here, with your larboard hand." So saying, he jerked the end of a piece of rope to the skaiter, while he himself stood firm on the ice, holding the other end. "Now, boys, bear a hand," cried he; "hilloa, pull away." Thus the young lord was pulled to a safe part of the ice. The sailor, after contemplating with him a look of contempt, said, "Zounds, what a squalling you did make, friend; d——n me, if I have not seen a whole ship's crew go to the bottom with less noise than came from your jaw-port."

Whether it was the shivering condition in which the young lord was that deprived him of recollection, or his being offended at the sailor's speech, cannot be known, but he certainly went away with all the expedition he could, and without saying a word.

The generous skaiter, then shaking the sailor by the hand, offered him a guinea for his assistance in saving the young lord from being drowned.

"He is not worth the money, by G—d," said the sailor. "Well, since you insist upon it, master, I'll

accept your guinea; but on my conscience, you have a hard bargain."

AN INN.

A STAGE coach arrived. The coachman having assisted a young woman with an infant in her arms, was leading her, drenched with rain, and the water pouring from her clothes, into the kitchen. A templar, a clergyman, and a colonel, stood before the fire; they waited for fresh horses to their chaise.

Colonel. If that creature comes hither; by G—d, we shall be all afloat.

The templar, drew a large chair near the fire, and expressing sympathy at the situation she was in, desired the woman to sit down.

"I do not mind myself;" said the poor woman; but I fear for my child."

While the mother, apprehensive that her child might have suffered, (although she had wrapped him in her cloak,) examined him with affectionate solicitude, the infant seemed alarmed at the number of strange faces that were gazing on him, which the templar remarking, gently pressed the woman's head nearer the child, and at the same instant tickling the cheek of the latter, repeated from Virgil's eclogue—

Incipe, parve puer, risu cognoscere matrem.

Then he whispered the landlady to take the poor woman into a bed-chamber, and give her a dry gown and cloak, for which he would indemnify her.

The landlady did as she was desired.

"Poor young woman," said the coachman, as she left the room. I am sorry there was no room for

her within the coach; she has been exposed to the rain above two hours, and I am sure she is drenched to the skin, and is much to be pitied."

Colonel, (laughing.) She looks like a new-ducked w——; though she is not handsome enough to be of that profession.

Coachman. A woman under misfortunes, has a right to be pitied; whether she is handsome or not. But handsome *is*, who handsome does, please your honours.—This poor woman, pulled the clothes from her own back, and exposed herself to the storm, to protect her child—that is what I call handsome.

Clergyman. (clapping the coachman's shoulder,) Ay, my good fellow, and what every humane and feeling man, will call handsome.

Colonel. (sneeringly,) Parsons, to be sure, are in general men of feeling.

Clergyman. (fixing the colonel,) Brave men are generally humane; and when a soldier is otherwise, he dishonours his profession.

Coachman. The rain was so violent, and continued so long, that I fear the poor woman will suffer in her health.

Colonel. Those creatures never suffer in their health. I have seen soldiers' wives with children on their backs, keep pace with the men on a march in the midst of frost and snow, and I never heard of their being the worse for it.—It is nothing to those who are used to it.

Clergyman. (suppressing his indignation, and addressing the coachman.) Friend, you seem to take some interest in this poor woman; pray what do you know of her?

Coachman. All that I know, please your honour, about this here young woman is, that her husband is a seafaring man, who was taken by a press-gang in the streets of London, about a month ago, and sent to Portsmouth. When she heard of this, she followed him without any more delay, whereof she took her child with her, and remained there until the ship on which her husband was aboard sailed, and most of her money was expended on necessaries to fit him out; although her husband like an honest hearted sailor, had desired her not to do it, for fear of distressing her; and so, being short of money, she took a seat on the outside of my coach, and to be sure, she did nothing but cry and sigh, although I said all I could to comfort her; but telling her of a relation of my own, whose husband went to sea, and left her with five children, instead of one; and he was absent for nine years without her ever seeing him, and yet he returned at last in perfect health, and with a good deal of money, about a month after his wife's death. I told the poor woman all this, to keep up her spirits, saying, that I hoped the same would not happen to her, as to the article of dying, but only as to her husband's returning in perfect health, and with a good deal of money; but all I could say, was not able to comfort her.

Colonel I hope you was able to comfort her when she was stripped; for I think you told us she stripped herself at last.

Coachman. When the rain began, she stripped herself of part of her clothes to shelter her child; and without disparagement, I hope that you, nor none of your relations, ever stripped for a more sinful purpose.

Clergyman. Do you know, friend, where she goes when she arrives in London?

Coachman. She told me that she was going to her husband's mother. Her own father is butler to Mr. ——, a rich Nabob, but he was so enraged at her quitting her service to marry the sailor, although the sailor is an honest character, and a handsome man; but handsomeness in a husband, please your honour, is nothing to a father, although it is a great deal to a daughter.

Clergyman. I am much acquainted with her father's master; and I hope he will prevail on his butler to receive his daughter with kindness, and provide for her and her child, till her husbhnd shall return.

" God Almighty bless you, my good Sir, for your good intention," cried the poor woman, who returned to the kitchen with the landlady; but my father who is a very honest man, is so passionate, that it will be difficult to bring him to take me home; and if he did, he would be apt to speak of my dear Richard, in a way that would break my heart."

Clergyman. My good woman, make yourself easy, I shall take care to mention the affair in such a manner as will reconcile your father.

N. B. We will inform the gentle reader whose heart is interested in the fate of the sailor's wife, that the benevolent clergyman overcame by his persuasion, her father's obstinacy; that the sight of his daughter melted his heart; and that the man's affections flowed in their natural course.

VERGNIAUD inveighed thus against them, in the national assembly, with that affecting eloquence he had at his command—

"Ah! Messieurs, ne nous le dissimulons pas; ces haines particulieres, ces délations infames, ces arrestations arbitraires, ces cris de proscription, ces complots, ces atteintes portées sur les individus, cette violation de propriétés, cet oubli des loix, ces agitations inquiétantes ont répandu la consternation & l'effroi*.

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* Ah! gentlemen, there is no concealing it; those hatreds, those infamous accusations, those arbitrary arrests, those rumours of proscriptions and of plots, those personal attacks, those violations of property, that contempt of the laws, all those distressing circumstances have spread consternation and terror.

The virtuous man hides himself: he flies with horror from those scenes of blood; for good reason have the virtuous to hide themselves, when the wicked triumph. They are silent, they retire, and wait for happier times before they appear again

Times of revolution produce men who are at once hypocritical and ferocious, as, after tempests, the pores of the earth send forth destructive insects.

Those perverse men accuse virtue itself of aristocracy, that they may trample upon it with impunity; and adorn crimes with the name of democracy, that they may be allowed to commit them: thus they disgrace the noblest of all causes, those of the people and of liberty.

O my fellow citizens, you see how deeply I am affected! Citizens tear the mask from those wretches, who have nothing to deceive you with, but the most despicable means, and the most imprudent pretensions.

Citizens, you may easily discover them.—He who excites you to slaughter women and unarmed men, it is he who betrays and

" L'homme vertueux se cache, il fuit avec horreur ces scenes de sang ; & il faut bien qu'il se cache l'homme vertueux, quand le crime triomphe ; il n'en a pas l'horrible sentiment, il se tait, il s'éloigne, il attend pour reparoitre des tems plus heureux.

" Les tems de revolution produisent ces hommes à la fois hypocrites & féroces comme les pores de la terre produisent des insectes malfaisans après la tempête.

" Aujourdhiu ces pervers aristocratisent la vertu même pour la fouler impunément aux pieds. Ils democratisent le crime pour avoir le droit de le commettre : & c'est ainsi qu'ils deshonorent la plus belle des causes, celle du peuple & de la liberté.

" O, citoyens ! vous voyez ma profonde emotion ; citoyens arrachez la masque à ces pervers qui n'ont, pour vous tromper & pour vous perdre, que la bassesse de leurs prétensions.

" Citoyens, vous les reconnoitrez facilement.— Celui qui vous invite à égorger des femmes & des hommes desarmés, celui la vous a trahi, & vous perd : cet autre qui vous invite à la paix entre vous, eh bien ! celui-la est votre ami. Repoussez donc les traitres qui vous agitent & vous divisent Faites cesser les desordres & les proscriptions. Si les citoyens se deunissent, les Prussiens ne viendront pas à Paris ; car alors ils seroient accablés sous l'armée

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rains you. That other who persuades you to peace among yourselves, he is your friend, Reject then the traitors who agitate and divide you. Put an end to disorder and proscription. If the citizens unite, the Prussians cannot come to Paris, because they would be crushed by the remains of the army they defeated, as Samson was by the temple which he overthrew !

qu'ils auroient vaincue, comme Samson, sous le temple qu'il avoit renversé*."

DRESDEN,

THOUGH not one of the largest, is certainly one of the most agreeable cities in Germany, whether we consider its situation, the magnificence of its palaces, or the beauty and conveniency of the houses and streets. This city is built on both sides of the Elbe, which is of considerable breadth here. The magnificent and commodious manner, in which the two opposite parts of the town are joined, adds greatly to its beauty.

There is an equestrian statue of king Augustus, in a kind of open place or square between the old city and the new. The workmanship is but indifferent.

Few princes in Europe are so magnificently lodged as the elector of Saxony. The palace and museum have been often described. Among the prodigious number of curiosities to be seen there, is a cherry-stone, upon which, by the help of a microscope, above a hundred faces may be distinguished. Undoubtedly these little mechanical whims display the labour, perseverance, and minute attention of the workman; but they are not proofs of the wisdom of those who could employ artists to so little purpose.—

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* This speech was pronounced after the repeated massacres in the various prisons of Paris, and in the streets of Versailles.—Massacres which create a detestation of the people who could suffer them!

A work of the jeweller Dinglinger, which represents the celebration of the Mogul's birth-day, is much admired. The Mogul sitting on his throne, his grandees and guards, with a great many elephants, are all exhibited upon a table about an ell square. This work employed Dinglinger and some assistants above ten years. It would be impious to omit the story of the prophet Jonah, which is to be seen in the museum. The ship, the whale, the prophet, and the sea-shore, all represented in Pearl; but the sea and rocks are in a different kind of stone.—The gallery of pictures is highly esteemed. The most valuable pieces are by Corregio and Rubens. In the museum within the palace, there is a most complete collection of prints, from the commencement of the art of engraving till the present time.

It would have been well for its inhabitants, during the wars, if the city of Dresden had been entirely without fortifications. It was taken by the Imperialists in 1759; and afterwards bombarded by his Prussian majesty.

The curious manufactory of porcelain, suffered considerably by the Prussian bombardment. The elector, has a complete collection of the finest pieces, from the first attempts made here in this elegant work to the latest improvements. This, independent of the beauty of many of the pieces, is a matter of real curiosity, as it marks the progress of ingenuity and invention.*

* To this description of Dresden, by Dr. Moore, we will add the picture of its fair inhabitants, drawn by the lively and entertaining pencil of L—— M—— W—— "The Saxon ladies resemble the Austrian no more than the Chinese do those of

ITALIANS.

From the opportunities I have had of observing the inhabitants of Italy, my idea of them, is that they are less subject to avarice, envy, or repining at the narrowness of their own circumstances, and the comparative wealth of others, than most of other nations.

The Italians are the greatest loungers in the world; and while walking in the fields, or stretched in the shade, seem to enjoy the serenity and genial warmth of their climate with a degree of luxurious indulgence peculiar to themselves, without ever running into the daring excesses of the English, or displaying the frisky vivacity of the French, or the invincible phlegm of the Germans; the Italians discover a species of sedate sensibility to every source of enjoyment, from which, perhaps, they derive a greater degree of happiness than any of the other. The frequent processions and religious ceremonies, besides comforting and amusing the Italian populace, serve to fill up their time, and prevent that *ennui*, and those immortal practices, which are apt to accompany poverty and idleness *

London. They are very genteelly dressed after the English and French modes, and have generally pretty faces, but they are the most determined *minaudières* in the whole world. They would think it a mortal sin against good breeding, if they either spoke or moved in a natural manner. They all effect a little soft lisp, and a pretty pit-pat step; which female frailties, ought, however, to be forgiven them in favour of their civilities to strangers."

* Italy is a country full of impostures and superstitions; some do not believe enough, and others believe every thing.

The Italians are, in general, a sober, ingenious people,* with quick feelings, and therefore irritable; but when unprovoked, of a mild and obliging disposition. The murders which occasionally happen, proceed from a deplorable want of police, and some very impolitic customs which have, from various causes, crept in amongst them, and would produce more frequent examples of the same kind, if they prevailed to the same degree in some other countries. The assassinations which disgrace Italy, whatever

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Every day without truth and without reason, miracles take place. I remember a certain poor man was nearly drowned, and was drawn out of the water almost dead. He recovered, and his recovery was firmly believed to be owing to a medal of Saint Philip of Neri; which he happened to have in his chaplet. But though Italy is full of superstition, it is also the seat of debauchery and atheism. It is crowded with those kind of men who penetrate as far into nature as their abilities will permit them; and having done this will believe nothing more. Yet the number of writers who have there written on the immortality of the soul is incredible. But their writings are so feeble that no one can strengthen his faith by their sentiments.

* The Italian people are more apt, perhaps, than any other, to lay hold of any thing ridiculous with merciless avidity. The following anecdote is an instance of it. The Roman people were suffering a privation of the most necessary articles of life, while Pius VI. was exhausting their treasury in embellishing their city. A wag, who preferred food to obelisks, gave a lesson to his holiness, by applying to him a well-known passage of the Gospel. He wrote these words at the bottom of the obelisk, which Pius VI. raised at great expence, in 1783, at the entrance of the Quirinal palace:—

"Signore, di a questa pietra chè divenga pane."
"Lord, command that these stones be made bread."

may have been the case formerly*, are now entirely confined to the accidental squabbles which occur among the rabble. No such thing has been known for many years past among people of condition, or the middle rank of citizens†; and with regard to stabbing, which happen among the vulgar, they almost always proceed from an immediate impulse of wrath, and are seldom the effect of previous malice, or a premeditated plan of revenge. I do not know whether the stories we have of mercenaries, bravos, men who formerly are supposed to have made it their profession to assassinate, and live by the murders they committed, are founded in truth; but I am certain, that at present, there is no such trade

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* Descartes, in one of his letters writes thus:—"Be not so desirous to live under Italian skies; there is a contagion that poisons its breezes; the heat of the day kindles a fever in the delicate frame; the evening airs are unwholesome; and the deep shades of the night *conceal* robberies and assassinations!"

† Many anecdotes of Italian revenge in the sixteenth century have been recorded by historians and travellers.—We will relate an instance of *poisoning* which cannot fail to interest the reader of sensibility. Francis of Medicis, after the death of his lady, fell deeply in love with a young noble Venetian, named Bianca Capella, whom he married. This lady who passionately loved the Duke her husband was the cause of his death, by attempting to revenge herself, *à l'Italienne*, of a prince, who was a relation of Francis. She had, with this design, poisoned some olives, which were to have been presented to him. Francis, having met the servant, took two and eat them. Very shortly after, he began to feel their mortal effects. Bianca Capella, who now saw the mistake that had caused the death of her beloved Duke, took also of the same olives; and having swallowed them, she threw herself on the bed, embracing her dying lord, and expired in his arms.

in Italy. If the horrible practice of drawing the knife and stabbing, still subsists among the Italian vulgar, it is owing to the scandalous impunity with which it is treated. The asylum which churches and convents offer to criminals, operates against the peace of society, and tends to the encouragement of this shocking custom, in encreasing the criminal's hope of escaping, and in diminishing, in vulgar minds, the idea of the atrocity of the crime.

In England, Germany or France, a man knows that if he commits a murder, every person around him will, from that instant, become his enemy, and use every means to seize him, and bring him to justice. He knows that he will be imediately carried to prison, and put to an ignominious death, amidst the execrations of his countrymen. Impressed with these sentiments, and with the natural horror for murder, the populace of those countries hardly ever have recourse to stabbing in their accidental quarrels, however they may be inflamed with anger and rage.

The murders committed in Germany, France, and England, are therefore comparatively few. In Italy, the case is different: an Italian is not under the influence of so strong an impression, that certain execution must be the consequence of his committing a murder; he is at less pain to restrain his wrath. He hopes to have the good fortune to get within the portico of a church, before he is seized by the sbirri; and if he is carried to prison, he knows, that it is not a difficult matter for his friends or relations, to prevail by their entreaties and tears, on some of the cardinals, or princes, to interfere in his favour, and endeavour to obtain his pardon. If

this is the case, we need be no longer surprised that murder is more common among the Italian populace, than among the common people of any other country. As soon as asylums for such criminals are abolished, and justice is allowed to take its natural course, that foul stain will be entirely effaced from the national character of the modern Italians.

This is already verified in the Grand Duke of Tuscany's dominions. The same edict which declared that churches and convents should no longer be places of refuge for murderers, has totally put a stop to the use of the stiletto: and the Florentine populace, now fight with the same blunt weapons that are used by the common people of other nations.

I think I have convinced the reader, that the treacherous and perfidious disposition imputed to the Italians, is like most other national reflections, ill-founded; and that the facts brought in proof of the accusation, proceed from other causes.

THE COURT OF VIENNA,

Under the Reign of the Emperor Joseph.

The manners of this court are considerably altered since Lady Mary Wortley Montague was here.

People of different ranks now do business together with ease, and meet at public places without any of those ridiculous disputes about precedency, of which that ingenious English lady has given us such

lively descriptions.*—Yet trifling punctilios are not completely banished, for there is certainly a greater separation than good sense would direct, between the various classes of the subjects.

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* Lady M— W— M— wrote thus from Vienna, in the year 1716.—" It is not from Austria that one can write with vivacity, and I am already infected with the phlegm of the country.—Even their amours, and their quarrels, are carried on with surprising temper, and they are never lively, but upon points of ceremony. There they shew all their passions; and it is not long since two coaches meeting in a narrow street at night, the ladies in them not being able to adjust the ceremonial of which should go back, sat there with equal gallantry till two in the morning, and were both so fully determined to die upon the spot, rather than yield in a point of that importance, that the street would never have been cleared till their deaths, if the emperor had not sent his guards to part them, and even then they refused to stir, till the expedient could be found out, of taking them both in chairs, exactly in the same moment. After the ladies were agreed, it was with some difficulty that the pass was decided between the two coachmen, no less tenacious of their rank than the ladies. This passion is so omnipotent in the breasts of the women, that even their husbands never die, but they are ready to break their hearts, because that fatal hour puts an end to their rank, no widow having any place at Vienna.—I am sure, you that know my indifference upon that subject, will pity me intangled amongst all these ceremonies, which are a wonderful burden to me, though I am the envy of the whole town, having by their own customs the pass before them all.—They indeed so revenge upon the poor envoys, this great respect shewed to ambassadors, that (with all my indifference,) I should be very uneasy to suffer it. Upon days of ceremony they have no entrance at court, and on other days must content themselves with walking after every soul, and being the very last taken notice of. But I must write a volume to let you know all the ceremonies, and I have already said too much on so dull a subject, which, however, employs the whole care of the people here."

The higher or ancient families keep themselves as distinct from the inferior or newly created nobility, as these do from the citizens:* so that it is very difficult for the inferior classes to be in society, or to have their families connected with those of superior ranks. And what is of more importance, in a political sense, there are certain places of high trust in the government, which cannot be occupied by any but the higher order of nobility.

Is it not disadvantageous for a government to keep a law in force which enacts, that the offices in the state which require the greatest abilities, should be filled from that class of the community, in which there is the least chance of finding them?

The ideas relative to dress seem to have entirely changed since Lady Mary's time†, and if the dress

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* "The men," says the above cited amiable writer, "do not only scorn to marry, but even to make love to any woman of a family not as illustrious as their own; and the pedigree is much more considered by them, than either the complexion or features of their mistresses. Happy are the she's that can number among their ancestors, the counts of the empire; they have never occasion for beauty, money, nor good conduct to get them husbands."

† The following is the humorous sketch she has drawn of the Austrian ladies' dress—"The fashions here are monstrous, and contrary to common sense and reason, more than it is possible to imagine. They build certain fabrics of gause on their heads about a yard high, consisting of three or four stories, fortified, with numberless yards of heavy ribbon. The foundation of this structure is a thing they call *absurde*, which is exactly of the same shape and kind, but about *four* times as big as those rolls our prudent milk-maids make use of to fix their pails upon. This machine they covered with their own hair, which they mix with a great deal of false, it being a particular beauty to have their

of the ladies be still as absurd, it is at least not so singular; for they, like the rest of Europe, have now adopted the Parisian modes.

The present race of Austrian ladies can differ in nothing more than they do in looks from their grandmothers, who, if any of them were still alive, may be as beautiful at this day as they were when she wrote; for time itself could hardly improve that ugliness, which, according to her, was in full bloom sixty years ago. At present there is no scarcity of female beauty at the court of Vienna.

This being the case it is natural to imagine that gallantry must now be more prevalent than when her ladyship was here. But exclusive of any real difference, which may have happened in the sentiments of the ladies themselves, they are obliged to observe an uncommon degree of circumspection, as nothing is more heinous in the eyes of her Imperial Apostolic Majesty *.

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heads too large to go into a moderate tub. Their hair is prodigiously powdered to conceal the mixture, and set out with three or four rows of bodkins, (wonderfully large, that stick out two or three inches from their hair) made of diamonds, pearls, red, green, and yellow stones, so that it certainly requires as much art and experience to carry the load upright, as to dance upon May-Day with the garland. Their whale-bone petticoats outdo ours by several yards circumference, and cover some acres of ground. You may easily suppose how this extraordinary dress sets off, and improves the natural ugliness with which God Almighty has been pleased to endow them, generally speaking."

* The celebrated Maria Theresa, whose circumstances have for so many years interested Europe. Her magnanimity in supporting the calamities, to which the early part of her life was exposed, and the moderation with which she bore prosperity, have secured to her universal applause.

With regard to what Lady Mary calls *submarriages* †, and of which she has given such a curious account, I do not imagine they are common at present, in all the latitude of her description. But it is not common for married ladies here to avow the greatest degree of friendship and attachment to men who are not their husbands, and to live with them in great intimacy without hurting their reputation, or being suspected, even by their own sex, of having deviated from the laws of modesty.

† "They generally last twenty years together;" according to L— M— W— M—e's account, "and the lady often commands the poor lover's estate, to the ruin of his family. The Austrian husbands are certainly the best-natured set of people in the world, and look upon their wives' lovers as favourably, as men do upon their deputies. They are generally, it is true, deputies in another place themselves. In one word, it is the established custom for every lady to have a cicisbeo. All the engagements are so well known, that it would be a downright affront, and publicly resented, if you invited a woman, without, at the same time, inviting her two attendants of lover and husband; between whom she sits in state with great gravity. These connections, indeed, are as seldom begun by any real passion, as other matches; for a man makes but an ill figure, who is not in some commerce of this nature, and a woman looks out for a lover as part of her equipage; without which she could not be genteel. The first article of the treaty is establishing the pension, which remains to the lady in case the lover should prove inconstant. This chargeable point of honour I look upon as the real foundation of so many wonderful instances of constancy. I really know several women of the first quality, whose pensions are as well known as their annual rents, and yet nobody esteems them the less. A great part of their emulation consists in trying who shall get most; and having no lover at all is a disgrace."

ENVY AND CANDOUR.

A Dialogue between two young Ladies.

Envy—What do you think of this Miss H—— that is come among us?

Candour—I think her a very beautiful, elegant and accomplished young woman.

Envy—That I am convinced is precisely her own opinion.

Candour—I am at a loss to know, how you come to be convinced from her manner or conversation, that she thinks so highly of herself.

Envy—O, it is quite evident, the men have turned the girl's head; they tell every woman, as you know very well, my dear, that she is elegant, beautiful, and accomplished.

Candour—It is not then surprising, that they should hold the same language to Miss H——, whom they must think so in the highest degree. Don't you remember how all the gentlemen were in her praise!

Envy—Well, for my part, I do not think the men half so good judges of female beauty as the women. Miss H—— has too great a quantity of hair, considering how small her head is.

Candour—What fault do you find with her person?

Envy—She is too tall.

Candour—She is not above an inch taller than yourself.

Envy—I do not pretend to say, she is a *great deal* too tall.

Candour—Can you pretend to say she is too short?

Envy—She is neither one thing nor the other; one does not know what to make of her.

Candour—That settles the point of her height; let us now proceed to her face. Do you not find something very engaging in her countenance?

Envy---Engaging do you call it?

Candour--Yes, I call it engaging. What do you call it?

Envy—She is apt, indeed, to smile, but that is to shew her teeth.

Candour—She would not smile for that purpose, however, unless she had good fine teeth; and they are certainly the finest I ever saw.

Envy—What signifies teeth?

Candour—Well let us come to her eyes. What do you think of them?

Envy—They are not black.

Candour—No; but they are the sweetest blue in nature.

Envy—Blue eyes have been long out of fashion; black are now all the mode.

Candour—Blue ones are coming round again; for those of Miss —— are much admired.

Envy—Her fortune would procure her admirers among men, although she had no eyes at all.

Candour—That stroke lights entirely on the men, and misses the person against whom it was aimed.

Envy—Aimed! I have no ill-will against Miss —.

Candour—I am glad to hear it.

Envy—Lord not I; why should I?

Candour—I am sure I cannot tell.

Envy—She never did me any injury.

Candour—I was afraid she had.

Envy—No, not in the least, that I know of. I dare say she is a good enough sort of a girl; but as for beauty, her pretensions to that are very moderate indeed.

ROME.

AUTHORS differ very much in opinion with respect to the number of inhabitants which Rome contained at the period when it was most populous. Some accounts make them seven millions, and others a still greater number. These seem all to be incredible exaggerations. When I consider its circumfernce of thirteen or fourteen miles, I cannot imagine that ever Rome could boast a million of inhabitants, without supposing the masters of the world to have been the worst lodged people in it. In that computation, the extensive suburbs are not included.

Some of the seven hills on which Rome was built, appear now but gentle swellings, owing to the intervals between them being greatly raised by the rubbish of ruined houses. The number of inhabitants at present is about one hundred and seventy thousand, which though greatly inferior to what Rome contained in the days of its ancient power, is more than it has been, for the most part able to boast of, since the fall of the Empire.

Some of the principal streets are of considerable length and perfectly straight. That called the *Corso*, is the most frequented. Here the nobility display their equipages during the carnival, and take the air in the evening in fine weather. It is indeed the great scene of Roman magnificence and amusement.

The shops on each side are three or four feet higher than the street; and there is a path for the conveniency of foot passengers, on a level with the shops. The palaces, of which there are several in this street, range in a line with the houses, having no court before them, as the hotels in Paris have; and not being shut up from the sight of the citizens by high gloomy walls, as Devonshire and Burlington houses in London are. Such dismal barricades are more suitable to the unsocial character of a proud Baron in the days of aristocratic tyranny, than to the hospitable benevolent disposition of their present proprietors.

Rome at present exhibits a strange mixture of magnificent and interesting, common and beggarly objects; the former consists of palaces, churches, fountains, and above all the remains of antiquity. The latter comprehends all the rest of the city.

The church of St. Peter's, in the opinion of many, surpasses in size and magnificence the finest monuments of ancient architecture. The Pantheon is one of the best specimens of the ancient. Though not the largest of the Roman temples, it is the most perfect which now remains.

As the Pantheon is the most entire, the amphitheatre of Vespasian, is the most stupendous monument of antiquity in Rome. It was finished by his son Titus. About one-half of the external circuit still remains, from which, and the ruins of the other parts, a pretty exact idea may be formed of the original structure. It could contain eighty-five thousand spectators. Fourteen chapels are now erected within side, representing the stages of our Saviour's passion. One cannot reflect but with horror on the

use formerly made of this immense building; and the dreadful scenes which were acted on the arena; where, not only criminals, but prisoners of war, were obliged to butcher each other, for the entertainment of an inhuman populace.

The Capitol and Forum Romanum is by far the most interesting scene of antiquity in Rome.—The approach to the modern Campidoglio is very noble, and worthy of the genius of Michael Angelo. The building itself is the work of that great artist: it is raised on part of the ruins of the ancient capitol. Ascending this celebrated hill, the heart beats quick and the mind warms with a thousand interesting ideas. You withdraw your eyes, with disdain, from every modern object, and contemplate with more respect, the ruins on which it is founded: because they are more truly Roman.

The Forum Romanum exhibits now in its ruins, a melancholy but interesting view of the devastation wrought by the united force of time, avarice, and bigotry. There is the strongest reasons to think that the ancient forum was entirely surrounded by temples, basilicæ, and public buildings of various kinds, and adorned with porticoes and colonades. In the time of the republic, assemblies of the people were held there, laws were proposed, and justice administered. In it was the rostrum from whence the orators harangued the people. Near it the bankers had their offices; and all kinds of business was transacted in this place. Surely the Romans or their governors ought to show more solicitude for preserving the antiquities than they do; and they might, without inconveniency, find some place for

a cow-market, of less importance than the ancient forum.

Besides this, there were several forums in Rome. The accounts we have of the forums of Nerva, and that of Trajan, give the highest idea of their grandeur and elegance: three Corinthian pillars with their entablatures, are all that remain of the former; of the latter, the noble column placed in the middle still preserves its original beauty.

Those who have a real pleasure in contemplating the remains of antique and the noblest specimens of modern architecture, and who have an unwearied admiration of the charms of painting, may employ a whole year with satisfaction in this city. For besides churches, there are about thirty palaces in Rome, as full of pictures as the walls can bear. There are also ten or twelve villas in the neighbourhood of this city, which are usually visited by strangers.

The fine specimens of antique sculpture are to be seen in the Vatican. In these the Greek artists display an unquestionable superiority over the most successful efforts of the moderns *.

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* These master-pieces have been described a thousand times, and imitated as often, without having had justice done to them: to attempt, then, their description would be equally vain and superfluous.

" I passed two hours in the Capitol," says the Abbé Barthelemy, in his travels in Italy, " and saw nothing. The enor " mous heap of statues, busts, inscriptions, and bas reliefs which " have been collected together in that palace by the last Pope, " exhaust admiration. Italy is the only place for antiquarian " researches. Figure to your imagination vast apartments, not " merely adorned, but filled and crowded with statues and ma-

SCIENTIFIC ERRORS OF THE FIFTEENTH AND SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

In the last century, and that immediately preceding it, the minds of mankind seem to have been obscured with ideas equally gloomy in religion and in medicine; every thing pleasing was thought sinful; and by many enthusiasts, what gives the highest pleasure was considered as the greatest sin. The physicians seem to have adopted the prevailing sentiment of the times, and to have applied it to the practice of physic; they condemned every thing that was more agreeable to a sick person's taste or feelings, and declared it noxious to his constitution, and the more noxious in proportion as it was agreeable. In many instances, they treated their patients as if they had been persuaded that the most effectual way to restore health, was to prescribe what was more repugnant to his taste. If he complained of heat, additional bed-cloaths were heaped upon him to force a sweat; if half stifled, he begged for a little fresh air, the bed-curtains were drawn closer, because cold ought to be most guarded against, when the body is hottest; and if he complained of thirst, and entreated for a draught of cool water, he was presented with a draught from the apothecary's shop, well impregnated with spiceries.

" numents of every kind. One cabinet quite full of the philo-
" sophers, and another with the busts of the emperors; galleries
" upon galleries, corridors, stair-cases, filled with grand statues,
" grand inscriptions, and grand bas reliefs. In short, we find
" here united ancient Egypt, ancient Athens, and ancient
" Rome."

How many disorders would have terminated favourably, had the pleadings of nature been listened to, and the wishes of the patients gratified—for their taste will very seldom direct them wrong. How many victims, since the period alluded to, have been sacrificed to the pride and obstinacy of mistaken science, dazzled by the meteors of theory, and despising the humble path of experience pointed out by the earliest physicians.

VIS MEDICATRIX NATURÆ,

Is that inherent bias observable in the animal œconomy to restore health; for as the surface of a lake which clearly reflects the sky, and hills, and verdant scenes around its borders, when it is disturbed by the falling of a stone, immediately endeavours to recover its scattered images, and restore them to the same beauteous order in which they are wont to appear; in the like manner, when the natural course of the animal œconomy is interrupted and disturbed by disease, the powers of the constitution are continually endeavouring to restore its organs to the perfect use of their functions, and to recover its usual vigour and serenity.

This *vis medicatrix naturæ*, was observed by the father of medicine; the same sentiment is expressed by Sidenham. It is acknowledged by all candid and discerning practitioners, to have a powerful influence in the cure of diseases. Indeed, physicians, in proportion to their candour and discernment, acknowledge and rely upon this power of nature;

and in proportion to this selfishness and weakness, impute every recovery to their prescriptions.

NATURAL EXPRESSIONS OF THE PASSIONS.

Every sentiment of the mind has particular parts of the body in correspondence with it, and affected by it.

Hatred, scorn love, suspicion, confidence, admiration, and every other passion of the mind, have particular muscles in sympathy with them, and affect the features in a particular manner. So that in remote villages, and in those countries, where the emotions of the heart are not attempted to be concealed or disguised, it is an easy matter to know the state of men's minds by looking in their faces. But in more artificial societies, in great cities, and in courts, where many are struggling for the same object, where there is an everlasting jarring of interest, where men are anxious to conceal their designs and their wishes, and dare not avow the real motives of their actions, it is difficult to judge of the feelings of the heart by what appears in the countenance*, yet in the midst of all this affectation and disguise, men of experience and penetration, will often see real joy through artificial tears, genuine sadness in assumed gaiety,

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* The passions that actuate the bosoms and degrade the conduct of high life, are equally prevalent in the lower ranks of society. The only distinction lies in the more exalted ranks of mankind, being enabled, from the advantages of their education, to conceal, by elegant and appropriate language, the base artifices of a depraved heart.

and inveterate hatred lurking under all the officious smiling display of kindness.

Art cannot long carry on a successful war with nature; men cannot be on their guard, or keep their features in everlasting constraint, the genuine passion, will occasionally shew itself in the countenance, by the sympathising muscles; the hypocrite, is at that instant detected, and all his future grimaces are in vain.

FEVERS.

Who would not be alarmed, that such a formidable *febrium cohors*, as the following, had invaded the earth:—febris inflammatoria, scorbutica, soporosa, putrida, nervosa flava, sudatoria, colliquitiva, ardens, hectica, cephalalgica, bilosa, erisypelacea, paludosa, verminosa, maligna, &c. &c. &c. and, after being thus informed, who could be surprised that death walked with a hastened step through the land*. To lay hold of the occasional symptoms which arise from the differences of constitution and other circumstances, and erect them into new diseases with terrifying names, burdens the memory, and tends to darken, rather than elucidate.

He who breaks a load-stone into a great number of pieces, will throw as little light upon the nature of magnetism, and discover as little of its cause, as

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* ——— Nova febrium
Ferris incubuit cohors:
Semotique prius tarda necessitas
Lethi, corripuit gradum.
Hor. lib 1. carm. 3.

if he had left the load-stone entire. To give terms, instead of ideas, is a practice not confined to physicians, who have divided and subdivided continued fevers, with such a parade of learning, as terrifies the timorous mind, and perplexes the most experienced practitioner.

ANCIENT AND MODERN SCULPTURE.

It was in the skilful and temperate exertions of its powers in this noblest province of the art, *expression*, that ancient sculpture so much excelled the modern. She knew its limits, and had ascertained them with precision. As far as expression would go hand in hand with grace and beauty, in subjects intended to excite sympathy, she indulged her chissel; but where agony threatened to induce distortion, and obliterate beauty, she wisely set bounds to imitation, remembering, that though it may be moral to pity ugliness and distress, it is more natural to pity beauty in the same situation; and that her business was not to give the strongest representation of nature, but the representation which would interest us most. The Greek artists have been accused of having sacrificed character too much to technical proportion. What is usually called character in a face, is probably excess in some of its parts, and particularly of those which are under the influence of the mind, the leading passion of which marks some features for its own. A perfectly symmetrical face, bears no mark of the influence of either of the passions or the understanding, and reminds you of Prometheus's

clay, without his fire. On the other hand, the moderns, by sacrificing too liberally those technical proportions, which, when religiously observed, produce beauty, to expression, have generally lost the very point for which they contended. They seemed to think, that, when a passion was to be expressed, it could not be expressed too strongly; and that sympathy always followed in exact proportion, with the strength of the passion, and the force of its expression. But passions in their extreme, instead of producing sympathy, generally excite feelings diametrically opposite. A vehement and clamorous demand of pity is received with neglect, and sometimes with disgust; whilst a patient and silent acquiescence under the pressure of mental affliction, or severe bodily pain, finds every heart in unison with its sufferings. The ancients knew to what extent expressions may be carried, with good effect. The author of the famous Laocoon in the Vatican *,

* This famous group has been brought from the Vatican at Rome, to the Louvre at Paris:—the Louvre, which is certainly one of the greatest repositories of *stolen goods* in the world. We say, *stolen goods*, for who can ever admit that the right of conquest extended so far as to justify the French in robbing Italy and Flanders of what was dearer than the soil itself, the monuments of their genius, the boast of their country, the example and instruction of unborn ages. The project of pillaging Italy of its most valuable works of art, was suggested by the Abbé Gregoire, in September 1794, because, as he alledged, *Chefs-d'œuvres* of the Greek republic ought not to embellish a country of slaves.—What kind of freedom can that nation now boast of? —Does not the Turk enjoy at present more liberty than regenerated France?—" *Consent to be my slaves, and you shall be masters of all the world:*" *such is the language of Bonaparte to the French people!*

knew where to stop, and if the figure had been alone*, it would have been perfect; there is exquisite anguish in the countenance; but it is borne in silence, and without distortion of features. Puget thought he could go beyond the author of Laocoon; he gave voice to his Milo; he made him roaring with pain, and lost the sympathy of the spectator †.

PIUS THE SIXTH, ‡

Is a tall, well made man, about sixty years of age, but retaining in his look all the freshness of a more earlier period of life. He lays a greater

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* See the ingenious critical judgment given by Mr. Lock, on that affecting groupe, in p. 88. It shews at once the father and the man of taste. Many of our readers will have sensibility enough to feel its beauty and its justness; but how small is the number of those who would have had the ingenuity to make it.

† Dr. Moore acknowledges that the preceding remarks on ancient and modern sculpture, were suggested to him by the same gentleman mentioned in our foregoing note:—A gentleman, who, to a soul endowed with the most noble and delicate feelings, unites the most refined taste.

F. P.

‡ John Angelo Braschi—Born at Cesena, December 27, 1717.—Elected Pope February 15, 1775.—Dethroned February 15, 1798.—Died August 19, 1799.

The turbulent, and capricious people of Rome, did not applaud the election of Pius VI. and applied to him a famous Latin verse, composed under the Pontificate of Alexander VI. importing that Rome had always been ruined by sovereigns who bore the title of *Sextus*.

Semper sub Sextis perdita Roma fuit.

In fact Sextus Tarquinius provoked, by his tyranny, the expulsion of the kings of Rome; Urban VI. began the great

stress on the ceremonious part of religion, than his predecessor Ganganelli. As his pretensions, in point of family, fortune, and connexions, were smaller than those of most of his brother cardinals, it is the more probable he owed his elevation to this part of his character. He performs all the religious functions of his office in the most solemn manner; not only on public, and extraordinary occasions, but also in the most common acts of devotion. Popes are, generally speaking, men bowing under the load of years and infirmities. His present holiness has hitherto suffered from neither. His features are regular, and he has a fine countenance; his person is straight, and his movements graceful. His leg and foot are remarkably well made. He is not insensible of the charms of his person, or unsolicitous about his external ornaments. Though verging towards the winter of life, his cheeks still glow with autumnal roses, which, at a little distance, appear as blooming as those of the spring. If he himself were less clear-sighted, than he seems to be to the beauties of his face and person, he

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schism of the west; Alexander VI. astonished Rome, and the whole world, by the enormity of his crimes; and Pius VI. has but too well realized the presentiment suggested by his name Never did a prophecy appear less founded—never was any one more punctually fulfilled.

Frederic the Great entertained for this pontiff a kind affection. When he saw him engaged in a contest, which Joseph II. who undertook to make reforms useful, but afflicting to the church, he wrote to M. D'Alembert:—"The only thing that "vexes me is, that all this good was not done under Popes who "merited humiliation; and that it should have been reserved for "the worthy Braschi, who has drained the Pontine marshes."

could not be deaf to the voices of women, who break out into exclamations in praise of both, as often as he appears in public.*

Vanity is a very comfortable failing; and has such an universal power over mankind, that not only the gay blossoms of youth, but even the shrivelled bosom of age, and the contracted heart of bigotry, display strong marks of sensibility under its influence.†

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* Vide I. Vol. p. 100.

† The vanity of Pius VI. which was apparent in every thing, drew upon him frequent mortifications. Descended from a family scarcely noble, he plumed himself, from the very beginning of his reign, upon his illustrious race. To the modest coat of arms of his ancestors, he added all the vain embellishments of blazonry. To two winds, of which the arms of his family consisted, he added an eagle, *fleurs de lys*, and stars. These pompous armorial bearings were cruelly criticised in the following distich:—

Redde aquilam imperio, Francorum lilia Regi
Sidera redde Polo; cætera, Brasche, tua.

"Restore your eagle to the empire; his lilies to the king of France; and the stars to heaven: the rest, Braschi, is your own."

Pius VI. was not sparing of inscriptions in the sacristy of St. Peter's, which he had erected. Over the principal entrance were inscribed these words:—

"Quod ad templi Vaticani ornamentum publica Vota flagitabant, Pius VI. pontifex maximus, fecit, perfecit-que anno, &c."

"What the public voice demanded for the decoration of the church of the Vatican, Pius VI. Sovereign Pontiff, began and completed in the year, &c."

How great must have been his mortification, when, under this inscription, he found the following insolent lines:—

VENICE.

THE view of Venice at some little distance from the town is mentioned by many travellers in terms

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" Publica! mentiris non publica vota fuere
" Sed tanidi ingenii vota fuere tui."

" Thou liest! the public voice was not consulted: thou fol-
" lowedst the dictates of thy vanity alone!"

Pius VI. was not a little vain of his handsome leg. Not wishing that his long pontifical robes should entirely conceal *that* part of his person, to the adorning of which he was always scrupulously attentive, he took great care to hold them on one side, so that one of his legs was entirely exposed to view. An affected display of a ring of hair, of the most brilliant white, which gave him a look at once noble and venerable, as well as of his legs, so unworthy of a grave pontiff, gave occasion to the following distich:—

" Aspice, Roma, Pium. Pius, haud est: aspice mimum—
" Luxuriante coma, luxuriante pede."

" Rome, look at Pius. He Pius! no, indeed: He is a co-
" median;—behold the display of his hair, and see how vain
" he is of his leg!"

That vanity which is connected with external accomplishments did not abandon Pius in his misfortunes, and in his retreat at Florence. There lived a young Hungarian painter who was desirous of the honour of drawing his holiness's portrait, with the intention, as he said, of presenting it to the empress. He was conducted to the holy father, who accepted his offer with a sort of enthusiasm. " Let your pencil," said he to the " young artist, " revive that blooming and animated coun-
" tenance, which is somewhat faded, through age and chagrin:
" paint me in scarlet robes, to give the greater relief to my
" features." The painter is said to have paid double obedience to these directions. Even in the season of disgrace, Pius VI. found a *flatterer*. His eyes dwelt with pleasure on that portrait, which carried him back to a less advanced age, and happier days.

of the highest admiration. To behold magnificent palaces, churches, towers, and steeples all standing in the middle of the sea is certainly an uncommon scene; and there is no manner of doubt that a town surrounded by water is a very fine sight: but a town surrounded by land is much finer. Can there be any comparison in point of beauty, between the dull monotony of a watery surface, and the delightful variety of gardens, meadows, hills, and woods?

If the situation of Venice render it less agreeable than another city to behold at a distance, it must render it, in a much stronger degree, less agreeable to inhabit. Instead of walking or riding in the fields, and enjoying the fragrance of herbs, and the melody of birds; when you wish to take the air at Venice, you must submit to be paddled about, from morning to night, in a narrow boat, along dirty canals; or if you don't like this, you have one resource more, which is that of walking in St. Mark's place.

Venice is said to be built on the sea, that is on a kind of a small inner gulph, separated from the large one by some islands at a few miles distance. Most of the houses have one door opening upon a canal, and another communicating with the street; by means of which, and of the bridges, you can go to almost any part of the town, by land as well as by water.

The number of inhabitants are computed at about 150,000; the streets in general, are narrow; so are the canals, except the grand canal, which is very broad, and has a serpentine course through the middle of the city. They tell you, there are several

hundred bridges in Venice. What pass under this name, however, are single arches, thrown over the canals; most of them paltry.

The rialto consists also of a single arch, but a very noble one and of marble. The view from it is equally lively and magnificent. The objects under your eye are the grand canal over which it is built, covered with boats and gondolas, and flanked on each side with magnificent palaces, churches, and spires. This fine prospect is almost the only one in Venice. Except the Grand Canal, and the Canal Regio, all the others are narrow and mean; some of them have no quays; the water literally washes the walls of the houses. When you sail along those wretched canals, you have no one agreeable object to cheer the sight; and the smell is overwhelmed with the stench, which, at certain seasons exhales from the water.

As the only agreeable view in Venice, is from the grand canal, so the only place where you can walk with ease and safety is in the Piazza di St. Marco. This is a kind of irregular quadrangle formed by a number of buildings all singular in their kind, and very different from each other, viz. The ducal palace—the church of St. Mark—a noble range of buildings called Procuratie.

To compensate, for there being but one square, or *place*, (as the French more properly call them,) at Venice, there is a greater variety of objects to be seen at this one, than in any half-dozen of the squares or places of London or Paris. They create a rapid succession of ideas. The sight of the churches awakens religious sentiments, and by an easy transition, the mind is led to contemplate the

influence of superstition. In the midst of this reverie, Nero's four horses* appear, and carry the fancy to Rome and Constantinople. In the evening the place St. Mark presents a mixed multitude of Jews, Turks, and Christians; lawyers, knaves, and pick-pockets; mountebanks, old women, and physicians; a jumble of senators, citizens, gondoleers: people of every character and condition. It never fails to be well attended, and when it is fine weather, numbers pass a great part of the night there. When the piazza is illuminated, and the shops in the adjacent streets lighted up, the whole has a brilliant effect; and as it is the custom for the ladies, as well as the gentlemen, to frequent the cassinos and coffee-houses around, the place of St. Mark, answers all the purposes of either Vauxhall or Ranelagh.

It is not in St. Mark's Place, that one is to look for the finest monuments of the art of Titian, or the genius of Palladio, for those it is necessary to visit the churches and palaces.

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* These celebrated horses, said to be the work of the renowned Lysippus, are no longer at Venice. It is observable that they have never changed their place but in consequence of some great political revolution. The Romans having atchieved the conquest of Greece, first removed them from Corinth, and placed them on the triumphal arch of Septimus Severus at Rome. They were removed from thence to Bizantium (Constantinople) when that city became the seat of the empire; at the capture of Bizantium, by the Venetians, they were transplanted to St. Marc; and the French rapacity has caused them to be brought to the palace of the Thuilleries. The Parisians, who amuse themselves now, as they have done for ages, in making calembourgs (puns) and epigrams at the expence of their rulers, say that it is to the *Beau-harnois*, that France is indebted for these superb horses.

The number of play-houses in Venice, is extraordinary, considering the size of the town, and its population. There are eight or nine theatres in Venice, including the opera-houses. A Venetian play-house, has a dismal appearance in the eyes of people accustomed to the brilliancy of those of London. Many of the boxes are dark. The music of the opera of Venice, is reckoned as fine as in any town of Italy.

LE PEUPLE SOUVERAIN DE FRANCE*,

Is, at the present time, (1792), a monarch composed of heterogeneous substances, like the image of which Nebuchadnezzar dreamed: part is fine gold, part silver, part brass, part iron, and a large portion clay: each of these divisions occasionally assumes the right of representing the whole sovereign; and the clay portion is exceedingly apt to bedaub all the others when they offer to dispute with it.

The populace, stimulated by unprincipled leaders, have committed all the excesses of revolted negroes, or of slaves who have burst from the galleys.—If

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* They are certainly now a nonentity. "Buonaparté proceeded, *le Peuple Souverain de France*, like Hercules against "Antæus, he gave it a true paternal hug, and strangled it."—To use the words of one of our most eloquent speakers:—"Every "man feels when he returns from France, that he is coming "from a dungeon, to enjoy the light and life of British inde-"pendence."—Vide Mr. Sheridan's speech in the House of Commons, December 8, 1802.

there were no choice but to live under arbitrary government, or to be exposed to the unrestrained ravages and cruelties of a frantic populace, the former would be preferred to the other.—For history affords instances of princes whose power was unlimited, and who preserved the virtues of humanity; whereas, a mob is always furious, brutal, and cruel.

DEBTS OF HONOUR, OR MODERN SOPHISTICAL POSITIONS.

Do you not consider money lent to oblige a friend, as much a debt of honour, as if it had been won at play?

By no means, there is a great difference; I am surprised you do not see it.

I do not perceive, why the game debt should have the preference.

Well, I do confess, my dear friend, that I am surprised at your blindness; you allow, do you not, that a game debt is a debt of honour, and ought to be paid in preference of a tradesman's bill?

In preference to a tradesman's bill, I grant you.

And why, I should be glad to know, upon what principle has a game debt this preference over a tradesman's account?

Upon my soul, I cannot tell; because it is the fashion, I should suppose.

No, no, my friend; what has continued so long, must depend on something more durable than fashion.

Well, upon my soul, I cannot guess on what it depends; but I must own, that I am inclined to

think that, money lent to oblige a friend, has as good a title to be considered a debt of honour, as any game-debt, whatever.

How can you allow yourself to talk so? you may just as well say, that your baker's account, has a title to be considered as a debt of honour. Now, mark the difference.—Why does your baker send you bread? Do you imagine he does it to feed you? Not a bit; he does not care if you were starved; the scoundrel sends you your daily bread, on purpose to feed himself and his own squalling children. Why does he allow you to run a long account? Is it to accommodate you? Not in the least; he would insist on payment at the end of every week, if he did not, by delay, find opportunities for inserting in his bill much more bread than he ever sends; and besides, has he not the law on his side, and be d——d to him? which is, by much, too partial to such fellows, and too hostile to gentlemen, particularly gentlemen distressed for money.—Now, when a man looks to law for relief, honour is entirely out of the question.

You are still harping, my dear Sir, on a tradesman; come to the case of a gentleman, who lends money to oblige his friend.

The cases are similar. The man who lends his money, has the law upon his side likewise; besides, in lending the money, he imagines, probably, he does a friendly generous act; he takes credit in his own mind for it, as such; he has the approbation of the world for what he has done, and his friend, perhaps, is grateful: having received something like value in these various ways, he has the less reason to expect it in cash also;—but when a

man wins money from his friend at play;—some people condemn him—he excites no gratitude—the law affords him no assistance; and he relies entirely on the loser's honour; therefore, it is clear, that he who pays money borrowed, or his tradesman's bill, in preference to a game-debt, behaves like a low-minded dirty fellow, and not like a man of honour.

THE POSSESSO *,

Is a ceremony performed by every Pope as soon as conveniency will permit, after the conclave has declared in his favour. It is equivalent to the coronation in England, or the consecration at Rheims. On this occasion, the pope goes to the bascilia of St. John Lateran, (the mother, they say, of all the churches in Christendom,) and as the phrase is, takes possession of it. When he has got possession of this, therefore he must be the real head of the Christian church, and Christ's vicegerent upon earth. From St John Lateran's he proceeds to the capitol, and receives the keys of that fortress; after which it is equally clear, that as an earthly prince, he ought like the ancient possessors of the capitol, to have a supremacy over all kings.

The instant of his holiness's departure from the Vatican, is announced by a discharge of cannon, from the castle of St. Angelo, on the top of which

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* We have inserted the following description, because the ceremony it describes may again take place, contrary to a predic-

the standard of the church has been flying since morning. The officer's of the Pope's horse-guards are dressed in a style equally rich and becoming; something between the Hungarian and Spanish dress. The uniform of the Swiss guards on this occasion, are real coats of mail, with iron helmets on their heads, as if they were to take the capitol by storm. Their appearance is strongly contrasted with that of the Roman barons, who appear in the procession, on horseback, without boots, and in full dress; each of them preceded by four pages, and followed by a number of servants in rich liveries. Bishops, and other ecclesiastics, succeed the barons; then come the cardinals on horseback in their purple robes, which cover every part of the horses except the head. Last of all, comes the Pope himself, mounted on a milk-white mule, distributing blessings, with an unsparing hand, amongst the multi-

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tion given in these solemn words*: "*The Roman state at the frown of exasperated France, has completed the act of dying, which was already begun. It will never experience a resurrection. The faithful Catholics may yet continue to bestow the appellation of Pope on their spiritual chief. But that ambitious sovereign, half-man—half-god—for whom the sceptre and the censor jointly challenged the homage of mankind, has for ever disappeared.*" Time has proved the vanity of this emphatic oracle; it has proved, that the subjects of the Pope, as well as the French, corrupted and enervated, were not worthy to be republicans.

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* Vide *Memoirs of Pius the Sixth:* a production evidently and insidiously written to palliate and justify the plunders committed at Rome by French rapaciousness, aswell as the manifold cruelties wantonly inflicted by them on an aged, infirm, disarmed, and good-natured sovereign.

tude who follow him, with the acclamations *viva il santo padre!* and prostrating themselves on the ground before his mule, *benedizione, santo padre.*

At the entrance of the capitol, he is met by the senator of Rome, who, falling on his knees, delivers the keys into the hands of his holiness, who pronounces a blessing over him, and restores him the keys. Proceeding from the capitol, he is met, soon after he has passed through the arch of Titus, by a deputation of the Jews, headed by the chief rabby, who presents him with a long scroll of parchment, on which is written the whole law of Moses, in Hebrew.—His holiness receives the parchment in a very gracious manner, telling the rabby, that he accepts the present out of respect to the law itself, but entirely rejects his interpretation; for the ancient law has been fulfilled. His holiness, proceeds thus in triumph through the principal streets to the Vatican. To feel admiration at this showy and magnificent procession, and behold with satisfaction, the pope and his cardinals marching in triumph to the capitol, one must forget those who walked in triumph formerly to the same place: forget all the great and virtuous men of ancient Rome, whom we have admired from our childhood, and of whose great qualities our admiration increases, with our experience and knowledge of the present race of mankind.

COMMERCIAL AND NON-COMMERCIAL TOWNS.

In commercial towns, where every body finds employment, and is agitated by the bustle of business,

the minds of the inhabitants are apt to be so much engrossed with the affairs of this world, as almost to forget that there is another; and neither the true religion nor false ones, have such holds of their minds, as in places where there is more poverty, and less worldly occupation. In the first they consider the remonstrances of priests and confessors as interruptions to business; and without daring to despise the ceremonies of Religion, like the speculative sceptic or infidel, the hurried trader huddles them over as fast as possible, that he may return to occupations more congenial with the habit of his mind. The preachers may cry aloud and spare not; they may lift up their voices like trumpets, proclaiming the nothingness of this world, and all which it contains. It is in vain. Men who have been trained to the pursuit of money from their childhood, who have bestowed infinite pains to acquire it, and who derive all their importance from it, must naturally have a partiality for this world, where riches procure so many flattering distinctions; and a prejudice against *that* in which they procure none. But in towns where there is little trade, and great numbers of poor people, where they have much spare time, and small comfort in this world, the clergy have an easier task, if they are tolerably assiduous, in turning the attention of the inhabitants to the other. In Roman Catholic towns of this description, we see the people continually pacing up and down the streets with wax tapers in their hands. They listen with fond attention to all the priest relates, concerning that invisible country, that land of promise where their hopes are placed; they ruminate with complacency on the happy period when *they* also shall

have their good things; they bear their present rags with patience, in expectation of the white raiment and crowns of gold, which, they are told, await them; they languish for the happiness of being promoted to that lofty situation, from whence they may look down, with scorn, on those to whom they now look up with envy, and where they shall retaliate on their wealthy neighbours, whose riches at present, they imagine, insult their own poverty *.

* How happy must we not feel on inhabiting a town which does not fall under the description which Dr. Moore has here depicted. A commercial town, indeed! which corresponds with all the corners of the earth, and, in some respects, command all the treasures of the world:—where there is every where industry, bustle, animation, life:—where labour obtains its reward and activity an easy and opulent repose—the theatre of the largest fortunes.—But a town nevertheless, where obscurity is a stranger to envy, because free from insult; and poverty does not repine, because enriched benevolence meets and relieves its wants:—a town, whence is banished a puerile and stupid bigotry; and where there in general, reigns that pure and rational piety, which consists in honouring God and doing justice to men.

THE END.

J. G. Barnard, Printer,
George's Court, Clerkenwell.

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